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A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

VOL. CXVI. OCTOBER, 1922. No. 691.

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PUBLISHED BY

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK
(The Paulist Fathers)

New York:
THE OFFICE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD,
120-122 West 60th Street.

Price, 40 Cents—$4.00 Per Year

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N.B.—The postage on "THE CATHOLIC WORLD" to Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, and Italy is 5 cents per copy.

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Entered as second class matter July 8, 1879, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 9, 1918.

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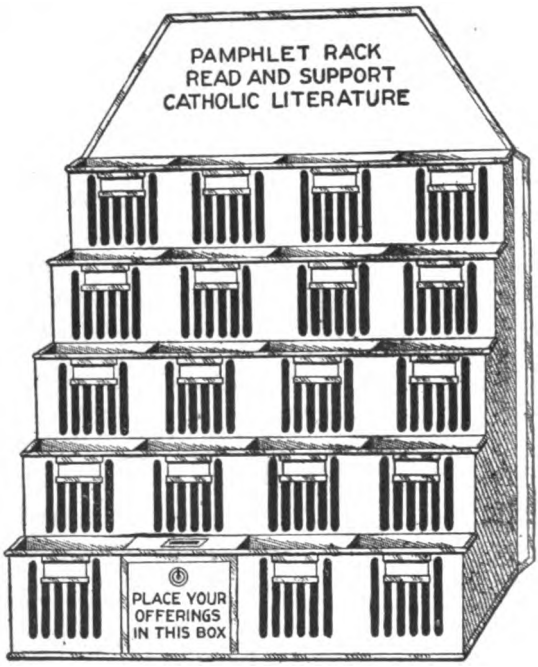
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VOL. CXVI. OCTOBER, 1922. No. 691.

THE BLESSINGS OF HERESY.

BY DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

A WELL-KNOWN critic of life and letters once said flatly that no man ever thought himself out of the Church. But unquestionably men have believed they thought themselves out of the Church. They have looked into the face of heresy and seen that it was plausible. They have given up their faith because someone who talked better than themselves, knocked the wind out of their arguments and left them gasping for breath.

For heresy we have always with us. Many a man leaves the Church under the conviction that the latest teacher to attack her has proved, if not the soundness of his own position, at least the falseness of hers. After all, it is a simple thing to tear a creed to tatters and smash truth on the anvil, as simple and interesting as the trick of the magician of your boyhood, who smashed your watch or your father's silk hat for the amusement of his audience. Not all the good debaters are Catholics. And I believe that now, as in the days of the Apostles, Catholics leave their faith because the other side seems to have got the whip-hand. They regret the step, but they walk with apparent logic into what is the tragedy of supreme ignorance.

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Each generation has its own pet crop of doubts and difficulties, the fruitage of that side of the human intellect which quarrels with any authority, even the Divine. The Apostles had hardly heard the echoes of their first triumphant preaching of Christ die away before a school of men rose to question, contradict, flatly deny the truth of that teaching. These newcomers had another revelation beyond and above that of the Apostles. They were clever men, so clever, in fact, that they called themselves "Gnostics," "those who know;" and in their hands we may be sure the arguments of the fisherman, Peter, and the tax-gatherer, Matthew, seemed weak and more than a bit silly. Many a Christian felt that they had outargued the Apostles and so turned from Christianity to Gnosticism.

Gnosticism is hardly an interesting historical question nowadays, but heresy flourishes like the bay tree. Though the Gnostics are dead and forgotten, a hundred new schools of heresy fill the place of the departed. True, they call themselves Science, Historical-criticism, Philosophy, New Thought, but like the Gnostics of old they still play clever tricks with Catholic doctrine, twist it into laughable shapes, and prove it so utterly absurd that Catholics now and then turn disappointedly and shamefacedly from the Church of their nativity.

We, who find ourselves face to face with modern heresy, have one distinct advantage over the Christians who met the arguments of the Gnostics. We have history to read, and history is strewn with the fetid corpses of once powerful heresies. For heresy has been a most remarkable way to oblivion. The Church has threaded a path down the ages that is lined with the tombs of enemies who once laid vigorous hands on her throat. Perhaps the promise of Christ has, after all, been fulfilled, and He has been with His Church and will be to the consummation of the world.

In all history there was never an institution so in need of unity and peace as the infant Church. Born among an outcast race, propagated by men whose clothes still stank of the fish of their native lakes and who spoke Greek with a Hebrew accent, with the most terrible stigma conceivable branded into its soul, the shame of the Cross, and the greatest empire of the ages banded with the world's most powerful religion in a resolve to crush it, Christianity seemed absolutely doomed

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unless its members fought shoulder to shoulder against their uncounted foes.

But before the memory of Pentecost had grown dim, Gnostic and Novatian and Donatist added civil war to the shame of the Church's origin and the vigor of its avowed enemies. Internal dissension broke the infant Church. Blood had nurtured it; it thrived on the rack and grew strong in the midst of flames; but these newcomers flung in the face of loyal Christians doubts that staggered their faith, difficulties for which they knew no answer. And Gnosticism, Novatianism and Donatism spread like a living flame. It is hard for us to realize that, to us, amusing curiosities, antequated questions that time has piled high with dust, were, in their day, living, pulsing issues that made the faith of strong Christians tremble and the faith of weak ones fall crashing to the earth. Men who faced the lions and the stake without a tremor shrank back before the new-born doubts. And heresy, almost coeval with Christianity, for the first time lifted its war club in the exultant thrill of certain victory.

But Gnostic and Novatian and Donatist are forgotten; the very doubts with which they seemed to rock the Church to its foundations are known only to the professional historian with a taste for history's byways; while Christianity lives today in undrained vigor and claims men's intellects and hearts with the same calm assurance.

We who know none but the mild-mannered, white-gloved heresies of today have no concept of the fury with which Arianism broke over the Church. Carried on the spears of the invading barbarians who were to become the makers of modern Europe, swept onward by their sheer weight of numbers, Arianism overwhelmed the Church with brute force. Whole countries were caught into its grip as the civil powers fell back, crushed by the hairy-armed Goth and Vandal. Christian bishops were toppled from their thrones, and bishops of the Arian creed were set up by the conquerors. From Rome itself the Pope was driven into exile, a hunted, harried thing with these blood-lusting men from the north hot on his heels. No sane man, during the three years that followed, could have dared doubt that Arianism had conquered the world, for, as St. Jerome cried, "the whole world groaned at finding itself Arian."

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All this is history, penned between the covers of volumes on the scholar's shelf. But Arianism is a phantom, a ghost that may not walk with living men. The beaten Church somehow lives today more vigorous, more flourishing than ever, while Arianism lies buried in the sands of Mohammedan Africa.

What Arianism was trying to achieve by force, Manichæism, Nestorianism and Pelagianism were striving to accomplish by weight of argument. Yet where today is Manichæan, Nestorian, Pelagian? Our tongues stumble over their unfamiliar names. What precisely were those doubts and difficulties that seemed so formidable to their own times? Of the millions who today enter Catholic churches, scarcely a hundred ever heard of them or could tell you why those arguments tortured weak souls in another generation.

Protestantism is so close to our own times that its final history has still to be written. Yet, certainly, if any force seemed to threaten the downfall of the Church it was that tidal wave that broke over Europe. In less than a century, it had caught to itself Germany, England, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Scotland, the Dutch Republic, and half of France. There seemed no stopping its rush. Yet significantly enough, within a hundred years it had reached its highest level, beyond which it has never passed, and from which today we have more than a little reason to think it has vastly receded. But more of that later.

Nowadays heresy shrinks from the name. But to the Catholic the doubts and difficulties of Agnosticism, Materialistic Science, the Higher Criticism, and the Newer Cults are as much heresies as were those of Arius or Nestorius or Luther. Even where the argument is new, the manner is old as time. And precisely time it is that tests truth. Give time its chance, and time will corrode any heresy until it falls into red rust. Time has not had its chance with modern heresies. We can only study them in the light of the past.

Historically regarded, all heresies are identical in course; and that course throws us back with ever-increasing confidence on the divinity and unassailable strength of the Church. Almost always are they backed by powerful civil force, force that at times is simply overwhelming. For heresy, with a correct instinct, turns from divine help to the human

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help, which alone it has any right to claim. One might fancy it would learn from Christianity that you can no more quench truth with force than you can quench flame with oil. Beat truth down with a sword, and it leaps like the flame you beat with dry grass. Truth is stronger than any power that can be hurled against it; but heresy has not the courage to face that fact, so it comes marching on with leveled lances and the roll of beating drums.

Thus came Arianism on the naked swords of barbarous hosts. Arianism, pampered by Roman Emperors, had won the invading nations almost before they began their triumphal march. They cracked Rome like the hollow shell it was, and flung their chieftains from their ox-hide shields into the chair of the Cæsars. Then they turned that mighty energy, as yet scarcely exerted, against the Catholic Church; and the Church seemed to rock beneath the blow. But the humble power that, before the barbaric invasions, had conquered Rome, now caught up and conquered Rome's conquerors. The force that could throw bishops from their thrones and drive the Pope into exile, was still too weak to crush that something stronger than Pope or bishop, the Church built upon a rock. Before the lapse of two centuries, Arianism had bowed to Catholicism and disappeared with the melting of ephemeral barbarous kingdoms.

The princes of Europe were quick to see the possibilities of Protestantism, which placed in their hands not merely the civil power, but the religious power as well. If it was pleasant to be head of the State, and that by "Divine Right," it was doubly pleasant to be head of the Church as well. And if they could get rid of the bishops who had thwarted their absolutism and the Pope who had been quick to check them in abuse of power, then, cried the princes, the new religion could have their armies, and gladly. So out flashed swords, and Luther, Knox, Cranmer, and Calvin were quick to use this easiest method of propaganda. Mohammed had taught Christianity a valuable lesson in proselytism.

Modern heresy has laid aside the sword and the lance, in most cases, as obsolete weapons. Yet it is interesting to note how even the dainty heresies of our present day are not ashamed of a well-directed blow against the Church. The calm philosopher, the truth-seeking historian, the suave

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scientist of France wrote the clever Law of Spoliation and drove priests from the bedsides of their sick and dying, and nuns from their classrooms and hospitals and convents. It wasn't a very brave blow, not an honest sword-cut of one man against another armed man; but it hurt the Church, so what mattered it if frail women were driven from homes where they served the poor into exile and beggary? The same spirit of modern heresy directed the bitter persecution of the *Kulturkampf*, wrote the anti-clerical laws of Portugal, Italy, and Mexico, and strove to keep in force the disability laws of England and Scotland.

Modern heresy is not precisely logical. If the Catholic Church is as rotten and weak as it claims, why must war be waged on it through repressive laws? Why strike at its schools and hospitals and works of charity, injuring women and the orphans and the old people they have sheltered? Why not trust to its own inherent weakness to bring it to an inevitable ruin? Heresy, which has always been so sure of its superiority to Catholicism, is never willing to trust the modern principle of the survival of the fittest. For, somehow, Catholicism always seems to survive.

Between cultivated men of today, force is not regarded as much of an argument. A show of physical violence simply stiffens the back and sets the jaw of a red-blooded man or of a woman of fine temper. History is proof that persecution is always a good thing for truth; it kills off the weak and vitalizes the strong. But attack a man's intellectual convictions, and you have a weapon of quite another calibre. Sometimes, even those of us who feel sure of our positions, are startled almost out of our calm by the bland assurance of modern adversaries, who seem to take it for granted that the Church is absolutely wrong, that they are absolutely right, and that no one but the hopelessly stupid can be unaware of the fact. That is an attitude that frightens the weak Catholic more than any show of force could possibly do.

In reality, that pose is antiquated theatric harness that still serves when the lines of the drama are essentially weak. Just a few years ago, Joseph McCabe, ex-monk and fallen-away Catholic, swaggered through a book that proved what a dead and discredited thing Catholicism is. Those who were impressed were only those who did not know that Voltaire,

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one hundred and fifty years before, had swaggered in just the same fashion and boasted the same boast. And Voltaire was only echoing what Luther had vaunted in his day, as Luther was the echo of Huss, of Arius, of Nestorius, of the first Gnostic that ever talked down an Apostle.

Let us admit that the attitude is not a difficult one to assume and that it is distinctly becoming. Each new heresy has its battery of new doubts and objections, which it fires in a perfect barrage into the camp of the believers. So heresy comes and flings its new difficulties with tremendous rapidity and assurance into the face of Catholicism. There is some truth in them, some falsehood, and only a fool would allow himself to answer them off-hand with a categoric yes or no. Besides, at times, difficulties arise for which there is no answer at hand, difficulties gathered from the latest findings of the laboratory or from newly-opened archives, and only a slow sifting will finally bring the correct answer.

But time for sifting is not allowed. Bang, goes the difficulty! And if the answer is not batted back like a volleyed ball in tennis, heresy crows triumphantly. It has proposed a difficulty; the Church has not answered; there is no answer; the Church has been proven wrong. Four short leaps, and a difficulty has been turned into a deathblow to Christianity.

At this point, the weak Catholic or the ignorant Catholic loses heart completely. He scurries about feverishly; he runs his hand through his hair; he feels his jaw sagging and his shoulder drooping under the blow; he dares not lift his eyes to face the smile on the lips of his antagonist. Great heavens! the Church at last is fronted with an unanswerable fact, is down and the referee, Time, is telling off the dread seconds. And another Catholic is lost to his faith.

It is all dreadfully sad, but, honestly, it is more than a bit ludicrous. For every heretic that ever lived claimed that his difficulty was unanswerable, shouted that he had dealt the Church its deathblow, crowed loudly, and was too often believed. Yet with the slow passing of days, time grinds his arguments to powder, scatters them to the winds, and not even the shadow of a memory is left of his insoluble difficulties. Catholicism is a living, vital fact today, while the ghosts of dead and gone heresies stalk the shadows, and, like ghosts, are of interest only to those of morbid tendencies.

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Doubts that thundered at the gates of Christianity lie moldering in decaying tombs on which, with difficulty, the antequarian traces their names.

No one who has watched with interest and sympathy the futile effort of Protestantism to unite in a World Movement, can help but wonder if modern Protestantism really knows its own mind and its own belief. Modern Protestantism has so shifted and changed its position that almost any shade of belief or unbelief may be held under its generous roof tree. Yet when Protestantism broke from the Church, it broke for certain well-defined reasons: the Pope and the Episcopate were intrusions thrust upon the Church during the dark days of the eighth and ninth centuries; the Church was full of novelties that no one had dreamed of until the Middle Ages; faith alone was necessary; one was predestined to hell without any demerits on his part; the Bible was the sole rule of faith.

Had Catholic apologists left the arguments unanswered, as they certainly did not, we could still read their answer in the treatment accorded by time to those fundamental Protestant theories. Four centuries have seen the arguments of Protestantism undergo the most mysterious metamorphoses. Protestant scholars, even more than Catholic, have pushed back the veils that shrouded the first centuries of history to find that the "innovations" which Luther claimed had slowly changed Christianity into Catholicity, came out of the catacombs when the Church first issued into the light. Harnack, Protestant and Professor in a Lutheran University, writes: "The Reformation (of the sixteenth century) not only destroyed the ecclesiastical constitution of the Middle Ages, but broke off all connection with the ecclesiastical constitution of the second and first centuries." Such an admission would have called forth Luther's strongest German and his most scathing abuse. Catacombs, early churches, newly-discovered documents, careful research have all added their sum to the proof that Protestantism had no more connection with the early Church than it had with Shintoism, and that the so-called innovations of the Church of the Middle Ages were coeval with Christianity.

In the third century, when the watchful secrecy, with which all Christian dogma was protected from Roman spies,

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was at last slowly removed, we find the Bishop of Rome appealed to as the head of the Church, Mass and the Sacraments, a completed hierarchy, prayers for the dead just as in the days of the Reformation. It was a sad blow to Protestant apologists to find among the men implicity condemned as innovators and perverters of Christ's Church, Augustine, Jerome, Cyril of Alexandria, and Cyprian of Rome.

The changed attitude of Protestantism toward the Bible is nothing short of a complete right about face. For the Reformers, there was no other rule of faith. In the inspired word of God was the only truth clearly spoken to men, obviously intelligible, patent to all who ran and read. Now professors in Protestant theological seminaries throw out, with a careless toss of the hand, whole books of the Scriptures, essential passages in the Gospels, any chapter or verse that does not please their fancy.

As for faith without works, we have seen that original doctrine of Protestantism stood on its head until it reads now, not faith without works, but works without faith; or, to put it less crudely, it makes no difference what you believe so long as you do what you consider right. That leaves us the doctrine of Predestination, which is so unfashionable nowadays that not only are souls no longer predestined to hell, but we are told from Protestant pulpits that there is no hell to which to predestine them.

What would those weak Catholics think, I wonder, were they to come back and see what Protestantism had done with the very arguments with which it attacked Catholicism in the feverish days of the sixteenth century? Whatever Protestantism may say to its followers of today, this at least it must admit, that it gained its original converts under false pretences with doctrines which it has been forced to abandon. A church which must make this admission, can scarcely claim for itself much credence today. No wonder that Protestantism has become, year by year, less religious and more purely social in character. The day is past when Protestantism thinks its faith worth fighting for.

The generation of heretics just gone told us point blank that Christianity was absurd and that science had made it so. Simple as salt! Not even the most fundamental of Christian beliefs had so much as a leg to stand on. Christianity was

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based on the salvation of souls; science had proved that the soul was less real than the creatures in Alice's Wonderland, and distinctly less significant; therefore, the sole reason for Christianity's continued existence had ceased to be.

That simple little syllogism, air-tight and waterproof, was tricked out in every argument wrung from everything from Darwin to the new applied psychology. And what a world of good rhetoric made it palatable to the unscientific mind! When the fury of materialism was at its height and each new fakir, before the flap of his scientific tent, ballyhooed just a little bit louder and a little bit more coarsely than his predecessor over the particular charms of his pet collection of missing links, the believing Christian looked on with real horror at the damage that was done to the faith of the credulous and the tranquillity of the timid. Men, who were told they had no souls, and told this with all the solemn assurance of teachers whose word was supposed to be law in their particular field, believed, and left Christianity by hundreds. One shudders today at the calm assurance of those who blasted faith without a qualm, and by the vehement force of an unproved assertion.

For not only was that age, as Sir Oliver Lodge admits, pitifully anti-matter-of-fact and utterly impatient of inquiry, but men like Sir Oliver have lived to say: "It may be doubted whether Materialism as a philosophy exists any longer." More interesting than that is the fact that the scientific world, which, fifty years ago, was pooh-pooing the idea of souls, is now organized in a tremendous effort to prove the scientific character of Spiritualism. In those days, you were told that psychology had shown that all thought is brain and nerve action and nothing more; and if you protested in a mild sort of way, the crushing weight of a name was hurled at you: Wundt, father of experimental psychology. Yet modern psychology dodges brain and nerve explanation in favor of almost any sort of soul, preferably a world soul like that of William James' theory; and, almost at his death, Wundt announced that the results of his laboratory work had led him to the soul principle of Aristotle as the most satisfactory explanation of his observations. And the soul principle of Aristotle has been drummed into the head of every student in Catholic colleges ever since St. Thomas caused such an intellectual stir in

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Southern Europe. We are always wrong in the beginning, and we are always right in the end.

So within our own half century we have seen a scientific heresy that started with great waving of flags and beating of drums, meekly admit that there was something wrong with the cause for which it was fighting and something decidedly shady about its leaders. But the admission at this late date cannot give back faith to the weak souls whom it fooled and befuddled, with proofs that did not prove and arguments that cracked like glass.

About that same time, Higher Criticism started to handle the Bible as a very young child handles a very precious book. It ripped it chapter from chapter, broke it down the back, and started to chew the battered remnants. The Pentateuch written by Moses? Let's talk sense! For instance, as a simple argument, is it possible you don't know that men did not learn to write for almost five hundred years after Moses had been gathered to his fathers? As for the New Testament, we have proved conclusively that it was written about two hundred years after the death of the Apostles.

But time has done its usual smashing work. History knows now that men wrote for almost five hundred years before the birth of Moses, and it has proved, to the satisfaction even of those who reject Christianity, that the New Testament was written at the time it claims to have been written, and by men who were essentially truthful in their relation of facts. God pity the poor deluded Christians who were frightened by a phantom that they took for a living proof; and God pity still more the historians and critics who dared dress up a pumpkin and a broom and frighten weak children with a halloween ghost.

So the course of heresy, no matter when or where, is astonishingly the same: swift in rise, arrogant in pretensions, confident in boasts, and crashing in its fall to oblivion. The Church, you notice, is always wrong; heresy is always right. Yet heresies fall to ashes, and the Church moves majestically on, a living, vital power. The unanswerable arguments are answered or fall to pieces of their own inherent rottenness; a splendid show of unity cracks into a thousand brittle pieces; truth goes on, one and undivided; and heresy sinks to a dishonored grave.

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For a study in interesting contrasts, I suggest the Puritan and the Irishman of the seventeenth century. There was a force—that Puritanism! With fierce, unflinching religious realism, it sets its purpose working in quiet councils, mustered its strength secretly for the great day, bided its time patiently, and then, with its army of psalm-singing dragoons, toppled the English king from his throne, gathered his handsome head in a wicker basket, and placed Cromwell on the kingly dais and an iron heel on the neck of England. Then it turned its eyes across the channel to Ireland, still suffering from the days of Henry and Elizabeth. Catholicism was there, so the unconquerable army crossed the sea to make an end of Popish superstitition. Never was an army more utterly successful. It drove Catholic Irishmen before it like sheep beaten back with a lash. For the Irishmen who survived, there was a choice between hell and Connaught, which Cromwell, with grim humor, did not fancy much of a choice.

That was not so many centuries ago. Where now is the Puritan that ruled England, conquered Ireland, and sent his colonists to people America? Search him out in the pages of Macaulay's "Milton," which the schoolboy reluctantly drags with him to class. Any encyclopedia will give him five to fifteen pages. A few notable statues of him ornament public buildings, but he himself is gone from among men. And the Irish Catholic that he drove, at the point of the sword, from his native holdings? Proscribed, beaten, crushed, stripped of lands and honorable estate, he has gone to the four quarters of the globe, from Northern Canada to farthest South America, from South Africa to Australia, and with his hated religion has changed the religious face of the world.

Christianity has been proud to believe that its history is very much the replica of that of its founder, Christ the Saviour. Here as elsewhere it finds a striking parallel. For heresy and unbelief can never again equal the triumph it gained over Christ. Once in the world's history, error and falsehood actually rose up and killed the Truth. That is an impressive fact. The eternal Word of God, the infinite Truth came down from Heaven and walked the earth in human form. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," He said, and the pure of heart and noble of mind heard Him gladly.

But doubt and unbelief laughed in His face and called the

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living Truth a liar. What was more, they determined to prove by an irrefutable argument what a liar He was. They would kill the Truth, blot it out from the earth. And they did. They took the Word of Truth and nailed Him to the Cross, and then from the foot they taunted Him with His defeat. Pagan incredulity stood guard there, and Jewish pride of intellect that would not believe the Carpenter Who called Himself the Son of God. "We have killed Him," they bragged, "so judge for yourselves if He be the Christ, the Word that was made Flesh." It was a powerful argument, and the world yet unborn stood on tiptoe for the answer.

Yet from the pulpit of the Cross the dead and murdered Truth spoke with a voice whose silence was louder than the most vehement shrieks of the doubt and unbelief that howled joyously at His death. Truth, slain by those who would not believe, was eloquent with an eloquence that has thrilled the thinking world and forced unwilling ears to listen. Truth hung dead on Calvary's Cross, and Truth dead, taught the world.

No doubt nor unbelief can kill the living Truth. The Church, in its moments of most terrible intellectual assault, was never nailed to the Cross as Christ was; doubt and unbelief has never slain it as they slew its Master. But if some of the disciples turned from Calvary with grief in their hearts and the faith in Christ stricken from their souls, they would speak feelingly today to the Christian who turns from his Church in the conviction that doubt and unbelief have killed it. For Christian truth is of God, and God cannot die.

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ODE IN TIME OF DOUBT.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

I.



IGHT: and the skies that stretch are black;
The wild winds silent, though I seem to feel
Rather than hear their noiseless footsteps steal,
The whispers of their dark conspiracy
To lash to fury and a stormy wrack
This ocean sullen as a stagnant pool.
Lying awake, I listen to its breath
Rising and falling like a sleeping beast's,
Of one that, having eaten full,
In mimic death is unafraid of death.
But when it shall awaken
Beneath the torturer's hands in agony,
Then shall the air be shaken
With cries for all it knows as good—
With shrill, and frenzied cries for blood,
Loud as those uttered by the raving priests
Of some enormous, savage deity
Whose thirst's unslaken.

II.

Oh, now there is no hint of that old mild
Wordsworthian nature, that a child
Finds in a meadow, but a dread obscene
Rapacious monster, which will tear
All the bright loveliness that has ever been
Limb from limb in its lair!

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III.

At such an hour no dreams can comfort me;
Nor can I slip in sweet oblivion
Into the cool waters of a fairy sea.
Delusive joys are gone;
And in my bitterness I loathe
The treacherous imagination that could both
Create and relish what it had created.
Now are there stripped away
The tinseled cloak of day,
The painted mask so often worn by night;
And truth, the pitiless,
Stares straight into my drawn, affrighted face.
With pleasant lies my soul is sated:
With all the fair illusion of delight,
The ignorance of happiness;
With all, that lacking substance, takes on seeming . . .
And yet, and yet if truth had untruth's grace—
Or this were only dreaming!

IV.

I know the immitigable hour to be
A symbol of our weary, frightened age,
A microcosm of our world, epitome
Of all we hold as our poor heritage—
Our spirits' gloom,
Shut in a narrow room,
While in the nether night the North-winds rage
And bang against the fastened shutters.
The fire has burned to ashes in the grate;
The candle slowly gutters;
And I am left alone,
As cold as the coldest stone,
Empty of noble love and noble hate,
Empty of all the passion of belief,
Of ardor and of indignation,
Incapable of joy and her twin sister grief
(And who shall say which is more fair
Or potent for the soul's transfiguration?)
I only have despair,

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V.

But, ah, more grievous still!
How shall man's paralyzed and shackled will
Onset and overcome—
When all the ringing cries of hope are dumb—
The captain evils that have him in thrall?
Although the strongest tyranny would fall
Before the lightest challenge of the slave.
The tempered metal of his chain
Were forged in vain,
Would he but lift the ensign of revolt:
The flashing of his eyes would be as swords,
'Gainst which all hostile hordes
Would break and run precipitously,
As though before the bronze Olympian bolt.
Let him but give one glance of hot disdain,
And he shall shout for liberty!

VI.

Alas! I see the slave content,
Infamous, and innocent
Of the quick flame that thrills along the veins
And, burning, blesses him who would be free.
But fearing to accept the pains
Of pure and purging fire
Accompanying the rapture of desire—
Which is the pang of sanctity—
He shuns desire as saints shun sin.
The difficult hope at enmity with ease,
The passionate discipline
That nerves the soul who, daring much,
Believes—all this he ventures not to touch—
But having made a desert calls it peace.

VII.

All that was once a mystery come to flower
Has now the steady throb of a machine,
By which the soul stands watching hour by hour,
Pulling the levers, keeping bearings clean—

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For never has she seen
A higher energy than this,
Or known a spiritual hunger, or the bliss
Of beauty making trouble in the heart—
Stinging the will to exercise of art.
Since man in silly pride discrowned his gods,
Authors of starry night and early morning,
They wreak their vengeance with their hardest rods—
And he is impotent to capture
Spring's secret or his old religious rapture . . .
And he is unremindful of the warning.

VIII.

His engines lift laboriously on high
Huge towers against an empty sky.
Stark steel holds up its loveless head,
Magnificent and dead—
The first of all the skulls that never grinned!
His handiwork is mirthless,
And energy, grown sad, is worthless
However high it leaps into the wind.
Man's empty architecture is unlit
With laughter, joy, or gay, audacious wit—
For man has sinned, has sinned,
Allowing doubt to eat his heart away.
His heart is heavy and grey.

IX.

Has he no memory how the streets ran red
When treason touched the charter of the guild?
When man, not iron, held up an iron head?
When happiness and holy laughter filled
His life with bounty and his lips with song?
Has he no memory of the wrong
The cunning prophets did him who destroyed
The living creed that he enjoyed?
Which sent him soaring like a bird in air—
Like a lark singing; like an eagle strong—

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Which drew up, rather than builded up, the stair
His spirit used to gambol into prayer;
Lifting, as a church its spire,
His voice in the ecstatic choir
To pierce the heavens, sharp with strong desire.

X.

I, lying in a darkened room awake,
And waiting for the tempest to begin,
Can have no comfort till these lead clouds break
And let the lurid sword of lightning in:
Such surely is the end of sin!
That God pours forth
The vials of His concentrated wrath,
Of which this gathering storm is but the type—
To purge with terror those who know no love,
And, lacking love, no joy;
'Gainst whom He will deploy
Angelic armies and the chiefs thereof.
The time is ripe, O God, the time is ripe!

XI.

I am the child of this unhappy age;
I have known doubt that saps the brain and will:
My eyes have pored o'er many a pedant's page,
And I have heard them speaking cold and shrill—
With that incessant talking in my ears,
I heard a singing thrush at evening thrill
The listening wood with wonder;
And my heart traveled back ten thousand years,
Back, back to Eden's lovely glade,
To man's first laughter and to man's first tears:
All else is vain. . . . Now lightning draw your blade;
Break thunder!

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SAINTS AND CHARLATANS.

BY JOSEPH J. REILLY, PH.D.

THE world has seen many great autobiographies. Cellini, self-conscious, fervid, egotistical, unfailingly in the right, swayed by violent passions and sudden gusts of emotion, always a great artist and always a great rogue, felt moved to tell the world how he had made his way up to the mountain top where dwell the great artists of all time, and how in the course of it he had encountered jealousy and hatred, unscrupulous opposition, knavery and deceit, not only among his fellows, but among those who sat in the seats of the mighty. He had been imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon, but managed to escape. The daggers of more than one assassin just failed to find his heart. Driven by fear and allured by the promise of honors and gold, he left one court after another, content to dwell among strangers, if only Cellini the man might be given honors, and Cellini the artist be granted a chance to execute in peace the artistic conceptions of his brilliant fancy.

His autobiography throbs with life. Kings and princes, cardinals and popes pass before our eyes, not only in splendid procession, but in the immediate intimacy of everyday life. Around us are amazing contrasts, for we pass from the glitter of a court into the mean and dusty chamber, out of whose squalor and bareness was to issue the clean-limbed, godlike Perseus, the story of whose creation has about it all the golden glory of romance. We visit the Coliseum at midnight with Cellini and others of his ilk, and take part in unhallowed incantations, to which the spirits of evil must answer, and we tremble with dread in the fitful light that shines upon the faces of this impure crew. We breathe the air of more than one foul haunt, catch the gleam of daggers plying in the night, stifle in the dungeon of St. Angelo, and watch Rome writhe in agony in the raid of the Constable of Bourbon. Then, by

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a dizzying and sudden turn of the wheel, we are at liberty again with fine clothes on our backs, our pockets heavy with gold, free once more to follow the beckoning of those adventurous stars which ruled the fate of Benvenuto.

Casanova had a different purpose. He had given up his life to the enjoyment of forbidden fruit and wantoned with the joy of a satyr in springtime. But spring could not endure forever, and in the winter of his days Casanova had little left him but his memories. Sensualist to the end, he found in them some renewal, however pallid, of the joys of his earlier years, and he wrote his memoirs to recover, so far as might be, the gratification of old desires.

Alfieri, too, gave us his memoirs, Alfieri the emotional, now victim of passion and now of remorse, who filled his plays with windy denunciations of kings, only to transfer his hate to the French who dethroned them; who scorned Metastasio for dropping on his knees before his Empress at Schönbrunn; who played like a moth about many a candle of desire, only to marry in the end the widow of the hapless young Pretender, and who, after a restless life, crowned by dramatic successes, died in his bed as a Christian should.

Then there was the French Marmontel, whose *Memoirs* are filled with fascinating pictures. We see his school days with the Jesuit Fathers at Mauriac, who might have made a priest of him, only that his head was turned when he won a literary prize at the Academy of Toulouse and got into correspondence with one François-Marie Arouet. We see Arouet called from the Duke of Sully's table to be cudgeled by the bravos of the Chevalier de Rohan, and the comfortable and likeable Marmontel himself consigned, suddenly, to the Bastile for an alleged lampoon against a nobleman—the Bastile proving anything but the grim dungeon of popular tradition. We see the great, whom men of letters must court and flatter and fawn upon and to whom, save for such adulation, they were as the dust: skillfully sketched portraits of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Madame Geoffrin, and the rest. We see the frenzied days of the Revolution, when Terror stalked abroad on the ruins of that glittering, careless, dissolute society, to whose fringes Marmontel had clung and which, like Goldoni, he seems never to have thought could fall. He was a good man, was Marmontel, no genius to be sure,

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but thought well of in his day, whose tragedies and moral tales and the rest have long since been forgotten, but whose *Memoirs*, written to point out the follies and pitfalls of life to his children, promise him an abiding fame.

That clever woman, the Margravine of Baireuth, has made imperishable the brutalities of her father—who openly reviled his wife and starved and beat his children with cane and fists, and whose pleasures were as bestial as his temper; the follies of an indiscreet and intriguing mother; the long days of terror and sadness under paternal tyranny, and the qualities of lion and serpent, which even as a youth were growing up in the heart of the boy, her brother, who was afterward to be Frederick the Great.

There are many more, of course, each with its fascinating pages, like the *Memoirs* of St. Simon with their picture of princesses snowballing one another, set in the midst of the gossip of the court of Louis XIV., turned rigorist, and that of Louis XV., the roué; and Goldoni's with its joyous days in seventeenth century Venice, and its odd adventures such as Goldsmith must have met with and might have told if only he had blessed us with an autobiography! But the catalogue is too long to recount, even though one must pass over Gibbon who, when bidden by his father to give up his French fiancée, "sighed like a lover, but obeyed like a son;" and De Retz, with his intrigues and his Fronde; and a host of others.

All these books have won the admiration of men. All of them appeal to that side of human nature which knows by instinct that the greatest romance in the world is the romance of an individual's life. Dynasties rise and fall; armies fight and perish, but we turn away from these great panoramas to the sight of a conqueror reading to his little son on his knees; or of a dramatist, with bursting heart, in the box of a theatre, his fame resting upon the judgment of the first night's audience; or of a great churchman after the nervous strain of a long day toying with a kitten before the fireplace.

Cosmic happenings are too remote from us to hit home closely, and too large to fall within the range of our every-day imaginings. Should we be caught in the toils of an epoch-making event, we should hardly be aware of it, but, like Stendhal's hero at Waterloo, should realize only our personal emotions and the narrow field of incidents in which we

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chanced to be engaged. Every man is his own Robinson Crusoe; his moral life, through his round of days, is passed as on some far-off island, where he finds himself alone with temptation to fight, dangers to meet, challenges to take up, fears to conquer, duties to perform, decisions to come to, in a word, his life to live whatever its fear or sorrows or disappointments.

For not a few men the scene of life changes. Like Cellini and Casanova and Alfieri, they play their parts on many different stages, "among new faces, other minds," but for the majority of us the stage of life is set with but one scene, and our part must be played, as far as its outer appearances go, in narrow ways and through monotonous years. We are glad to have Xenophon's record of the raid of the ten thousand, for the shifting scenes of that gallant march make his cold recital more than once blaze with splendid color. But how we should like to have the diary of some soldier who took part, not to find a record of events for the whole contingent, but his own personal story, which might have many different things to tell than those which met the eye of the Greek student, turned soldier. But let us suppose some youthful brother Greek who had never stirred away perhaps from the place of his boyhood, but sat at the feet of Plato and felt his heart swell within him at the musical words of the poet-philosopher, and his soul kindle at the vision of a noble idealism undreamed of before. Surely, he might have given us a story more fascinating than that of any warrior who had passed through camp and battlefield and laughed in the face of death; for, after all, the adventures of the body are as nothing compared to the adventures of the spirit.

Of the millions who have felt their souls a stage where Duty and Inclination, in protean forms "come nobly to the grapple," how few have left a record! Beyond the passive face or the laughing eyes of another, how far do we see? How can we guess what thoughts sweep across the surgeon's mind as he bends over his clinical table, scalpel in hand, while Life and Death hover at his side? How much we should give to know the thoughts of the statesman whose jeweled fingers have played with the destiny of a nation, when, out-tricked and ruined, he is repudiated by his people, and finds himself an outcast? We wonder what emotions stir the general who,

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from his point of vantage, watches ten thousand men go cheering up a ridge into the very jaws of death, knowing that everyone who falls is sealing the fate of a great cause? What thoughts arise in the orator as he watches men swaying like bending corn beneath the thrilling thunder of his eloquence, and knows that he is stirring them for good or ill to surrender their wills and do his bidding?

These are things we should like to know, but never can, except in a few instances, and in those, imperfectly. Men do not make us the confidants of their innermost thoughts unless they are decked out in some conventional or attractive garb. How far do Cellini and Alfieri, De Retz, and the others admit us into the inner sanctuary of their minds? How often they are playing to the gallery—perhaps unconsciously—making, as the result of the mental habits of a lifetime, the worse appear the better cause? Do they want us to know, would they *permit* us to know, the real dramas being played behind the curtain of their souls?

After all, why should they? To throw aside the veil which hides one's soul from the world, the veil which perhaps for years has been weaving that prying glances might not see within, is startling even to think of. To permit a myriad eyes to be leveled upon one, hostile, or critical, or amazed, or horror-stricken; to feel that they are gazing into hidden recesses which only the eye of Omniscience itself had penetrated before; to confess from one's own lips the story of surrender and compromise, of struggles and victories won only to be lost, of cowardice that yielded without a struggle, of envy and bitterness, of falsehood and base desires—surely, this is task enough to daunt all men except only the saint or the charlatan.

Three men have attempted it; three men have declared that the world might see their souls naked as their Maker saw them—St. Augustine, Rousseau, and Newman.

St. Augustine poured out his heart in a book so lyrical, simple, and burning in its fervor, that it has all the exaltation of poetry. Every phase of his life is told with a simplicity which conceals nothing. With a childlike candor he even tells us that he stole pears as a boy, and as he laments this as a great wrong, there comes to mind Newman's lamentation in the *Apologia*, that at fifteen he had written "vile epithets"

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on the Pope in his *Gradus*. In this confession, we see the whole attitude of both minds: life is nothing except seen in its relation to the Divine and in a world that dwells under the eye of God, and in the hollow of His hand nothing of spiritual significance can be trivial.

At sixteen, the gusts of passionate desire swept over Augustine's soul; Newman at fifteen had decided that he was ordained for celibacy. In the pride of his young manhood, Augustine "hated safety and a way without snares," and as we read we recall one who "loved to choose and see his path," but whose wandering was not far nor for long.

As Augustine pours out the stories of his misdeeds from boyhood on, he is confessing to God and permitting the world to overhear. Suddenly, as if in scorn, he asks: "What have I to do with men that they should hear my voice—as if they could heal my infirmities? Are they so curious to know the lives of others, slothful to amend their own?" Slothful they may be, O great Confessor; curious they have always been, and must be forever! Did he object, the great Augustine, that men should overhear? No; for he cared nothing for their condemnation or their applause. To him, as to Newman, there were two, and only two, luminously self-evident beings—himself and his Creator.

In the light of eternal things, he regards the ambitions of his youth as petty and his pride and joy in success, as well as the satisfaction of his desires, as sinful, and he fills his pages with lamentations that he has ever loved such utter vanities. What a rending of bonds, when at last he resolves with iron will to abandon them! What subtlety, no less than anguish, is revealed when, on the threshold of renouncement, his earthly love wells up within him, and he cries, brokenly: "Give me chastity—but not yet."

At last the struggle is over; the bonds are broken and even the insurgent memories of dead days, full of the ardor of illicit love and the satisfaction of academic successes, are repressed into humility by his iron will. The flesh and the pride of life know him no more, and with eyes which see no longer the joy of living, the incense of the multitude, and the allurements of sense, he beholds one only love, "the Father of all the brethren of thy Christ."

His great renunciation did not chill his heart. To human

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tenderness it was always open. As Newman loved Ambrose St. John, so Augustine loved his Nebridius, at whose death he cries: "And now he lives in Abraham's bosom: whatever that be which is signified by that bosom, there lives my Nebridius, my sweet friend." Somehow the thought of Thomas More comes to mind and one thinks of him, with his fine capacity for friendship, writing like that of someone loved and lost.

Of his mother he spoke with exquisite tenderness, recalling her prayers and tears that he might abandon his ill-living. "The son of those tears shall not perish," she had once been told, and now that son ministers to her dying needs. When the end comes, he can tell himself truly that what he has renounced means naught to him compared with the joys of that life to which she has gone, "where, beyond these voices, there is peace." And how much he renounces! not merely human desires and the yearning for the fleshpots of Egypt, but even the beauty of sea and sky, and the harmonies of music, save where, alone, they tell of the resplendent beauties which he only shall enjoy who seeks God with all the ardor of his heart. Not that Augustine lacked the seeing eye, for only by possessing it could he have written thus: "This queen of colors, the light . . . causes those beautiful patterns which, through men's souls, are conveyed into their cunning hands, and come from that Beauty which is above our souls." Nor did he lack the hearing ear, else he could not be troubled lest "those melodies which Thy words breathe soul into when sung with a sweet and attuned voice," may come to move him "more with the voice than with the words sung."

Once in young manhood, Augustine had dreamed such dreams as had Thomas More in *Utopia*, and the founders of Brook Farm, and Coleridge and Southey in their plans for an Altruria on the banks of the Susquehanna, but "God derided these plans and didst prepare His own." "Many of us friends conferring about and detesting the turbulent turmoil of human life had now adopted, now almost resolved on living apart from business and the bustle of men, and this was to be thus obtained: we were to bring whatever we might severally procure and make one household, so that, through the truth of our friendship, nothing should belong especially to any; but the whole, derived from all, should as a whole belong to each and all to all."

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Verily, God did deride Augustine's plans and prepare His own; and when this willful, buoyant lad; this youth proud of his fine mind, his learning, his magnetism; this man of power and unquenchable ardor could become at last the penitent and saint, all his gifts of mind and heart and body were caught up and held enthralled before the beauty of One to Whose service he gave himself in a very passion of self-surrender. Augustine was poet as well as saint, and it is both poet and saint who voices his love of God in this superb outpouring in the very gold of poetry: "But what do I love when I love Thee? Not beauties of body, nor the fair harmonies of time, nor the brightness of the light so gladsome to our eyes, nor sweet melodies of varying songs, nor the fragrant smell of flowers and spices, not manna and honey, not limbs acceptable to embracements of flesh. None of these I love when I love my God; and yet I love a kind of light and melody and fragrance, and meat and embracement when I love my God, the light melody, fragrance, meat and embracement of my inner man: where there shineth into my soul what space cannot contain, and there soundest what time poureth not in my ear, and there smelleth what breathing disperseth not, and there tasteth what eating diminisheth not, and there clingeth what satiety divorceth not."

At the opposite pole from Augustine stands Rousseau, the sentimentalist, the self-deceiving poseur, the neurasthenic, whose senses were so delicately alive to every reaction that he became a creature of poignant delight, and of no less poignant pain. The keenness of his senses he deliberately incited, not by indulgence that was gross, but by indulgence that was delicately discriminating, until he became an epicure of sensations, an exquisite in what may be called the sensuality of the mind. And he paid the price. He cut the middle ground from under his feet and, like De Quincey with his opium, he dwelt either among the fragrance and splendor of a dream-Paradise or in the pangs of the inferno.

Augustine suffered as men of poetic souls always suffer at beholding beauty stricken, life turned to death, and the loveliness, even the loveliness of flowers and music, doomed to end. But Augustine found one way that, dolorous though it was, led to an Infinitude of Beauty where the glory and the joy and the loveliness of earth were centred and became

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divine. The *via dolorosa* led through the dark forest of renunciation, and he came to know that he who loses himself shall find himself. Such a journey, such a discovery, such a renunciation were impossible to Rousseau. Jean Jacques was a sensualist, not a saint; and he was not a saint because with all his passion he was not passionate enough; with all his openness to impression he was too dull to receive those which came from a nobler place than the valley of the shadow; because with all his professed candor with the world he was not candid with himself.

To read Rousseau's *Confession* is to learn how sordid, and unhappy, and despairing and, above all things else, how self-deceiving the human soul may be. Rousseau makes a great show of frankness: "I am a bad man," he cries, "I have done shameful things. Listen, and I will tell you all." Of course, he does not tell all, but he tells enough to prove his weaknesses and his baseness. He proclaims it while he sheds tears of shame and wrings his hands and beats his breast, but he does not forget to keep his eyes on his listeners, and when he surprises them in a fit of astonishment or disgust, his powers of self-hypnosis quite transform him. He steps out of himself and, leaping over the footlights, becomes a part of his own audience. Jean Jacques the spectator looks upon Jean Jacques the performer, at first with surprise, and then with admiration, until, suddenly, he bursts into applause at his other self, arrayed in sackcloth and ashes and tearfully proclaiming his weaknesses to the world. But stop! What is this?

Jean Jacques becomes dismayed; he alone of the audience is applauding. His *nunc plaudite* has failed of effect; something is wrong. Jean Jacques grows angry. Who are these Pharisees, this spawn of self-righteousness, whose faces betray amazement and disgust instead of admiration? Jean Jacques forgets that he is baring his breast to the multitude, he forgets his sackcloth and tears, and he cries out: "Good people, hear my warning. Do not be Pharisees; do not pretend to be more righteous than I. As a matter of fact, you all have committed the same sins as I. You, too, are envious and slothful and sensual. But you are cowards, and will not confess. If it happens (which I don't believe) that you are as yet innocent, that is a mere accident. Wait until

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you have been tempted as strongly as poor Jean Jacques." Herein lies Rousseau's fatal weakness. He is not talking to God and permitting men to listen like Augustine; he is not telling all the world of his struggle and his doubts and his searchings for truth as God knew them like Newman; he is proclaiming to all mankind that he is debased and that he wants their applause for his candor. Says Lowell: "Rousseau cries, 'I will bare my heart to you!' and, throwing open his waistcoat, makes us the confidants of his dirty linen."

It was, after all, a question not of intellect but of soul. The souls of Augustine and of Newman were great; the soul of Rousseau was petty. Had it been otherwise, it would have given a touch of the divine fire to his passions until, breaking free, they might have swept him out of the dark cave, where he dwelt alone with his monstrous egotism, into the vision of more noble things than his sensuality and selfishness and morbidity had ever dreamed of. But Rousseau's passions were petty, and his emotions too delicately organized to be stable except where the will of an Augustine or a Newman might control them.

But, as has been said, it was a question of soul. Had Rousseau a great soul, he might, with his other endowments, have realized from the broken harmonies of earth the more sublime and perfect harmony which belongs to "the consecration and the poet's dream." Had he a great soul, he would have first convinced himself of sin in his own heart before attempting to indict his fellows, and, in doing this, he might have been lifted up out of the valley of humiliation to that high plane in which bitterness of spirit, the agony of blighted hopes, and the pathos of madness do not abide.

Like St. Augustine and Rousseau, Newman was a poet. Perhaps, that was his ultimate gift. Music was one of his loves; "perhaps," he says somewhere, "music is thought." It could awaken emotions buried in the depths of his heart and even stir him to tears. He could be tender with that delicate tenderness which belongs to all women and to those men who are poets at heart. From the lips of the warm-blooded African came these sentences on the death of his friend, Nebridius: "At this grief my heart was utterly broken; and whatever I beheld was death. My native country was a torment to me and my father's house a strange unhappiness;

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and whatever I had shared with him, wanting him, became a distracting torture. Mine eyes sought him everywhere, but he was not granted them; and I hated all places for that they had not him; nor could they now tell me, 'he is coming,' as when he was absent. . . . Only tears were sweet to me, for they succeeded my friend, in the dearest of my affections." On reading that, it comes to mind that Newman wept at the bier of his friend, Bowden, and that when Ambrose St. John died, he spent the night in the death-room holding the body in his arms.

Supersensitive and highly poetical, all three men were doomed to suffer. Rousseau's sufferings were rooted in his enormous egotism; he believed himself a great man, born out of due time, whom the baseness of his fellows was bent on destroying. Newman's suffering was due to the long struggle, the details of which he recounts so minutely and so vividly in the *Apologia* when, a prey to doubts about the sanctity of his Father's House, he beheld truth glittering like a star in the bosom of her he had termed the "scarlet woman." Augustine's suffering came from the world-old conflict between the flesh and the spirit, and, torn by conflicting emotions as Newman was torn, he suffered as only men of great soul can suffer. "When a deep consideration had, from the secret bottom of my soul drawn together and heaped up all my misery in the tide of my heart, there arose a mighty storm bringing a mighty shower of tears. . . . I cast myself down, I know not how long, under a certain fig tree, giving full vent to my tears; and the floods of mine eyes gushed out an acceptable sacrifice to Thee."

In the *Apologia*, Newman tells us of his tears, and we know how, upon leaving Littlemore, his long restrained emotions overcame him, and he kissed the books and the very furniture in his study, which had witnessed so much of his suffering and his desolation of spirit. We recall that he had planned to pass his life at Oxford, to become a very part of it like the snapdragon on the walls of Trinity, but (Augustine is speaking now) "God derided these plans and didst prepare His own." There are passages in the *Apologia* as tender as the one I have just quoted from Augustine, though in Newman, naturally, there is more restraint in the expression of emotion. The Englishman bares his heart, and for him, with

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blood less warm than Augustine's, this was an even harder task. He says, in the beginning of Part V. of the *Apologia:*

> And now that I am about to trace, as far as I can, the course of that great revolution of mind, which led me to leave my own home, to which I was bound by so many strong and tender ties, I feel overcome with the difficulty of satisfying myself in my account of it, and have recoiled from doing so, till the near approach of the day, on which these lines must be given to the world, forces me to set about the task. For who can know himself, and the multitude of subtle influences which act upon him? and who can recollect, at the distance of twenty-five years, all that he once knew about his thoughts and his deeds? And who can suddenly gird himself to a new and anxious undertaking, which he might be able indeed to perform well, had he full and calm leisure allowed him to look through everything that he has written, whether in published works or private letters? But, on the other hand, as to that calm contemplation of the past, in itself so desirable, who can afford to be leisurely and deliberate, while he practises on himself a cruel operation, the ripping up of old griefs, and the venturing again upon the *infandum dolorem* of years, in which the stars of this lower heaven were one by one going out? I could not, in cool blood, nor except upon the imperious call of duty, attempt what I have set myself to do. It is both to head and heart an extreme trial, thus to analyze what has so long gone by, and to bring out the results of that examination. I have done various bold things in my life; this is the boldest; and, were I not sure, I should after all succeed in my object, it would be madness to set about it.

How deep the feeling is here in spite of its restraint! But as you read between the lines you come to understand why Newman wasted away to a shadow as he wrote this book, and why its pages were often wet with tears.

Many and striking are the parallels between Newman and St. Augustine. Both were churchmen; both reached that goal only after years of doubt and anguish. Both devoted their supreme gifts of heart and intellect to the cause of religion; both were in the forefront of the defensive struggles waged by the Church against the hostile forces of their day.

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For, while Augustine attacked Manichæans and Donatists, in whom he beheld the most potent foes of Christianity, Newman had ever in his thoughts the menace of what he termed "liberalism," and against it devoted most of his literary labors.

Both Augustine and Newman were prolific writers in the field of controversy; both were masters of pulpit eloquence; both were outstanding figures among the ecclesiastical leaders of their day; both, in consequence, drew the fire of enemies who were eager to destroy their influence.

As men, both were marked by an unfailing human sympathy which made them the confidants of more than one perplexed soul, and their letters are full of persuasive calls to saintliness and of answers to spiritual difficulties. Both were extremely sensitive and suffered at the hands of those who, from jealousy or inability to understand them, misjudged their motives and denounced their acts. Both, though dwelling on intellectual heights, kept close to the hearts and aspirations of the people. Both were capable of almost feminine tenderness, and Augustine's love of Nebridius has its counterpart in Newman's love of St. John. Both had a magnetism which could convert enemies into friends and friends into disciples.

The peace of Cassiciacum was dear to St. Augustine, as that of Littlemore was dear to Newman, and the presence of loving friends was as the balm of Gilead to their craving for affection. But Cassiciacum, like Littlemore, beheld a yearning of spirit for a more perfect comprehension of truth and a higher life that was to come. They were but milestones on the journey to the heights. Augustine's Tagaste was Newman's Edgbaston, with sacred joys abiding there, once those two great souls had found a peace unknown before. The "pitfalls of intellectualism" never menaced Newman except for a single hour at Oxford; while Augustine, with all his keen intellect, gained in his renunciation the simplicity of a child. Each stands out as the embodiment of a supreme and unconquered faith, never doubting, abiding always.

To few men as to Augustine and Newman have the unseen realities ever been so tremendously real. Though all the world might be but the shadow of a dream, there remained to each, himself and his Creator, and the very stir of the air about them was, as Newman so beautifully said, "the waving of their robes whose faces see God in heaven."

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Augustine could not know Newman, but Newman could, and did, know Augustine, not merely through his studies of the Fathers, but, best of all, through the divination of a perfect sympathy. In his early thirties, Newman had pictured Augustine as he was in those hectic years that preceded his conversion, and he read aright his "fierce fevers of the mind" and his pitiful cry for light. And when the vision of peace dawned at last for Augustine, Newman took leave of him in words that have a strange sound as of prophecy, as if a glance into his own heart had given him thus early a premonition of the desolating uncertainty that was to come, and of the completeness of the final renunciation. "He had 'counted the cost,' and he acted like a man whose slowness to begin a course was a pledge of zeal when he had once begun it."

And of the three great autobiographies, what? St. Augustine's is a lyric; Newman's, an elegy; Rousseau's, a tragic-comedy.

OUR LADY OF OXFORD.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

HERE, 'mid the beauty of an elder day,
Upon an antique, crumbling arch on high,
Gazing with sweet, sad eyes on passerby,
Our Lady and her Child in vigil pray
That once again shall come beneath their sway
This fair old town of Oxford, whose tall spires
Now fingers seem in noonday's flashing fires,
Carven of God to point the Heavenward way.
Not only here, within this narrow street,
Is Mary and her Infant throned and crowned,
But in gray courtyards, bright with sun and sweet
With flowers and velvet sward, shall they be found,
Waiting to hear, in God's appointed time,
All Oxford praise their names, while Mass bells chime!

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PAUL DEROULEDE THE PATRIOT.

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY.

THE momentous events of the World War have until recently tended to obscure in France the career of Paul Déroulède, one of those who contributed most to prepare his country for the conflict. Not that Déroulède's death in January, 1914, passed unnoticed. Millions of his countrymen mourned him as a patriot to be ranked with Bayard, Jean Bart and Ney. Captured during the Franco-Prussian War, but escaping from prison, he burned with a passion for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, and, as founder and promoter of the League of Patriots, he strove incessantly to keep alive the sacred flame until the "day of glory" should dawn. Alas! that the panegyrist of Joan of Arc—loyal churchman and nationalist—should not have lived to see his hopes realized! But the fame is secure.

Paul Déroulède, son of a magistrate, was born at Paris in 1846. His mother was a sister of Emile Augier, the dramatist, and a granddaughter of Pigault-Lebrun. He attended the Collège of Vanves, the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, the Lycée Bonaparte, and finally the Lycée de Versailles, proving an excellent but erratic pupil, and evincing a strong inclination toward poetry. Yet, like so many others of literary taste, he was sent by his parents to the Law School. Though bored by the law, he delighted in oratory, and never lost an occasion on festival days in the Latin Quarter to declaim in praise of liberty. Consumed by a desire to travel, he went to Egypt to witness the opening of the Suez Canal, and, returning, visited Italy, Austria, Germany, and Holland, setting down his impressions in graphic style.

Having completed his law course, Déroulède gave himself up to the enjoyment of letters until the opening of the War of 1870. Thus far he had been an internationalist, looking forward to an era of universal peace and brotherhood. But no

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cosmopolitanism—not even that of Renan and the "intellectuals"—could keep his conscience easy. Through Victor Duruy, he procured a commission in the Mobile Guards of the Seine, although at the moment no one foresaw that the Guards would be called to the frontier. Popular confidence was not shaken until on the heels of news of the victory of Reischoffen followed sinister tidings. Thereupon, Déroulède, turned by defeat into an ardent patriot, hurried to Metz. Rejected here, he enlisted as a private of Zouaves at Chalôns. A few days later, his mother brought to the same battalion her younger son, André.

"Major," she said to the commanding officer, "I bring you my second son, who has wished to join his older brother. My only regret is that I have not a third to offer you to help drive the invader from France."

In an engagement shortly afterward, André fell at Paul's side, begging the brother not to abandon him as the Zouaves retreated. Thus both were overtaken by the enemy. Although André recovered, Paul was separated from him, being sent as prisoner to Breslau. Here he was treated humanely, and even began an interlude of romance with his jail keeper's daughter, a girl of Polish descent and French sympathies. Yet, upon learning of the disaster at Sedan, and Bazaine's treason at Metz, Déroulède resolved to return to France. Lacking money, unable to speak German, and knowing that recapture would mean certain death, he outwitted the police, reached Prague, and from there made his way home through Italy.

Reporting at Tours, Déroulède was assigned as sergeant to Colonel Lane's regiment of Zouaves, operating near Dijon. On January 15th, when the regiment, in a brilliant engagement, took Montbéliard, the poet won a second lieutenancy and the Cross of the Legion of Honor. A few days later, on the retreat of Lane's men into Switzerland, the officers were allowed to return to France. Scarcely had Déroulède been repatriated when an armistice was signed, and during his first visit to relatives in Paris, the National Assembly ratified a preliminary treaty with Germany. This was followed by the famous protest from the deputies of Alsace and Lorraine—an act which stirred Déroulède to the depths. Accordingly, on March 1, 1871, he announced his resolution of remaining a

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soldier. So long as half a million Frenchmen were involuntarily deprived of the joys of citizenship, he declared, he would deprive himself of the joys of the fireside.

At the outbreak of the Commune, Paul and his younger brother sided with the forces of order. Near the end of the revolt, this brother, while snatching a red flag from a barricade, had his arm shattered. Paul, whose foot was crushed by an unmanageable horse, was so far incapacitated that, on the representation of friends, he resigned his commission in 1874, rather than be retired. Seven years later, he sought to reënlist that he might accompany his brother, André, an artillery lieutenant, to Tunis; but Gambetta discouraged him, explaining that he would be more useful at home. Déroulède, yielding, wrote a stirring farewell to the troops, and thereafter it was with his pen that he fought the good fight.

Already, indeed, Déroulède had acquired some fame as a writer. In 1869, the Comédie-Française had produced his *Juan Strenner*, a play treating an episode in the life of Rubens. After 1870 patriotic themes engaged him. His *Chants du Soldat* are hymns of faith and hope dedicated to his parents, as to "those who have taught me to love my country." The guiding thought of these poems was the exaltation of courage and patriotism. Says Camille Ducray, in his admirable biography of Déroulède: "Many of these will remain immortal."

The French Academy crowned the work, which already has seen more than a hundred and fifty editions. As Théodore de Banville remarked: "It is redolent of battles and powder, and from the moment that you have opened the volume it intoxicates you by its perfume of youthful bravado and manly daring." The poet wrote from inspiration, and was less concerned to polish his verses than to stir the martial feelings. Indeed, the cadence of these poems is that of a warlike march, heroism set to music. One poem, composed in eulogy of Corneille, was long cherished by Coquelin for stage recitation.

In 1875 appeared Déroulède's *Nouveaux Chants du Soldat*. This volume, equally lyrical and sincere, was like its predecessor crowned by the Academy. In 1881 followed *Marches et Sonneries*, ardent lyrics dedicated to Alsace and Lorraine, breathing the spirit of glad self-sacrifice.

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Seven years later, in *Refrains Militaires*, the patriot added to his verse other gems, one being a *Testament*, embodying his fondest aspirations.

Militant as was Déroulède, he was also devoted to rustic life, and, when out of patience with politics, he would retire to his ancestral manor in the Charente. It was there that he composed *Les Chants du Paysan* (1894), a volume for which the French Academy awarded him the Jean Reynaud prize, given only once in five years. He published, also, novels and biographical studies. Especially noteworthy was his biography of Turenne—*La Tour d'Auvergne*.

More important, however, are Déroulède's dramas. To be sure, he seemed to regard plot as only a pretext for enabling his personages to express their sentiments in noble words. He conceived that the theatre should educate by offering sound and sober lessons. Chief among his plays are *L'Hetman* (1877), *La Moäbite* (1880), *Messire du Guesclin* (1895), and *La Mort de Hoche* (1897)—all of patriotic significance.

The production of *L'Hetman* was eagerly awaited, since the public knew that it treated in disguise a national question. Love of country and the readiness of men to sacrifice themselves for the national life was his subject. The period chosen is 1645, when the Ukraine (here representing Alsace) is suffering from the tyrannic oppression of Poland (here representing Germany). Gherasz, formerly *hetman* or leader of the Ukrainian Cossacks, his daughter, Mikla, and her fiancé, Stenko, are virtual captives at the Polish Court. Uprisings of the Ukrainians have but increased their sufferings, yet the patriots again revolt and beg the aged *hetman* to lead them. Gherasz declines, thinking further sacrifices vain until his country is prepared for war. Stenko, on the other hand, joins the insurgents, yet learning that his fiancée is held as hostage, returns, having placed personal happiness above patriotism. Angered by this selfishness, the stern old *hetman* now responds to the call of duty, and the revolt succeeds, after the machinations of the Ukrainian renegade, Rogoviane (perhaps Marshal Bazaine) have miscarried, and Mikla has escaped. Here the war between the Cossacks and the Poles is only a pretext; Déroulède has in mind a conflict nearer home.

The piece, performed seventy times at the Odéon, was

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praised by the people and by the press. If it was not uniformly excellent, it displayed none the less marked talent, and among its verses were many breathing the spirit of the great Corneille.

Like *L'Hetman*, *La Moäbite* is a satire in disguise. It combats the foes of religion and the Church. Déroulède, as a republican and a Christian, would show that faith knows no conflict with liberty, and that public morals are inadequate unless based upon divine law. Strangely enough, the play incurred the hostility of Jules Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction, who, after the first rehearsals at the Comédie-Française, forbade its presentation. Although Ferry was known as an implacable enemy of the Church, this narrow-mindedness aroused deep indignation. His action was the more hypocritical since he had but recently invited dramatists to write political plays, "in order to give to France the moral grandeur proper in a democracy. To that end," he said, "let us allow in politics all the liberty compatible with the maintenance of public peace, and let us keep our severity for licentious situations and immoral pieces." It had not occurred to Ferry that a dramatist might, in denouncing immorality, attack its sources—his own atheism and hostility to the Church. Déroulède, having withdrawn his play, published it with a preface accusing the minister of fomenting religious discord. "Yes, this poor minister has thrown France into a turmoil, and, thanks to him, slight misunderstandings have so nearly become dissensions; he has such mastery of the art of inflaming religious passion in a skeptical age, that a play in which God is spoken of with respect, licence with disgust and liberty with love, such a play is regarded as so close to satire as to be dangerous." Performed later at the home of Madame Juliette Adam, *La Moäbite* delighted the audience.

Misaël, son of the High Priest of Israel, during an expedition against the Moabites, has fallen in love with Kozby, voluptuous and unprincipled. She would proclaim war on the God of Israel and exalt only man and his instincts; but Misaël's mother rebukes her for a doctrine so subversive of God, family and country. Even Hélias, a radical, realizes that civilization must be achieved gradually. "Faith," he declares, "is an essential. It is that which distinguishes the shepherd from his flock, man from beast."

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Retain for God a priest, that man may God retain;
A people without God is doomed and lives in vain.

The forebodings of Hélias are justified when Misaël, sinking deeper into degradation, plans to assassinate his father. Fortunately, his plot is divulged and it is the would-be parricide and not his father who meets death at the temple.

After administering this rebuke to those striving to sap the religious convictions of his countrymen, Déroulède, in his next play, drew from the life of the national hero, Bertrand du Gueslin (1320-1380), salutary lessons for his contemporaries. Here he stresses duty, obedience, self-effacement and the subordination of personal interests to the national weal, and shows that the curse of Du Guesclin's time lay in the fact that too many desired to rule, and too few were willing to obey. The application of such criticism to the France of 1895, with its individualism, anarchy and opposition to authority, was patent.

Messire du Guesclin is set in the period following the defeat of the French by the English at the battle of Poitiers (1356), when Jean le Bon was taken prisoner. The action depicts the revolt of the bourgeoisie, led by Etienne Marcel; the flight of the Dauphin, who was afterwards known as Charles le Sage; and the devotion of the Breton, Du Guesclin, to the French cause (Brittany being at the time independent) —services which proved decisive in rescuing France from anarchy and foreign domination. True, this play is a biography of the popular hero rather than a drama in the strict sense; but, as a *spectacle dans un fauteuil*, it is both informing and entertaining. If the verses are not always rich and flowing, the patriotic fervor that animates them is genuine and contagious. The protagonist thinks only of the destiny of his country. To expel the foreigner is the need of the moment. But to accomplish this and prevent a recurrence of the evil, the citizens must abandon their desire for self-assertion. Says the poet: "You who would elevate France, learn to abase yourselves."

Déroulède's plays, although not always successful on the stage, are worthy of respect. They contain not only fine ideas, but strong scenes, even if these be poorly connected. This lack of cohesive force is apparent in his last drama, *La*

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Mort de Hoche, little more than a loose biography of the Revolutionary general. Here, as in *Messire du Guesclin*, the dramatist denounces by implication the Third Republic. Thus, in Act V., General Ney says: "The government does not govern; it is governed. The deputies might do all, but they spoil everything. There are many judges, but there is no justice; there are many functionaries, but there is no administration; there are many taxes, but no resources." Similarly, Hoche, in comparing the Republic of the Directory (1797) with that of the Convention (1793), declares the rule of the Terror to be less dangerous than that of the Marsh. "To corrupt the blood is worse than to shed it!" he exclaims. "Like Decius, I cast myself living and fully armed into the gulf in the hope that I may save the nation."

These sentiments explain why Déroulède favored the Boulangist party. Like millions of his countrymen, he believed that General Boulanger would establish a government of authority. Even earlier, during the short-lived Gambetta Ministry, Déroulède had been appointed, with Félix Faure and others, upon an educational commission intended to develop among pupils physical fitness and a spirit of patriotism. But Gambetta was soon succeeded by Jules Ferry, with whom Déroulède could not agree. After a heated dispute with the new Premier, he resigned, declaring: "Your conception is not mine; it would please you to make a nation without the military spirit, as you have already endeavored to make a nation without God."

Yet, the results of Déroulède's connection with this educational commission were beneficial. From it, he derived the idea of organizing a patriotic society to aid in recovering the lost provinces. In 1882, he succeeded in founding the League of Patriots, which within a few years grew to three hundred thousand members. On the first page of its list, he inscribed its motto: "Who lives? France! In spite of everything!" This was the motto of his own life. The grand old man, whether in Parliament or traveling over the country to spread his propaganda, wrought indefatigably by his pen and his voice for the cause. Despairing of seeing his hopes realized under a Masonic régime of parliamentary wrangling, he attempted a *coup d'état* in 1899, and as a result was banished for six years.

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In 1905, Déroulède returned to Paris. What an enthusiastic reception was his! A delirious crowd met him at the station, and transformed his slow passage to the house of his brother into a triumphal march. Affectionately assisted by his secretary, Marcel Habert, Déroulède again plunged into his work. The present writer, who in May, 1909, heard him deliver a stirring address in eulogy of Joan of Arc, observed that, though failing, he was still full of fire. Each year until his death, he led a procession to the statue of Strassburg in the Place de la Concorde, and addressed patriotic gatherings at Buzenvat and Champigny, near Paris, in commemoration of military engagements during the siege. It was at Champigny that, ignoring the entreaties of his physician, Déroulède delivered his last speech, in December, 1913. His friends bore him, exhausted, to the Riviera, but before departing from Paris, he visited Notre Dame, and, a faithful Catholic, as he had been a faithful soldier and patriot, he received the Blessed Sacrament, although his weakness would not permit his hearing Mass to the end. He died at Nice, January 30, 1914.

A patriot to the core, upright and noble, Déroulède rose superior to discouragements and injustice. He strove not for gold, but for glory. When defeated, he forgot his disappointment in resuming the brave fight. Gallic in his bravado and volatile spirits, he was Latin in his love of authority. Though asserting his devotion to the Republic, he wished to see it function under the rule of a chief powerful enough to protect it against itself. Says Camille Ducray: "This man was a force compounded of self-reliance and faith in God. In him the youth of France may find at the most critical moments inspiration for long years to come. France will never forget him. His name belongs to history."

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OF SOME AMERICANS.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

ALL modern novelists, whatever their nationality, have a filiation to Cervantes, though his parenthood may be marked by little or no trace of family likeness between any of their works and *Don Quixote*. Indeed, the unlikeness is, in certain instances, remarkable. Smolett was a diligent student of Cervantes and translated him, yet the only resemblance between him and his master must be sought in the grossness and cruelty of the practical jokes practised, for wit, on Don Quixote and, say, Commodore Trunnion.

Dickens and Thackeray were child-students of Don Quixote in those first years of conscious impression whose stamp is so enduring. No writer could be more remote from Cervantes than Thackeray: it would be hard to find anything in Dickens in the least like Cervantes beyond the fact that the latter's great work was a *roman à thèse*, and that several of Dickens' works were novels with a purpose.

When we come to the great fictionists of America we find, as it is natural to find, that they are still further remote from the first great modern novelist. What signs of descent from Cervantes can we trace in Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allen Poe, William Dean Howells, Bret Harte, Henry James or George Cable?

Between themselves, however, they do show signs of relationship. All are stylists, though in some of them the effort to be so is more apparent and the result less successful.

In Washington Irving there is not a great deal beyond the style: and the style is only excellent here and there. In the papers grouped together under the heading of *Old Christmas* this writer attains to absolute charm, which is rarely attained by any writer, by Mrs. Gaskell, for instance, in any one of her many books, by George Eliot only perfectly attained in *Silas Marner*. In *Old Christmas* Irving's style is at its best because it is carried by what he has to say: where, as happens in

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several parts of the *Sketch Book*, the style has itself to carry the little or nothing he has to say, it entirely fails, and is unsuccessful and tedious. The reader, being given little else to attend to, is forced to admire it, and becomes irritated by its failure, by its perfunctory quest of epithets, for instance, and by the flatness and indistinction of the epithets themselves.

Of the seven American writers in the inexhaustive group given above, Bret Harte is the least conscious stylist: because, I think, he has most to say. His style is, all the same, fine, and (what matters most) always related to his matter. The subtlety of its excellence is perhaps best perceived by the consideration of the company in which it often has to move. Much of the great writer's work, almost certainly his most splendid work, deals with very rough humanity, as rough in speech as in conduct; consider how unflinching is his report of their talk and of themselves, and note how in it the author's own English never stoops, slouches or limps. That English has unfailing clarity, definition and *verve*, and the singular merit of complete apparent unconsciousness, as if it arrived without the writer's effort or summons.

He, less than any of the others in the group, shows relationship to the rest: though born at Albany he is much less related to them than George Cable, from far Louisiana: Howells, from Ohio, is typically New England as a writer.

Cable seems, hardly more than Bret Harte, to have reached after style, but he attains it, though in a different manner. His manner is akin to Hawthorne's, and it is almost impossible to avoid falling into the obvious nickname for him, of the Hawthorne of the South.

With Bret Harte he has nothing in common except a gift of appreciation that amounts to affection. Their themes were too immeasurably distant for similarity. One wrote of pioneers, mostly of Saxon antecedents: prepotent, lawless, of exuberant vitality and youth and masculinity. The other of a people fading, listless, almost consciously dying, of Latin tradition, Latin refinement, whose refinement was an heirloom, almost a relic: or of their slaves, over whom the only light of refinement that had fallen was itself the wistful shadow of Latin culture. I have said that Cable's literary manner has a likeness to Hawthorne's: but his treatment is

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diametrically opposite. The Louisianian has a soft and gentle tenderness for the people whose story he tells musingly: he loves them. Does Hawthorne love his New Englanders, whose legend he relates broodingly? He is attracted irresistibly by their darkest tales, and (what is worse) by their darkest traits: he is not concerned to put forward what may have been lovable and human in them, but studiously unearths what in them revolts by its harshness; if he does not seek to show them hateful, he is singularly unhappy in his results. His atmosphere is not merely sad, as that of Cable often is, but sombre, airless, cellar-like, chill, and at times lingeringly noisome. No one could question his descent from those who believed in witches, and had a morbid relish in pondering them.

No reader can fail to be conscious that his veins were filled with the blood of those whose preoccupation was constantly more with the devil than with God. The great Enemy was their theme far more persistently than the great Friend. Hence, the chronic gloom of their air, a gloom reflected (if darkness can be reflected) throughout the pages of Hawthorne. That he was not, in his own person, a man of gloom we are warmly assured by those who knew him well. None the less was he obsessed by a black spirit, in his walk as a man of letters.

I am far from accusing him of loving the Puritans, whose character he dwells upon with slow, insistent deliberation. He loved them, probably, no more than he loved Salem, but he was the son of them and of Salem, and both loomed large in his ever-recurrent consciousness. He must be forever witnessing the paternity of both.

That Hawthorne was a great writer no man of letters could deny or doubt. *The Scarlet Letter* is a great book: yet a humble admirer of great writers and of great books, neither able to abstain, nor desirous to abstain, from admiring that book's power and subtlety, may confess frankly that he hates and deplores it.

The graphic excellence is high. Its character drawing is, in the main, of eminent distinction: though not all the characters carry, what is the one indispensable quality in character-drawing, conviction. Little Pearl fails to convince. Her mother's husband is, what Hawthorne makes him, a real

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devil: but whether he is a real man, or such a man could really be, is a different question altogether. Hawthorne calls up every power he has, strains every nerve of his genius, to make Roger Chillingworth a devil as complete as Satan himself, and in succeeding achieves failure, because the man is not a man at all. If a great writer chooses to depict a human being as inhuman, and does what he attempts successfully, he fails in this wise—what is given as an epic of earth becomes a phantasm of hell. Chillingworth's spiritual home was hell, and on earth he is merely a monster, more monstrous than the most outrageous ghost. Contrast him with Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights*, and see how vastly the moorland girl, without experimental knowledge of her kind, has the advantage of the practised man of letters, who had lived among men all his days.

The two other protagonists of the tragedy are on a far higher level. Some of the merely incidental portraits are wonderful—the outline sketch of Mrs. Hibbins, the governor's sister, for one: though it is seized clutchingly by the author to indulge his greedy appetite for witch-folk and witch-character. No wonder the seventeenth century Salemites felt that dark attraction for the theme, if in their nineteenth century descendant the force of that attraction shows itself so little attenuated, so absorbing still.

That brings us to the main ground of our detestation of one of the most striking works in English-written fiction. Its theme is not really Hester Prynne, but the devil himself. It is a meditation on him, his power and his greatness. If it were written by a devil-worshipper it might be called devout to servility. If the author were a medicine-man of some devil-worshipping cult, it could not be more morbidly pathological.

A great sin has been committed: not the greatest conceivable, but one in its nature and its circumstances of terrible blackness. That sin is the lingering, unvarying theme of the book. Its savor is kept forever in the mind of the writer, and in the mouth of the reader. In that alone is a morbidity that it would be hard to rescue from unwholesomeness, and can only be rescued in one way, not used by the author.

A great sin in its commission involves the complexity of the agents and of their diabolic tempter: but Someone Else is concerned, God Whom the sin has outraged. Now the whole

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of the *Scarlet Letter* is a meditation upon the sin of Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne, and upon the devil, their accomplice and instigator, with the younger devil, whom their sin creates. God is ignored.

That, in three words, makes not only the failure, but the awfulness of the book. The sin was not against Satan, but against God. He was infinitely more concerned in it than Satan, a mere fallen angel. Yet He is left outside the story, as He should not have been if the book were to have been on the Fall of the Angels.

According to Catholic as to Puritan theology, God is the Punisher of sin. But He is more, the Pardoner of sin. The devil in the *Scarlet Letter* is made the only apparent avenger of the sin, and no God is there to stoop down and pardon, and save. Cervantes, the Castilian, could no more have written the *Scarlet Letter* than Hawthorne, the devil-meditating writer of Salem, could have written *Don Quixote*.

The *Scarlet Letter* is ruthlessly cruel. It is a merciless picture of fallible mankind between the millstone of its own weakness and the nether-millstone of Satanic omnipotence. Out of that libelous picture spring blasphemies and atheisms, whether drawn by this or any other great writer of sombre genius and perverse power. Omnipotence is divine, and never has been, nor could be, diabolic.

Had this great writer ever read the story of what happened in the court of the Temple to another woman whose sin was the same as Hester Prynne's: when the devil's work was over, and Jesus Christ's appeared? Ah, for a grain of that dust, wherein Christ made His only writing, in the hard searching eyes of this writer of an unhealthy, and so false, genius! Is any weak human creature likely to be strengthened by his fearful book? Must not such a one feel that both sinners in it are punished over much? And must not such an inevitable feeling tend to condone in his or her judgment the later (and monstrously incredible) second fall? In the very case of Chillingworth himself, is not he or she likely to feel a perverted, maudlin, mawkish compassion of the same sort as might be claimed "for the puir de'il" himself? a compassion, by the way, that the author has been careful not to suggest for the outraged husband when the outrage was fresh and keen upon him.

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The German folk-picture of Satan is that of a stupid and blundering malignant. Untrue as that picture is of a fallen archangel, with intellect perverted but not gone, it is in *essential* truth, higher than that picture which presents him with powers commensurate with those of God, at all events with powers against which man is helpless and hopeless, in an eternal and necessary minority. Man against devil would indeed be an unequal combat: but there is no such combat. It is man plus God versus devil, and there can be no doubt of where, in that recollection of the fact, the strength must lie.

There are two ways in which Satan works, and always has worked, against the weak or presumptuous spirit of man: by deluding it into the ignorance of believing that he himself is a name for an obsolete idea, a thing never actually existent, or by terrifying it into the sombre acceptance of his being in practical verity more potent than God, the real Omnipotence. To measure the comparative evil of these two falsities is unfruitful. But, it would *seem*, at all events, that the latter is the more disastrous of the two. It is not, apparently, the more prevalent of the two among moderns. It was a distinctive, if unacknowledged, element in Puritanism. In Puritanism the Enemy of mankind received a gross and unholy flattery: it is hard to perceive what the Puritans thought the Incarnation had done for mankind, how in it the head of the serpent had been crushed: how far they really conceived that the Crucifixion was the devil's triumph, instead of being his predestined and decisive defeat.

At the head of this article I spoke of the literary descent of all our modern novelists from Cervantes. He was, while treating of figments of his exuberant fancy, a Castilian gentleman bred in the sanities of the Catholic faith, behind all lies the cheerful horizon of the Catholic realities: in a thousand *obiter dicta* one reads that Cervantes believed, not trembling, but soundly happy. Might not the works of Hawthorne have been precisely what they are if there had been no Incarnation? Over them does not lie "the light that never was on sea or land," but there broods the darkness that can be invoked from below even the earth and its inhabitants, by a man of distorted fancy and misled genius who chooses to direct all his prying downward.

Though one of the protagonists is a Christian minister,

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the book is un-Christian: its religion is, if it is anything, Judaic. Behind that Judaic cloud the Divine Light is utterly obscured: the Divine Mercy is ignored and the warmth and healing of Divine Goodness. Kindness, humanism are not suffered to bear the part they would have borne.

Hawthorne wrote other books. They have the same literary quality, in each in its degree the same sort of literary power. In general, they are darkened by something of the same atmosphere, the presence of which is their bane, though its absence might deprive them of their force, and certainly would rob them of their character. For it is a lurid air, heavy, sulphurous: stifling respiration, inimical to life and health.

They present a series of pictures admirable in intensity, remarkable and impossible to confuse with the pictures of any other artist. Their brooding quietude is not dull, though it is so intense that, even where there is action, there seems to be none: and each sketch hardly appears to be a tale, but rather to be a picture only, without motion, and indeed mostly without color, a picture black and gray. Hawthorne is nowhere more skillful than in *The House of the Seven Gables*, and nowhere is his power more morbidly shown. *Mosses from an Old Manse* and *Tanglewood Tales* may have slightly less of his genius, and may have proportionately less morbidity. Nothing that he wrote could have been written by a common writer: he is always, in all his work, a craftsman of the highest class: and all his work has the same unbaptized quality and spirit.

To *The Scarlet Letter* is prefixed a lengthy sketch, longer than some of his stories, called *The Custom House*. It brought upon him, we are told in its reprint, an angry storm of protest. But it is as well worth reading as anything he wrote, and is more satisfactory reading than much that he wrote. The character-pictures are excellent, and (what his pictures are not very commonly) highly entertaining and humorsome. They are not drawn with a sparing pen; in some cases, notably one, they are pretty merciless, and that they aroused resentment is not surprising, though Hawthorne himself puts on a childlike air of surprise at the resentment he reports: but they are human and real, and afford a strong hint of what the author could have done, had he chosen to be a novelist of

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ordinary life and discarded his mania for the abnormal, the monstrous, the subterranean.

Hawthorne was over fifty years George Cable's senior: *Twicetold Tales* was published seven years before the Southern writer's birth, *Mosses from an Old Manse* before Cable was two years old, *The Scarlet Letter* before he was six, *The House of the Seven Gables* before he was seven. Without knowing any of the intimate details of Cable's life, I feel perfectly safe in assuming that he had read the New Englander's work before he started his own: and more than that, it strongly influenced him, directing his aim at a style, and (in a far distant area) suggesting a choice of subjects—I do not mean of themes.

His style, however, became simpler than Hawthorne's, less labored, less self-conscious. As for his subjects, he sought them, as the New Englander found his, near at hand. His Creoles have as much genuine likeness to each other, and as much specific difference, or variety, among themselves as Hawthorne's New Englanders. He is more thoroughly concerned with themselves than with their actions, though he reports enough of their action for his purpose and their illustration. He is as much inclined to *rêverie* as Hawthorne himself, but though he muses as much over his people, he broods less. He is oftener pathetic and seldomer gloomy. Indeed, Hawthorne is a singular illustration of the wide difference between gloom and pathos. Perhaps, no great writer is so often gloomy, or so rarely pathetic. In spite of the oppressive melancholy of *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*, they are marvelously devoid of pathos. Cable, while choosing subjects of characteristic quietness, with little and silent action, never fails to make them interesting. This, an ordinary reader, not much attracted by psychology or analysis, cannot always say of Hawthorne's tales: they have, by such readers, to be *studied* with purpose and persistence. Cable can be read with ease and without effort by any reader, though his characterization is not at all inferior in subtlety, certainly equal in delicacy and depth, to that of the more illustrious writer: perhaps because the Southern author has a grace of spontaneity in his presentation of character denied to the other.

To me the Louisianian seems more graceful altogether, as

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he is more tender and more touching. The indefinable charm that he throws, like a raiment that forms a part rather than an ornament of themselves, about his women is to seek in Hawthorne. Hester Prynne is more virile than Arthur Dimmesdale, and she is the most elaborate study of a woman Hawthorne has attempted.

Cable has also a tender grace of compassionateness, which forms indeed almost the atmosphere of his whole scenery, and may be a part or an efflorescence of that gift of femininity bestowed on some of the greatest writers and denied to many, which Shakespeare never fails of, which Thackeray never gained, which Browning showed miraculously in Pompilia. Its expression is never the floridity which Byron complained of in Washington Irving to George Bancroft, while commending his style all the same.

It was, indeed, the floridity of Irving's style that was its bane: if he had burned half his descriptions, the remainder would be more welcome, and if in that remainder he had discarded sixty per cent. of the lines and eighty per cent. of the epithets, it would have been nearer securing the admiration he was trudging after. Like Cable, he was a reverist, and he was at his best when calling up reveries of vanished days and half-forgotten people. Byron, a very sane and instinctive critic, pitched at once upon the *Knickerbocker Papers* for warm and frank eulogy.

To Edgar Allen Poe from Cable and Hawthorne may seem a far cry: and he is in truth different enough from either. They were intrinsically American. Anyone reading him for the first time must be struck by the impression that his inspiration was French, as French as the inspiration of what is best in the newer street architecture of New York. Yet he had never read, and could never have read that which in French literature seems most akin to him. He was dead seven and twenty years before *L'Affaire Lerouge* was written. Gaboriau could not have inspired him, though he may well have inspired Gaboriau.

Whether Poe had read Balzac in French, I do not know, but I am certain he had read him. Nevertheless, Poe was original, and his own master. However clearly we recognize that and insist upon it, it remains true that his literary affinities are Latin, not North American or English. Especially,

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though only partly, is this illustrated in his characterization, which is always more akin in method and treatment to the French than the American fashion, or the British. He describes character from without, not, like Hawthorne, from within. His characterization is objective. With all the American psychological novelists it is subjective. It is, however, also true that Poe is not entirely without relation to Hawthorne. Though a New Englander, and by birth quite a near neighbor of Hawthorne, there is nothing of the great New Englander's spirit in Poe. He goes far from New England for his themes. The old Puritans obsess him not at all. Yet, after all, he has Hawthorne's leaning to gloom of subject, he turns almost instinctively, certainly impulsively, to the dark, mysterious, clouded, abnormal. He is never willingly cheerful, never humorous. He tosses disdainfully aside the happy: wholesome lightness can only, he assumes, be tedious and dull. He loves to handle the criminal, and handle it with a mastery that is swifter than Hawthorne's, less gloating and studious, but not much, if at all, less comprehensive and exact. He is, however, less absorbed by the criminal than Hawthorne; it is the crime he considers rather than the criminal, and is more concerned with how it was done than with how it affected the criminal who did it. This is only to repeat that Poe handles his argument objectively and Hawthorne subjectively.

As a man, Hawthorne was wholesome and vigorous. Poor Poe was far from that. Yet as a writer Poe was less unwholesome and more vigorous than Hawthorne: he was more virile, and attained his results by a stronger method, with less delay and labor. His lines and contours are bolder, his figures require less description by the author, explaining themselves more straightforwardly. They are, of course, often of a coarser fibre than Hawthorne's, but by no means invariably so. Above all, they are vital, not dream figures of spectral gesture wading at us out of chill mists.

Poe's own figure belongs to the tragedy of letters. His misfortunes cannot be laid at any door but his own. His lifelong enemy was himself. He had to bear the pangs of utter penury; he had to endure the terrible anguish of his wife's death, after ten years of marriage, though she was only twenty-four when he lost her: but it cannot be said that he was broken by calamity; he broke himself. His story is poig-

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nantly wretched. Only the very sternly pitiless can abstain from pitying him. His nature was tainted, but it was not evil. He was not wicked. He died, still quite a young man, a prey to deepest remorse: yet many have passed to their judgment with far less sorrow for far more faults. He was chaste in his own life, as he was clean in his written word.

Vilified unfairly after his death, he was not friendless during life, but he was one of those, not rare, unfortunates whom friendship can hardly serve effectually. His life, sad as it was, was not loveless. He was loved loyally and tenderly in his home, and by those who knew him best and must have known his faults best. Though he could not rely upon himself any more than his friends could rely upon him, upon his sobriety or his effort, yet he could work hard and well for a year together, he could be sober, industrious, patient during periods, till the reckless collapse of effort, patience, sobriety came. Fortunately his judgment rests neither with biographers nor critics.

His genius is not open to attack. It was much greater than himself, though not extremely unlike himself—the best part of himself. He had ideality, too; he had a singular gift of ratiocination and the rare faculty of clothing it with absorbing interest. He was a capable critic. In American poetry he must take a very high place.

But his greatest work, and his most expressive, is to be found in his tales. In them he is wild, eccentric, but the eccentricity and wildness are genuine and real, it is never posed or assumed with self-conscious effort. It is not labored, but splendidly spontaneous and natural. His wildest tales, therefore, interest unfailingly because they appear true. The reader supposes they *are* true, not worked up from some nucleus of fancy. The eccentricity has never the insult of affectation. When he is fantastic, he is not impertinent. He is often *macabre:* but not often morbid. Though he descend for his theme into the very charnel-house, I do not find that one rises from the reading of him with odors of mortality in one's nostrils, the taste of corruption in one's mouth. At any rate, the mortality he treats of is that of the body; he does not lingeringly ponder the death of the soul.

He is as great a master of atmosphere as Hawthorne, and sometimes renders it with greater mastery than Hawthorne,

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who is not, even in *The House of the Seven Gables*, with all its elaboration, so successful in this sort as Poe is in the much briefer, hastier *Fall of the House of Usher*. The aim, of course, is not the same in the two stories: one is to induce an impression of spiritual horror, the other to excite an almost physical dread.

Poe can be physically ghoulish. Hawthorne was ghoulish in the ethical order. Neither success can be ranked among the most wholesome of achievements, but the unwholesomeness of Poe's seems to me less stagnant, malarious, than Hawthorne's. Both authors leaned, one in the natural (or the preternaturnal) order, the other in the spiritual, to the monstrous, the ghastly, the abnormal. Poe cared to surprise, and could do it when he meant to do it. Hawthorne prefers to neglect that element of interest, and has the more arduous ambition of sustaining suspense without it.

Henry James and William Dean Howells were born as far asunder as New York and Martin's Ferry in Ohio: but they belong to the same school in literature—how far intentionally cannot profitably be surmised. Howells was the elder man by half a dozen years, and had published *Their Wedding Journey, A Chance Acquaintance* and a *Foregone Conclusion* before the younger produced *The American*. But it is not suggested that the senior's work had any effect whatever on the junior. As to copying, no one can imagine Henry James ever copying any writer but himself, which he did with fervor and fidelity to the end.

Whether Howells regarded James as his literary superior I cannot tell: many other people undoubtedly did, and do so decide their relative positions in the Table of Precedency in letters. But I am not so sure of the infallibility of that pronouncement. Henry James was the more meticulous craftsman, but his work tends to the undesirable climax of containing hardly anything but craftsmanship. The most perfect *ébéniste* must have wood to work on, and if he insists on discarding all but the tiniest chips, he ends by producing only amazing little boxes. They may astound by the perfection of their form and of their polish, one realizes with deep respect the pains and skill that have gone to their completion; but they don't hold much.

Howells wrote with care and a certain trim neatness,

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often delightfully, never boisterously, funny and entertaining; he was far, very far, from being a sloven, or being hasty, in his work: but he has a story to get on with, and liked to get on with it; so do his readers, for his story is commonly worth reading if not quite always worth writing, and it interests.

To change the metaphor—the majority of us do not care so much for the mechanism of a watch as to look at its face and ascertain promptly what time of day it is. Mr. James was a little too much of a watchmaker, and cared too much to bid us consider his minute skill in fashioning its insides. Your desire to be told what o'clock it is, he thought impertinent and trivial.

Neither of these authors is consistently equal to himself. Perhaps Mr. James is at his best when at his biggest, when his book is biggest: and Mr. Howells at his best when his work is least protracted. I think both lost in interest what they gained in experience. But Mr. Howells did not attain, with the loss of freshness, that portentous, immaculate perfection that Mr. James did attain.

For aught, I can surmise, it may seem to the genuine devotee of Henry James flat heresy to admire *The American* of 1878 more than *The Ambassador* of 1903, but I confess to that heresy if it be one. And for me *Washington Square* has a charm that its author never attained again. *The Portrait of a Lady*, belonging to the same year, is more attractive than *The Bostonians* of five years later, or *What Marie Knew* of sixteen years later. So is *Daisy Miller*, of 1878, attractive, though in it James had certainly not entered upon his rich inheritance of fineness of manner. Like Jane Austen, he chose to be a miniaturist, but he never attained her subtle, spontaneous mastery of the elected medium. He fell short of charm, which the miniature demands and whose absence cannot be excused in it. Nor was it literary tact to treat in miniature style some of the themes he selected. He shrank from strength or depth of situation: as scrupulously, though less naturally and instinctively, as Jane Austen shrank from tragedy or pathos. That restraint in her we feel to be wisdom and a sense of fitness. The male writer's abstention looks more like timidity, and even contraction of purview. Tragedy would be out of place in Jane Austen's *dramatis personæ*, pathos out of drawing. But there was room, even occasion,

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for them among some of Henry James' people. He is, like the Veneering's butler, an Analytical Chemist, and a meticulous workman at his profession.

Howells, but much less obviously, because much less laboriously, was also an analyst. His fingers and pen do not smell of the analytical laboratory and, using a somewhat broader method, he seems to have more vigor than James.

Though Jane Austen discards the use of any violence of event, and relies entirely on the presentation of character in absolutely normal situations, she is too confident of power to be verbose. A character is present to our realization in a phrase or two: it takes Mr. James' reams of insistence to convince us of many of his characters. Words were Miss Austen's delighted servants, and came at her briefest call to do her work instantaneously: words were Mr. James' rather tyrannical masters, keeping him a good deal on the stretch and taking a good deal out of him—though it was a labor of love. Not one line of Miss Austen's could be removed without injury to the page, nor one word out of any line without loss. Many lines could be excised out of many of Mr. James' stories, without the least injury to the whole. His profusion is less generous than extravagant. In very few instances does he even wish to be powerful. In the *Aspern Papers* he does wish it, and who can say he fails? But, if he is there powerful, is he not also unpleasant?

In that short book he conveys, with a success rarely achieved by him, a special and peculiar atmosphere. And that atmosphere is both local and moral. The interaction of the local and the moral is given with real mastery. It is grim and boding: it chills and horrifies. It is ruthless and repulsive. It is everything the writer intended. Here he rises to genuine power, whereas, in general, he arrives at only portentous skill: but the power is so successfully unpleasant that one cannot regret that the writer achieves it so seldom. On the whole, one questions if he were so much a great author as a first-rate man of letters.

I am not aware that anyone has called Howells a great author: as a man of letters he cannot be ranked on anything like the same level as Henry James. But as an author he had advantages over James. He had more humor, and his humor was more easy and unstrained. To the general reader he is

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easier reading (a thing that always counts in fiction). His portraiture is much less labored. He can be acute with less trouble. He can be epigrammatic with less obvious intention. In analysis, to which he betook himself when there was no imperative call to that function of the novelist, he was less toilsome than James, but often more tedious. His portraits are often striking, often amusing: but, with all his analysis, he did not always catch with genuine sympathy what greater artists would have seen in his sitters. If he makes us think of Henry James, he does not make us think of George Eliot, nor of the authoress of the perfect *Cranford*. But who would not be sorry if the *Aroostook* had foundered before Mr. Howells had been able to draw the picture of *The Lady*, who was her passenger? Who so narrow as not to be interested in the rise of Silas Lapham, in whose portrait just that quality of sympathy is a-wanting of which, a moment ago, we spoke?

A Chance Acquaintance, A Foregone Conclusion, Their Wedding Journey, A Counterfeit Presentment—who that cares to read real books, would not care to read these? Their truth and sanity, their cheerfulness and wholesomeness, their humanity, their absence of pose or bookishness, their pleasantness, their ease of movement, their wit and fun, how much all these qualities in them attract, retain and please the reader! *The Undiscovered Country* has a darker, perhaps a deeper atmosphere. It is, to use a pompous, rather creaky, reviewer's expression, a human document by no means insignificant or unimportant: it is interesting; but it departs from some of the characteristics that please in the smaller books first cited. Grimness of scene does not suit the author's genius so well, nor murkiness of atmosphere. It is, we feel *en route*, an excursion with a purpose, and the author (like some of the greatest) has more than he can manage in the attempt to handle a *roman à thèse*. *A Modern Instance* is hardly so good as its name: it may be said that this author's book-titles are singularly happy.

It is highly tantalizing to the writer of this brief consideration of some American authors to be compelled by the limits of space, to do so little more than cite their names. Of one of them, Bret Harte, he will not write till he can do so at less haste, and less meagrely.

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DEMOCRACY.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I.

STRAIGHT to our souls the solemn splendor speeds—
  An arrow quivering with a fervent light,
  A perfumed jasmine-flower, gold and white—
(I hear a murmur as of praying reeds,
I see His lilies where the faint soul feeds—
  The rose of love, the burning sword of might!)
  O Beauty ever shining in our sight—
That holds the balm and solace of our needs.

The Mass! the Song, the one eternal Song—
  That Solomon, the Poet, longed to sing,
  It bears us like a boundless, surging sea,
With Love, our pilot, steadily along,
  Unto His heart!—here kneel the clown, the king,
  Each close to God, each equal, and each free!

II.

Slowly he passed, the last priest in the line,
  With stately steps, a figure from the brush
  Of Philip of Champagne—there fell a hush
Before the organ spoke in a divine
Recessional—his lace of point so fine
  That a slight grasp might all its beauty crush
  Stirred at the thrilling of the organ-thrush;
And came this thought: "There walks of Pride the Sign!"

The day declines; against the dusky wall
  Stands the confessional; the tinted light abates,
  Outside, a rumbling car, the creak of wheels,
A childish song, the seeking mother's call;
Inside, in patience, the proud prelate waits
  To shrive the negro boy, who, praying, kneels.

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A DOCTOR OF SALAMANCA.

BY D. C. N.

ONE day in early March of this year, the historic old University of Salamanca was the scene of a remarkable and unique ceremony. A woman was made a Doctor of Salamanca, and, stranger still, a woman dead these three hundred years! All the pomp and grandeur of an University function enhanced the brilliancy of the occasion. The Reverend Doctors of the Faculty, the titled grandees of the Court of Madrid, representing the King and the royal family, the municipalities of Avila and of Salamanca, the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Church in Spain, all gathered within its venerable walls that day. The world-famed University, which dates from the twelfth century, was about to grant its most coveted degree of Doctor of Theology and confer the symbolic Cap and Hood and Ring upon Spain's greatest daughter, Teresa de Ahumada, the glorious St. Teresa of Jesus.

It is a stately pile, the old University, with a wonderfully carved façade, through whose portals all that is best and noblest in the intellectual life of Spain has passed since St. Ferdinand, King of Leon, by Letters Patent, April 6, 1243, took the professors, students and their property under his royal protection and became its real founder. Then began for it a time of unrivaled prosperity, which for centuries, as Deniflé says, made the University "the glory of Spain." Salamanca was under the control of the bishop, and even as late as 1830 the academic titles were conferred in the name of the Pope and King both. Pope Martin V., in the fifteenth century, numbered it among the four greatest universities of the world. In the following century, its courses of theology drew all eyes upon it: it was its "*Siglo de oro.*" In the seventeenth century it was the home of the "Salmanticenses"—those famous Carmelite theologians—whose monumental work St. Alphonsus quotes approvingly, and which has ever been esteemed at Rome as a standard work on Thomistic Scholasticism.

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And now in the tercentenary year of the canonization of St. Teresa of Jesus, the famous old University, eager to add one ray to the glory which envelopes the dazzling figure of "*La Santa*," arranged this unparalleled honor to her memory. It has often been said that St. Teresa would long ago have been proclaimed a Doctor of the Church, but her sex forbids. The Church has indeed esteemed and accepted her as a teacher—a teacher of prayer and of mystical theology—and in the Liturgy prays God "that we may be nourished by the food of her heavenly doctrine." "God Almighty so filled her with the spirit of understanding, that she not only bequeathed to the Church the example of her good works, but she bedewed it with the heavenly wisdom of her treatises on mystical theology" (Bull of Canonization). "Whoever wishes to lead a life of holiness," wrote Pius X. of immortal memory, "let him but study these, and he will have need of no others. For in them this renowned mistress of piety points out a safe path of Christian life from its inception up to the consummation and perfection of virtue; she sets down accurately the ways best suited for correcting vicious habits, quelling boisterous passions, and effacing the defilements of sin; and she puts before the reader every enticement to virtue. And, in explaining all these matters, she at once shows her admirable knowledge of things divine, and gives proof of her intimate acquaintance with the nature of the human soul, its recesses, its inner workings" (Apostolic Letter of Pius X. to the Order of Discalced Carmelites, March 7, 1914).

The "Golden Age" of Salamanca has departed; today it is a little town of perhaps twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Its two Cathedrals, the Basilica of San Vincente and the church and monastery of the Dominicans may be seen from afar. The old Roman bridge of twenty-six arches still spans the Tormès as it did in St. Teresa's day, for the Saint once trod the streets of Salamanca, and her spirit is ever living in the Monastery of her Reform, which she herself founded in the shadow of the great University whose proudest boast she now is.

The story of the foundation of the Carmel of Salamanca has been told by St. Teresa in the nineteenth chapter of the *Book of Foundations*, but "*es cosa sabrosa*,"[1] as she so

[1] Letter to F. Gracian, October 31, 1576.

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naïvely says, it is so absorbingly interesting that it bears retelling.

It was in the year 1570. Teresa was fifty-five years old, and had been occupied with the divinely-imposed task of the Reform of Carmel since 1562. She was resting at Toledo after the establishment of two houses at Pastrana, one for the friars and one for the nuns, when a letter from Father Martin Gutierrez, the Rector of the Jesuit College at Salamanca, reached her with an urgent request to come to that city. The poverty of the place had hitherto deterred the Saint from seeking to establish a house dependent for subsistence on alms; the townspeople chiefly supported themselves by furnishing board and lodging for the students (about ten thousand of them), who were most frequently in arrears with their payments.

However, trusting in God, "Who never abandons, nor ever will abandon anyone who serves Him,"[2] and moved by the weighty reasons adduced by Father Gutierrez, the Saint easily obtained the permission of the bishop, Don Pedro Gonçalez de Mendoza, and set about renting a house to receive the nuns. It is not difficult to imagine that St. Teresa found peculiar satisfaction in the thought of this monastery, near the great University where her daughters might have the spiritual direction of Spain's first theologians, a matter of primary importance in her eyes. Piety without knowledge may lead to delusions, and from puerile devotions she wished her nuns to be free, *"de devociones a bobas, nos libre, Dios!"*[3]

A good-sized house was secured and the Saint set out very quietly with one companion, Mary of the Blessed Sacrament, to take possession. The house was inhabited by students, and it was extremely troublesome to persuade them to vacate it at once, as no reason was assigned for this summary ejection; the utmost secrecy was observed by the Saint on such occasions, until the nuns had safely taken possession of the new Carmel. However, her friends exerted themselves so successfully that towards dusk on the eve of All Saints, 1570, the house, "in a very unseemly state," was left empty for the two nuns. There was no slight work to be done to make it ready for Mass next morning, even though Father Gutierrez sent two of the Fathers to assist in preparing the chapel, for the students

[2] *Foundations*, ch. xviii., edited by John J. Burke, C.S.P.
[3] *Life*, ch. xiii., 24, edited by John J. Burke, C.S.P.

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"had little regard for cleanliness." On November 1st the Rector, Father Gutierrez, said the first Mass—a precious memory through the years, for less than three years (1573) later, he was to shed his blood for the Faith at the hands of the French Huguenots. More nuns were sent for from Medina that same day, but the Saint and her companion spent All Souls' night alone in the vast and deserted old house. Sister Mary was very timid, and could not get the students out of her thoughts, fearing lest some of them might still be hiding in the many rambling garrets. All the church bells of Salamanca tolling for the dead did not add to the cheerfulness of the situation. "We shut ourselves up in a room wherein the straw was placed, that being the first thing I provided for the founding of the house, for with the straw we could not fail to have a bed. That night we slept on it, covered with two blankets that had been lent to us.[4] When my companion saw herself shut up in the room she seemed somewhat at her ease about the students, though she did nothing but look about her, first on this side, and then on the other . . . I asked her why she was looking about, seeing that nobody could possibly come in. She replied: 'Mother, I am thinking, if I were to die now, what you would do all alone.' I thought it would be a very disagreeable thing if it happened. It made me dwell on it for a moment, and even to be afraid, for, though I am not afraid of dead bodies, they always cause a certain faintness of the heart even when I am not alone. And, as the bells were tolling—it was as I have said the eve of All Souls—the devil took advantage of that to make us waste our thoughts upon trifles. . . . I answered her: 'Sister, when that shall happen I will consider what I shall do; now let me go to sleep.'"[5] A typical Teresian answer!

One of the much dreaded students later became Bishop of Barbastro, Juan Moriz, and his "*Supplica*" for St. Teresa's canonization has come down to us: it is addressed to Paul V., and is dated 1611: "It is with special joy that I have received the Briefs of Your Holiness for the canonization of the venerable virgin, Teresa of Jesus. It is now forty years, since a student at Salamanca, I left the house I occupied for this blessed Mother, who had come to found a monastery of her religious. From that time I have had for her the greatest

[4] By the Jesuit Fathers.

[5] *Foundations*, ch. xix., 5.

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devotion, both because of her heroic virtues and for the striking miracles that God has granted, and still grants every day, through her intercession." [6]

With the arrival of Mother Anne of the Incarnation, and Sister Mary of Christ from Medina, Hieronyma of Jesus from Vallodolid, Anne of Jesus and Juana of Jesus from Avila, and Mary of St. Francis from Toledo, the monastery of St. Joseph of Salamanca was provided with a community after the Seraphic Mother's own heart, but the house proved very unhealthy, damp and excessively cold. Before a remedy for this evil could be sought, obedience called St. Teresa to the foundation of Alba de Tormès in January, 1571. Returning almost immediately to her distressed Sisters at Salamanca, she was obliged to stop on her way at the Castle of the Count of Monterey, the Countess having secured the permission of the Provincial to have her in her house. During her brief stay at the Castle, two miracles are recorded of the Saint: one was in favor of the little daughter of her hosts, whose life was despaired of. The Saint prayed for the child, and, in vision, St. Dominic and St. Catherine appeared to her, assuring her that her prayer was answered, and that the child would recover. The "*miraculée*" lived to become the mother of the celebrated Olivaréz.

Scarcely had she regained her beloved cloister when a longer separation from her Sisters awaited the obedient Saint. Her Superiors recalled her as Prioress of the Incarnation at Avila, and once more she was forced to leave the nuns in their misery. "In none of the monasteries of the Primitive Rule, which Our Lord has hitherto founded, have the nuns had so much to suffer," [7] is her own statement of the affairs at Salamanca. Indeed, seeing the troubles they had to bear, the Apostolic Visitor, Fray Pedro Hernandez, had compassion on them, and in 1573 sent the Saint back to them. They were negotiating for another house, and her presence was urgently required.

The Saint, in company with a nun of the Incarnation, Julian of Avila, her devoted and self-constituted chaplain, and several others, set out once more for Salamanca. The journey was by night to escape the intolerable heat of the August sun, and the manuscript accounts tell us how the

[6] *Ano Terestano*, vol. v., May 6th. [7] *Foundations*, ch. xix., 10.

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angels lighted the dangerous stretches of road for the privileged spouse of the Lord of the angels. During her absence, St. Teresa had received that most exalted of supernatural favors—the mystical espousals[8]—but her marvelous interior life, which lifted her into another world, where she walked alone with her Lord, did not prevent her from being the most charming traveling companion imaginable! As the talented daughter of John Boyle O'Reilly writes: "She was not in the least a withered ascetic, but a well-bred Castilian lady of winning manner and pleasing appearance, who, in courtesy, dignity and simplicity, embodied in herself the best of Castile. Her robust virility of mind, her complete absence of self-consciousness, help us to understand the love she roused among her nuns, and the respect she gained from the foremost men of her time."[9] No one could be sad in Teresa's company, "God deliver me from frowning souls—*Dios me libre de santos encapotados,*" she exclaims.[10]

On reaching Salamanca, Teresa visited the proposed house, and, finding it quite suitable, quickly concluded the bargain. There were many changes to be made, and a chapel to be built, and, hasten the work as she could, it was the end of September before the transfer was effected. There is an anecdote told in connection with the alterations, which makes hard reading for our modern zealous prohibitionists! The master carpenter, in charge of the building, Pedro Hernandez, deposed for the Saint's beatification. He had twenty or twenty-two workmen employed, he relates, when one day the Saint came to a window nearby and bade him give his men something to drink. He answered her that wine was too expensive, costing a *real* and a half a pint (a *real* was worth about thirty-four *maravedis*), and that he had many workmen. However, he sent for enough to give two *maravedis* worth to each man, and took the precaution of increasing his scanty supply with an addition of water. He poured out the portion for each, and had but three or four more to serve, when, glancing in his jug, he perceived that it was as full as when he commenced. At this moment, the Saint returned to the window to inquire if he had done as she desired. "Yes, Mother," he replied, "but I think it has happened as at the

[8] *Relations*, ch. iii., 20. [9] *Heroic Spain*, p. 184.
[10] Unpublished MS. of Anne of St. Bartholomew.

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wedding-feast of Cana, and the water has been changed to wine!" "Hush," said the Saint, *"it is God Who has done this."* "It is easy to see that He has good helpers," returned the carpenters, and calling to his men he exclaimed: "Drink, brothers, your fill, for this is a wine of benediction!" He refilled the glasses, and the wine was not exhausted.[11]

On the twenty-eighth of September, the Carmelites moved into their new quarters in a downpour of rain, which revealed to them that the roof of the chapel was unfinished, for the sanctuary was quickly flooded. All the notables of Salamanca had been invited for the ceremony to take place the next morning, and it was impossible to prepare an altar in the inundation. Venerable Anne of Jesus, in her juridical deposition for her blessed Mother's beatification, relates what occurred: "Eight o'clock struck, and our holy Mother was still looking at the roof of the chapel, through which the rain was penetrating. I came to her with two other nuns, and said to her very firmly: 'You know, Reverend Mother, how much there is to be done before tomorrow; you really might beg of God to stop the rain, so as to give us time to arrange the altars.' 'Then if it is so necessary, *you* should pray hard,' she said, a little annoyed by the confidence I had so openly expressed in her prayers. I left her, and had hardly returned to a neighboring courtyard when I looked out and saw a cloudless sky, looking as if it had never rained. I went straight back, and said to her in the presence of the same witnesses: 'Your Reverence might really have asked for this fine weather a little sooner!' This time the Saint went away laughing, without saying a word."

With the installation of the community in the new convent, we might well take leave of the Carmel of Salamanca, but its memories of its great *"Fundadora"* are too tempting. In the spiritual Relations addressed to her confessors, there is one to Father Gutierrez which gives an account of the graces she received at Salamanca, chief among them being the wonderful favor granted her one Palm Sunday, when the Host liquefied in her mouth, and it was her Lord's will that the Blood shed in such suffering should ravish her with Its excessive sweetness.[12] But the last days of that Holy Week were passed in indescribable anguish, in that mystical pain of "the

[11] Inform. of Salamanca.

[12] *Relations*, ch. iv., 5.

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absence of God," in a loneliness and solitude so profound that, with the Psalmist, she could exclaim: "*Vigilavi, et factus sum sicut passer solitarius in tecto.*" [13] Even Easter brought her no consolation, but, hiding the agony of her soul longing for its Beloved, she went to recreation with her daughters. As was her custom on great feasts, she asked one of the Sisters to sing. Isabelle of Jesus, a novice, sang so sweetly of the suffering of living without God, that Teresa was rapt out of herself. The little hymn is well known in Spain:

Véanos mis ojos,
Dulce Jesús bueno;
Véanos mis ojos,
Y muérame luego.[14]

At the refrain—

Only to see Thee, O Beauty divine!
For this I would gladly die—

the effect was such that, as previously, the Saint had known ecstasies of joy, so now her soul was thrown into a trance through the excessive pain. The nuns bore her to her cell, and on coming to herself the following day, the hymn, known as her "*gloso,*" broke forth from the depths of her love-wounded soul, with its piercing refrain: "I die because I cannot die!"

Fénélon says that the accounts given by St. Teresa are "not a story, but a picture," [15] and if this be so, the nuns she trained may well be its frame. The Prioress at Salamanca was Mother Anne of the Incarnation, Anne de Tapia, a cousin of the Saint, who was accustomed to say to her: "God reward you, my daughter, for training such excellent religious for me;" for from Salamanca many foundresses were drawn, and its mission seemed to be the propagation of the Reform. Venerable Anne of Jesus, whom the holy Mother called "her joy and her crown," and whom St. John of the Cross, her confessor, compared to a seraph, carried it thence into France in 1604, and into the Low Countries in 1607; while another religious of Salamanca, Mother Hieronyma of the Holy Spirit,

[13] Psalm ci. 8.
[14] *Al Pié del Altar*, D. Miguel Mir.
[15] Sermon for Feast of St. Teresa.

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went into Italy and founded a Reformed Carmel at Genoa in 1590.[16]

The house first occupied by the great Reformatrix (October 31, 1570), known today as the "Casa de Santa Teresa," is now the property of the Marquis of Castellac. A community of Servants of St. Joseph, consecrated to the education of young girls, has possession of it, and they have transformed the cell of St. Teresa into an oratory, while over the *porte-cochère* may be seen the window of the large hall, in which the Saint and her companion spent that night of terror caused by the students of the University which, on March 4, 1922, proclaimed her Doctor *"honoris causa."*

[16] *Reforma de los Descalzos*, vol. iii., book ix., c. 2. *Historia Generalis*, by the Congregation of St. Eliæ, vol. i., book i., c. 32.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

BY LAURA SIMMONS.

MINE are the broken ones of earth; the poor, the crucified—
Grant me unstinted love, oh, Christ, lest one should be denied!

Behold my alabaster box—my ointment rare and sweet—
My gifts of price wherewith I kneel before Thy holy Feet!

My eager feet—they may not tread the shores of Galilee,
But make them swift in bitter need—tireless in serving Thee!

And when, perchance, with weary limbs and spirit faint I stand—
Help me to bear my cross alone, Thou of the piercèd Hand!

To see Thee face to face! sometimes my heart cries out in vain;
And yet, oh, soul of mine, rejoice! be comforted again!

Have I not known in vigils sad beside some anguished bed
The mystic, lovely Radiance of that sorrowing, thorn-crowned Head?

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THE COMEDY OF EVOLUTION.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

MR. ALFRED WATTERSON McCANN has recently given us a distinctly up-to-the-minute book in its digest and collation of works treating of evolution.[1] He has provided for the reading public a treasure house of quotations. Even a cursory perusal of the book leaves no doubt that its author has read through the literature of evolution thoroughly, and knows it as probably very few professed evolutionists do, except possibly teachers of biology, whose business it is to be constantly occupied with it.

The inevitable conclusion, after reading the book, is that the whole theory of evolution, as it exists in the available literature issued by scientists, is a sad jumble of contradictions, of serious disagreements over even essential elements, while the history of the theory is a succession of definite statements, made in the name of science, followed by just as definite withdrawals of assertions, also in the name of science, though some of these withdrawals were again withdrawn later, or seriously modified. Nothing sure seems to be left, except that the scientists want to hear, as a rule, no mention of creation or of a Creator.

This is the more amusing because all the suggested factors of evolution have been rejected, one after another, and the theory is left very much in the air. Natural Selection, actually selecting, has not been observed, though we have waited patiently and worked assiduously for two generations to find it. Sexual Selection is long in the discard. The inheritance of acquired characters has been proved a myth, yet the chasm between species remains just as unbridged as ever. In spite of all this, a few biologists, but with them a great many people who know little of biology, insist that they can explain the origin of living beings, though just how they are to do so remains as much of a mystery as ever. What is still more

[1] *God or Gorilla: How the Monkey Theory of Evolution Exposes Its Own Methods, Refutes Its Own Principles, Denies Its Own Inferences, Disproves Its Own Case.* New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $3.00.

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interesting is that apparently these good people do not realize that their adhesion to Darwinism is now merely a belief, and not at all a scientific conviction. They have simply handed in their acceptance of what, as Professor Morgan of Columbia declared some years since, has now become the dogma of Darwinian evolution, which they seem to feel that no scientist can refuse to believe in, under pain of major excommunication by his scientific friends.

Let us suppose a young historian with a sense of humor should set himself the task—say about 1960, in the second rising generation from now, just after the centenary of the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*—of finding out not merely the events, but the course of thought that preceded the Great War of 1914. By that time, I think, the discussion of the phases of evolution that have interested the past generation most, will have become, to a great extent, academic. Men will then appreciate that, in spite of the amount of interest manifested in it, there is nothing helpful for human thought in the idea that living things, as we know them, just came of themselves, and must be accepted in that way. The young historian would soon discover, of course, that over and over again during the latter half of the nineteenth century, men had been quite sure that they were reaching the genuine factors of evolution, only to find, after a time, that they were as far away as ever from them. In spite of this, the next theory explanatory of descent that came along was accepted just as readily, and men, once more quite sure that now, at last, they had a definite base for the theory of evolution, met again with disappointment.

It seems to me quite possible to get at the humor of that situation as the prospective historian will see it, and I wonder if it would not be possible to suggest some of the things that the imaginary iconoclast of forty years from now will probably say.

The first thing that will strike him because of his interest in finding out the possible sources of the Great War of 1914, will be the emphasis which was placed by the generation just before that war on the *"Struggle for Life."* The exaggerated significance given to it was due to Darwin's book. He called his volume *The Origin of Species*, but he did not discuss origins at all. He assumed an immense number and variety

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of living beings in existence, and supposed also the principle of variation. Then he suggested that those that were unsuited to their environment and did not have it in them to make a successful struggle for life, dropped out of existence. The rest remained. His book should have been called by its secondary title, "The Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life." Indeed, Darwin wanted to call it so, but his friends persuaded him to leave the title, *The Origin of Species*.

The prominence given the struggle for life impressed a number of the younger biologists, and so the Darwinians, who always went much farther than Darwin himself, proceeded to create the impression that this principle applied also to human beings, and that only the men who were able to fight it out successfully against their environment and, above all, against the members of their own species, would survive. This was the famous "survival of the fittest." The principle was applied to nations as well as to individuals.

As can be very clearly seen now from a series of volumes issued before the Great War, these ideas had not a little to do with precipitating that war. An acute struggle was considered inevitable, as the result of biological impulses. The nations would just have to fight it out. During the generation before the war broke out, men had been applying the principle very largely in commercial matters. Competition was the life of trade, and success in competition marked the man who was successful as representing a class of beings whom nature wanted to preserve. The man who went down in competition, was regarded as unworthy of nature's purpose to preserve the fittest, in her great task of making the race ever higher and better than before.

These supposed followers of biology seem never to have realized that there is no such thing as the struggle for life *among individuals of the same species*, except under very special circumstances, as for instance, when there is a famine in the land, or a mother is looking for food for her young, or when males struggle over the female. Apart from these special conditions, what we find among the animals is mutual aid and helpfulness. They have instincts by which they live together in herds and droves and packs, or in swarms or flocks, because thus they are enabled to secure their food to better advantage and protect themselves against their enemies.

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This principle of the supposed struggle for existence was a grim joke on humanity. It was presented to us as the gospel truth of science. A great many unthinking people took it at its face value. The nations of Europe went to war, persuaded apparently of its fundamental biological truth. Surely, a future generation will hold the scientists responsible for this.

Professor Cope of the University of Pennsylvania, used to say: "So far as that expression [the survival of the fittest] has any meaning, it is merely a tautology. It means that those who are fittest to live will live, and that, of course, is the assumption contained in the terms. If they are fittest to survive, they will survive." "What we are interested in," he used to add, "is not the survival of the fittest, but the origin of the fittest. How did the fittest to survive originate?" Of this, as I have said, Darwin told us nothing, because his book has nothing to say about origins, but only about survivals and the preservation of favored races in the struggle for existence. He did not emphasize the personal struggle between the members of the species, but all the younger biologists did, until actually a sort of mental delusion was created that they were studying origins.

A still greater joke was "*Sexual Selection.*" Darwin argued that the males, being gifted with brilliant colors or with strong fighting qualities, or with sleek appearance or sweet songs, were selected for the sake of these qualities by the females who, under the influence of nature, were thus looking out for qualities for their future progeny. It was all theory, and every investigation that has been made, shows that insects and birds are not at all affected by colors and sounds, and that, as a rule, the female has very little to do with the question of mating. But it took years of observation to upset the facile theory of sexual selection. It was all a case of projecting human feelings and reactions into animals of all kinds, and even into the insects. For a score of years, scientists took it very seriously. Even today our novelists, and not a few of our teachers, and a good many editors and reporters, as well as newspaper writers generally, slip into their writings expressions which indicate that sexual selection is still regarded as a scientific reality and an important factor in biology. The joke is on them, but they do not know it.

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About the time that Darwinism came of age, in the eighties of the last century, a practical joke was played upon the "struggle for life" by its step-mother, biology. Most Darwinians, feeling that the master, in his anxiety to be absolutely sure, had not gone nearly far enough, were loud in their declarations of what "the struggle" accomplished for living beings. It was just a question of making themselves, and the living beings that could struggle, accomplish their purposes. The little ancestor of the horse, about the size of the rabbit, or probably a little smaller to begin with, wanted to be bigger and to run faster. He wanted so much to run fast that he touched the ground in his eager haste only with the middle toe of each foot, and did this so constantly that gradually the other toes began to atrophy, and eventually disappeared. His anxiety to get larger made him lift himself up ever more and more, until, finally, he began to run on the toe nail of this middle toe, adding at least a part of a cubit to his stature, and this middle toe became a hoof. See how easy it is for the horse to create himself. We had a whole sheaf of these stories written for the edification of the young; to show them how anybody, who really wanted to, could just change his whole character and, of course, transmit all the changes that he thus acquired to his descendants. The giraffe lengthened his neck just by stretching upwards for the tender shoots at the top of the taller plants, and then passed on his gains to his young. How easy it all was!

In the midst of this idyllic presentation of the significance of the struggle for existence and its wonderful results, there came along, very *mal à propos*, a marplot named Weismann. He made it very clear that *acquired characters were not, and could not, in the very nature of things be transmitted.* Mankind had known this, but had somehow failed to apply it in the question of evolution. We knew that if a man lost his little finger early in life, his children would not be borne with a little finger missing. We would laugh at such an idea. Yet the little horse, having struggled and struggled to win the race that is only for the swift, modified his characteristics in various ways and then proceeded to transmit these characters to his offspring and among them, above all, the incentive to further change. This, too, was transmitted, until the squirrel-like horse original became the Arabian steed of today.

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What is the use of looking for jokes when statements like this are lying around loose in what is called serious science?

Of course, the Darwinians would say this is Lamarckian, and not Darwinian. That is good enough as an excuse, but it will not hold for those who know the loose writing indulged in by many who thought themselves disciples of Darwin and who, in schools and through popular lectures, have shaped people's ideas with regard to the meaning of evolution. As a matter of fact, the evolutionists generally, and above all the Darwinians, admitted very grudgingly the truth of Weissman's teaching and were very slow to recognize its full significance. Even now, some of them haggle not a little over it, for if there is no transmission of the changes that take place in living things, how then can there ever have been any gradual improvement in the course of descent. Species would have remained just what they are, and indeed they do so remain as far as we have any evidence, for we have never been able to raise any intermediate species, and that is the crux of the whole matter. In 1880, when Huxley wrote on "The Coming of Age of Darwinism," he declared that, until the gap between species could be bridged, there was no question of any proof for descent, and here we are, forty years after that, without any more proof than he had, and with Weissman's non-inheritance of acquired characteristics staring us in the face.

In every other phase of popular evolution following Darwin's publications, there came the same sort of inconsequence. The existence of a great many "useless organs" in the human body (at one time they counted as many as two hundred of them, the spleen among them, because it can be removed without the organism dying), was supposed to be a very definite proof of evolution. These were vestiges of man's evolution from the animal. They had been left in his body because the process of evolution was not quite complete. Their presence was hailed as one of those happy accidents that serve to reveal nature's ways and her history to us.

I wonder if there ever has been a greater joke than this with regard to the useless organs. Most of these so-called *useless* organs are now considered to be among the most important in the body, so far, at least, as the physiology of man is concerned. Principal among them are the ductless glands,

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the thyroid, the thymus, the suprarenals, the hyphophysis. These were the *useless* organs of a generation ago, but are now known to be the great guiding organs of human functions.

Other theories had been adduced in the meantime to support evolution. One of them was the "recapitulation theory" stated by Herbert Spencer: *"Ontogeny Recapitulates Phylogeny,"* that is to say, translating it out of the Greek, the life of each being, in the course of its development, repeats the history of its descent from all other beings. What a naïve conception it was! It supposed that all the single cells were the same, or so nearly alike as to be considered the same, though every living thing in the world begins in a single cell, and some develop into plants and some into lower and some into higher animals, and some must be comparatively simple in composition and some almost infinitely complex. But the absurdity made no difference. The principle of recapitulation was adopted by educators and especially writers on education as the solution of the problem of educational psychology.

There was only one trouble, as Vernon Kellogg said, for the pedagogue, and that was that "the recapitulation theory is mostly wrong, and what is right in it is mostly so covered up by the wrong part that few biologists any longer have any confidence in discovering the right." And he asks very pertinently: "What then of our generalizing friends, the pedagogues?" But that did not prevent many sociologists from taking up the recapitulation theory and using it as the basis for all sorts of developments in what they would like to call biological sociology. The books written in sociology twenty-five years ago are now largely a huge joke. They exemplify exactly what Josh Billings said shortly before they were written: "It is better not to know so many things, than to know so many things that ain't so."

Probably the greatest joke of all, and certainly the most alluring in its effects on the thinking of our time, is that of the *"Theory of Descent."* According to this, all living things are descended from a few forms, or perhaps a single living form. There is supposed to be no doubt about this in a great many minds. Yet we have no objective evidence *for* it, and a large amount of evidence *against* it. A dozen years ago, Vernon

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Kellogg did not hesitate to say: "Speaking by and large, we only tell the general truth when we declare that no indubitable cases of species, forming or transforming, that is of descent, have been observed." We have never seen one species by any chance ever produce another. On the contrary, we know very definitely that species are infertile with one another, and that crossing leads to sterility. There are a few possible exceptions, but these exceptions only serve to show the law that one species cannot descend from another. However, that makes no difference. Every evolutionist is a believer in the "theory of descent." Why? Well, he will tell you it must be so. Now, whenever a scientist says that a thing *must* be so, the expression is used only because he cannot prove that it *is* so. It must be so because the animals resemble each other and, therefore, they must be descended from each other. The distance between that major, and the conclusion from it, begs the whole question.

Many ardent evolutionists seem to think that *man* was never considered *an animal* until Darwinism came. Apparently, they are convinced that up to that time no one had noted the close similarity between the skeleton of all the larger animals and of man, nor the wonderful resemblances between the various organs of the mammals and of man. They seem to forget that when dissection of human bodies was forbidden in the old pagan days, when the pagans had such reverence for the body that they refused to permit human dissection,[2] animals were used for the study of anatomy. The organs of the pig were considered to resemble so closely those of man, that the anatomy of this animal was the favorite study of even such great physicians and scientists as Galen.

Almost as long as the memory of man runs, certainly as long as there has been any serious philosophy or psychology, man has been defined as a rational animal. Men have always been perfectly sure about the animal part, but, from time to time, they have had their doubts about the rational part, at least for the majority of men. That is the present position, but, surely, no one can think for a moment that we owe it to the evolutionists.

Darwin was one of the last men in the world who had the

[2] In the Middle Ages there was abundance of dissection, and even the artists dissected very freely.

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right to teach anything with regard to the origin or descent of man. He confessed, with no little regret, toward the end of his life that he had lost his appreciation for music and art and poetry, and felt that he had just become a machine for grinding out scientific opinions. The difference between man and the animals, consists more in the power to appreciate music and art and poetry than in any other quality that man possesses. Raymond Lullius once suggested, in the Middle Ages, that he might make a logic machine, and our invention of calculating machines of various kinds would seem to demonstrate that the old Scholastic was correct in his surmise, but no one has ever thought for a moment that he could make a machine that would turn out original poetry and art and music.

One of the quietly humorous points about evolution is the underlying assumption of all evolutionists that living things begin low down in the scale and evolute upwards. This is, of course, a contradiction of all our experiences in physical science. Our clocks run down, but they do not wind themselves up again. All our experience is with force gradually having less and less potential. The life force, however, according to evolutionists, acquires new energy, exhibits new powers and develops new resources as time goes on. As to how it does so, no explanation is afforded. It is just another one of these things that *must* be so. Why must it be so? Because evolution *must* be so. Why must evolution be so? Because we cannot think of anything else to account for things as they are or to explain their origin. Of course, if we cannot think of anything else, meaning we, the scientists, there cannot be anything else, for *we* would surely know it.

With the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* in 1859, many people were convinced that the explanation of the coming into existence of all the living beings had now been reached. Matter, through the influence of moisture and heat, acquired life, and then the principle of variation did the rest. Everything living varied from generation to generation, some upward and some downward, and those with the upward tendency, being more suited to their surroundings, were better fitted to exist, and remained in existence, while all the other things dropped out. The mystery of the universe was the easiest thing in the world. There was no need of creation

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or of anything, except the ordinary forces of nature, and they came into existence of themselves. Under the influence of some such impression, some matter was dredged from the bottom of the ocean, and immediately was declared to be the intermediate step between non-living and living matter, and was given the learned name of bathybius, which is Greek for deep life (how Greek does help to cloak ignorance!), and after that there seemed nothing more to explain. But, alas for Huxley, who was the sponsor for bathybius and who, I believe, gave it its name, the substance turned out to be something very different, and those who had believed in it became the laughing stock of the serious scientists of Europe.

About seven hundred years ago, dear old Friar Bacon declared that the most important factor for advance in knowledge is the readiness to say frankly "I do not know." When a man knows that he does not know, he is usually quite prepared to make investigations that will lead him to knowledge. On the other hand, Bacon declared that there were four grounds of human ignorance, four basic reasons why men do not advance in knowledge. These are: "First, trust in inadequate authority; second, a force of custom which leads men to accept without question what has been accepted before their time; third, the placing of confidence in the opinion of the inexperienced; and, fourth, the hiding of one's own ignorance with a parade of superficial knowledge." Professor Henry Morley, in the third volume of *English Writers*, after quoting Bacon's four grounds of human ignorance, said: "No part of that ground has yet been cut away from beneath the feet of students, although six centuries ago (Morley wrote over half a century ago), the Oxford friar clearly pointed out its character. We still make sheep walks of second, third and fourth and fiftieth-hand references to authority, still we are the slaves of habit; still we are found following too frequently the untaught crowd; still we flinch from the righteous and wholesome phrase, 'I do not know,' and acquiesce actively in the opinion of others, that we know what we appear to know. Substitute honest research, original and independent thought, strict truth in the comparison of only what we really know with what is really known by others, and the strong redoubt of ignorance is fallen."

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ASTROLOGY.

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, LL.D., F.R.S.

WORDSWORTH exclaimed that he would "rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn" than find himself delivered over wholly to a material view of existence. Man was made for God, and if he is ignorant of the true service of his Maker he will run *amok* amongst strange superstitions like Spiritism, Theosophy, Christian Science—all, with the exception of the last, as old as humanity, and with the same exception, coming from the east to pass westward and possessing at least some semblance of a coherent philosophy. Since the war stirred up the sluggish stream of popular thought, there has been a recrudescence of these vagaries, and not least of Astrology, whose motto, if we regard its history, now briefly to be outlined, might well be: "*Expellas furca tamen usque recurret.*" [1] Astrology is an exception, as we shall see, to the other creeds just mentioned in that it has had a day when it enslaved even some prominent Christians. This it was enabled to do because it never was a religion, but always occupied the position of a neighboring, but differing character. Even in our days it has been known to appeal to so sound a Catholic and scholar as the late Marquis of Bute, the original of "Lothair," and to so distinguished a writer as the late Dr. Richard Garnett, keeper of the printed books in the British Museum, who wrote (under a pseudonym) a book in its favor. The history of such a subject is worth consideration, and particularly that part of it which relates to the time when Catholic Europe was the prey of astrologers.

Today astrology is the shadow of astronomy, just as alchemy is of chemistry, but in the earlier ages, even of the Christian era, there was no real distinction between the two first. St. Isidore of Seville (of which place he became Archbishop in 594), that encyclopedia of the knowledge of his day, was perhaps the first to draw a distinction between the two. John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, distinguished be-

[1] "You may cast it out, but it will always return."

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tween mathĕsis, the legitimate study, and mathésis, the illegitimate; other Fathers attributed astronomy to good angels and to Abraham, and astrology to Cham. Astrology was the earlier study, though much true astronomy was mixed up with it.

Kant said that the starry heavens and the moral law within, were the two things which most stirred his wonder, and there is little to cause surprise in the influence which the sight of the starry heavens on a clear night must have exerted on the minds of early races of mankind. To the people of Accad and Sumer, perhaps, and certainly to their successors, the Babylonians, we owe the first stages of astrology, and it was the Chaldeans, as the priestly caste of Babylonia, who carried it to western countries. To these people the firmament was a populous place, and we can see how it was peopled by looking at a celestial globe, an object more frequently to be met with fifty years ago than now. There are Perseus and Andromeda, Hercules, Cassiopea, and many another hero and heroine who had once inhabited this planet. Moreover, the planets themselves, whose ancient names we still preserve, had their intimate connections with colors, metals, and different parts of the human body. Thus Saturn was associated with gray and with lead, and looked after the right ear. Jupiter had white and electrum (an alloy of gold and silver thought to be an independent metal). Mars had red, and ruled the bile, the blood, and the left ear. Venus had yellow, and took charge of the loins and lower limbs. The sun had gold, very naturally, and, equally naturally, the moon had silver. But for what arbitrary reason is unknown, the former was interested in man's right eye and woman's left, and the latter in man's left and woman's right. Finally, we must bear in mind the Chaldæo-Persian doctrine that the souls of men were brought down from celestial heights by bitter necessity to inhabit the bodies of men. As they descended, they traversed each planet and received from each some quality. This is not far removed from the view of Plato, though in his theory the rational soul which inhabited a star, after its creation by a Demiurge, was filled with a desire for the material universe and imprisoned in a body as a process of purification.

It was not wonderful that with views like this, a belief should develop that the planets had an influence on the life

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of man, and from this sprang the whole business of judicial astrology or the casting of horoscopes, which depended on a host of complicated rules, but in their essence, on the position of certain planets at the exact moment of a child's birth. It sprang from Babylon, arising perhaps in the seventh century before Christ. It attained great development in Egypt, and less in India, and it was, says Jastrow, in the fourth century that it began its triumphant journey westward. It caught hold of other beliefs, ingrafting itself, for example, on Mithraism, that ubiquitous religion of the Empire. It was so rampant in Rome in B. C. 139, and so dangerous, that the prætor in that year expelled all astrologers from Italy. Cicero, in his *De Divinatione,* denounced astrology, and that in spite of the fact that his tutor, Posidonius, was a distinguished professor of the art. *"Tamen usque recurret!"* the people demanded it; it returned, and ultimately we find Augustus its protector. And so it went on until Constantine, under the influence of Christianity, expelled all Magi and Chaldeans and their followers under pain of death. And so, for eight centuries, Christendom was free from astrology, though it never died out in Moslem Spain.

Yet it was to return. Al Mansur, the mighty, though treacherous, caliph who built Bagdad, attracted to his capital many learned men, chiefly Jews, of whom some had acquired, from Arab sources, a deep knowledge of astrology. Thus, once more from the east the pseudo-science began to make its way westward. The Crusades and the increased contact with the east on the part of the west assisted, and astrology rolled like a rising tide over Europe, now Christian throughout. Its progress was remarkable, and the results similar to those exhibited in pagan Rome. For just as at the earlier period, so at the later, astrologers were everywhere, and everywhere of the first importance. Every court, including the Papal, had its court astrologer, without whose concurrence no important matter was dealt with, even the Emperor and the Pope deciding as to the day on which ambassadors should be received, on the advice of their astrologer. There were professors of astrology, as well as of the legitimate science, in the universities. Nor were they undistinguished men, for the great Kepler occupied such a position in court and cast horoscopes with the best of them. Yet, as we learn from the *De Civitate*

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Dei, St. Augustine had denounced astrology as unbefitting Christians, though, by a strange irony of fate, it was in his writings that the argument was to be found whereby it was eventually to effect its entrance into Christendom. John of Salisbury and others, long after Augustine, shared his views concerning it, and even in the thirteenth century, Alexander of Hales denounced the casting of nativities as a superstitious art. Yet it is not so many years afterwards that we find astrology, including the casting of nativities, in full blast in Rome, indeed all over Christendom.

Let us study history and ascertain the explanation of this apparent anomaly. With the knowledge of Aristotle, largely due to Arab sources, came much other Arab learning and, no doubt with it, astrology. Blessed Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas, confronted with the task of creating a philosophy on Aristotelian lines, but agreeable to Christian principles, had to meet the questions of the heavenly bodies and their guidance, and, in connection therewith, of their influence on the destinies of human beings. In connection with this, two matters have to be borne in mind. First, that Christian philosophy, up to the time of St. Thomas, was dominated by the teachings of St. Augustine and that he, as everyone knows, was saturated with Platonism, and so held views which may roughly be described as those of Plato Christianized. In the second place, the influence of the Ptolemaic explanation of the universe, still, and for long afterwards, held the field. Such was the environment. As to the problem of the heavens and the motion of the planets, that matter was fully discussed by St. Thomas. If the heavenly bodies are animated, then their "souls" are to be numbered amongst the angels.[2] But, in reply to the question as to whether the heavens *are* animated, he tells us that the Doctors of the Church hold diverse opinions, but that, whichever may be the case, the faith is in no way involved. As to the relation of the other bodies to the earth, naturally his knowledge, or rather ignorance, was that of his period.

To anyone who bestows but a little thought upon the matter, it must be obvious what the real difficulty was. If all the

[2] *De Angelorum Natura*, op. xiv., cap. 1. For this and the following quotation, *Quodlibet*, xii., art. 8, I am indebted to Wicksteed, *Reactions Between Dogma and Philosophy*.

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doings of a man are determined by the position of the planets at the moment of his birth, then free-will and morality are, of course, eliminated. Many writers on astrology, outside the Church, fully admitted this, and in fact it was this which so much commended the practice to the highly fatalistic Oriental. Manilius, the poet of astrology, said: *"Fata regunt orbem, certa stant omnia lege."* [3] Nor were there wanting writers within the Church in the heyday of mediæval astrology, who went too far in the direction of the acceptance of determinism. It was, so Dr. Wedel thinks,[4] for this cause that Francesco degli Stabili commonly called, as by the writer just mentioned, Cecco d'Ascoli, was, in his seventieth year, burned at the stake (1327). Dr. Wedel says that "his death forms an almost isolated instance in the history of the Inquisition," and certainly neither Roger Bacon, who appears to have gone almost dangerously far along the same road, nor Guido Bonati, one of the most celebrated astrologers of any day, who seems clearly, at least by implication, to have denied free-will, suffered in any way for their opinions. Dante condemned Guido by placing him with Michael Scot, another famous wizard of old times, in the eighth circle of the *Inferno*.

As was hinted earlier, St. Augustine pointed the way out of the difficulty. What that way was, may now be stated as briefly as possible. No one denies, even today, that the weather has an influence on a man, and even on his behavior. A bright sunny day does fill the heart with a greater sense of joy and hope and courage than one on which a snow-blizzard is raging beneath a leaden sky. But the weather is the index of happenings in the heavens. Therefore, some of the heavenly bodies, to wit, the sun, do exercise an influence on human doings. If the sun, why not the moon? The word "lunatic" gives the reply of our forefathers. So do the terms, "jovial," "martial," "saturnine," convey their response to the further question—why not the planets? Yes, but these influences are corporal only in the first place, and exercise whatever effect they may exercise on our actions only in a secondary and pre-

[3] "Fate rules the world, all things are determined by law."

[4] For much of that which follows I am indebted to the very excellent and scholarly study of *The Mediæval Attitude Toward Astrology* of Dr. T. O. Wedel, Instructor in English in Yale University, published by the Press of that University, 1920, a work which we can very heartily commend to the notice of all students of the Middle Ages, as well as to all interested in philosophy.

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ventable manner. In other words, our will can prevent our actions being determined by our lower parts, however much they may be affected by the weather or the heavenly bodies. "*Sapiens dominabitur astris*," [5] is a phrase used by the Angelic Doctor and many another Christian writer. Nobody knows where it originated. It has been attributed to Porphyry, in whose works, however, the learned Dr. Wedel has failed to find it. The *locus classicus* is still the *Summa* of St. Thomas. To put the matter in a nutshell, we need not be surly and ungenerous and generally objectionable, however much dull, thundery weather may have upset our livers. St. Thomas did condemn judicial astrology or the casting of horoscopes, but to no effect. The door which he opened was narrow, but wide enough to let in a flood of astrologers and their practices, so that, as already stated, even the Papal Court, as well as others, was provided with its official consulter of the stars.

Then came Copernicus and the gradual acceptance of his cosmogony, which stripped our tiny planet of its precedence in the system of the universe. That gave a considerable shock to astrology, and Rabelais and Ariosto helped to laugh it out of serious consideration on the continent of Europe. In England, Swift, writing as Isaac Bickerstaffe, by his handling of Partridge, an astrologer of that day, with whom he played as a cat does with a mouse, drove it out of the minds of all but the most ignorant. Yet, from his earliest days up to now, the present writer cannot remember any time that "Old Moore's Almanack," the predictions in which claim to be of astrological origin, was not being produced and sold and presumably paying its way. And at the present day, astrologers, with crystal gazers, clairvoyants, mediums, and all the rabble rout of occultism are making a splendid harvest out of those still occupied in trying to build altars to an unknown god.

Tamen usque recurret!

[5] "The wise man will be master of the stars."

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MIKE.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

IT was no idle curiosity that sent me hurrying east Harlemward in search of my recalcitrant friend, Michael Anthony Farello, more popularly known in his immediate neighborhood as "Mike." Anything at all might have happened in the five weeks since last I had tried to save him from the folly of his thoughts and, perhaps, the clutch of the law. Not only was he camping on the trail of a false god, but he had reached the stage of visions, and was preaching false prophets.

My friend, Michael, was willing to stake his salvation on the proposition that all men—with or without collars—had an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, a conviction that no one in his right senses would dream of disputing. But from this point on he became delirious, and argued himself into an apostolic certainty that he had been defrauded of at least two-thirds of his birthright. Wherefore, with the vehemence of his race, he demanded the extinction of the capitalist, the abolition of property, and the instant *per capita* distribution of the present currency of the realm. And this, in spite of the fact that he was otherwise practical to a degree, and blessed with a sense of humor.

To make matters worse, Mike's stormy eloquence pláyed hob with the peace of the neighborhood. He had, in his own language, a certain gift of popular oratory, which had secured for him a small, but vociferous, following. His position, from any slant, boded mischief, if not misfortune. And it was with a laudable desire to save him that I hurried onward toward the storm centre of his bristling presence.

It needed only the briefest of glances to show that the five weeks' interim—unavoidable as it was—had been fatal. The little shop with its bench and knives, awls and waxends, had given place to a more colorful, but less philosophical, business in fruits and vegetables. Mike, together with his better half and their seven claims to the gratitude of

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posterity, had vanished. Had he, in his impassioned demands for the other two-thirds of his birthright, brought about an unmitigated breach of the peace? Had the forces of law and order, conscious of their duty, swooped down upon him? Was he even now languishing in prison? If so, where was Rosa Maria, the wife of his bosom? Where were those seven innocent claims to the plaudits of posterity? The light was out—but where was Mike?

It was in the mid-swing of these uncertainties and vain conjectures that the stalwart form of an old acquaintance, Officer Timothy Gleason, hove into view.

"Bun jawrn," called out Tim, his blue, Irish eyes twinkling. Tim was inclined to tackle an occasional tongueful of the Tuscan felicities.

"You're looking prosperous," he went on, "in spite of the prices. What's on your mind?"

"Where's Mike?" I asked, pointing to the sadly altered shop.

"Gone," replied Tim laconically.

"How long since?"

"Week ago today," said Tim, with a contemplative twirl of his stick and a calculating survey of the fruit stand.

"Where?" sought I.

"Nobody knows," said he. "Simply faded away—bag and baggage. Still, it's no more than I expected."

I encouraged him with a glance of inquiry.

"You can't repair shoes, reform the world at the same time, and get away with it," announced Tim dogmatically.

"Hm-m," said I. "And yet he was perfectly sane in all other respects."

"He was a first-class cobbler," agreed Tim. "And he had the trade of the neighborhood."

"And a good little wife," I added, thinking.

"He had—that," affirmed Tim, musingly. "Some women put up with a lot for a little."

I stood frowning, anxious, disturbed.

"Mike wasn't himself for the month past," said Tim. "Something must have happened, though I haven't the rights of it. Not a word out of him. And he kept shy of the old crowd. It was pretty nearly time."

"A blessing," I agreed fervently.

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"It was that and more," came the rejoinder. "The Captain's had an eye on him for a bit of while back. Mike must have gotten a tip."

Tim's revelation was just what I had been fearing. "Strange, he should have left no word," I remarked.

"They never do," said Tim, "not when they leave in a hurry. Was it looking for him you were?"

"I've been more or less worried about him," I confessed.

"Gray hairs come soon enough," was the quiet reminder.

"Perhaps he finally realized where his nonsense was leading him," I threw out hopefully.

"Oh, he wasn't altogether crazy," remarked Tim. "He had a great gift of the gab. There's little harm in those lads. They never bluff themselves. They think they can talk themselves into a better job. Some of them do. They're born that way. Mike was a good cobbler, but no politician. If he was—" Tim paused and twirled his stick reflectively.

"Well," I urged, lest he forget to drop the pendant pearl of wisdom.

"He'd have followed the logic of the situation and let well enough alone. Never start anything you can't finish—especially the reformation of the world."

A few minutes later, I was on my way to the West Side. I lingered awhile under the trees of the Park, where I fell to thinking of Mike and his contribution to the curve of human activities. My thoughts took me back to a day when, in an unexpected burst of confidence, he had spoken of himself and his past.

A paternal foresight, it appears, had seen to it that Mike should have a liberal education in the art of cobbling shoes. Not that Mike would have chosen this particular field for the display of his talents—not much! And the memory of his enforced avocation always rankled. His most solemn decree was that none of his offspring would ever be called upon to master the business end of an awl or the art of a waxend. And yet, in his own case, paternal foresight wanting, the world would have been deprived of a thoroughly competent cobbler, who kept faith no less with posterity than with his customers. That it would have saved these troubled times from another political tinker, who thirsted mightily for justice and a whack at the other fellow's chattels, is a moot question.

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In younger days, under Neapolitan skies, he had found Rosa Maria Tordello surpassing fair as a fact and distractingly insistent as a memory. Now Rosa Maria was an orphan, whose pathway through life had always been eased by a fond and mindful uncle. His name was Luigi Tordello. He had already made his way and his mark in the New World, and was a man to be reckoned with by those at home. Wherefore, little Rosa Maria opened her heart to him and, while asking his advice, besought his blessing. Luigi, however, was a conservative. He suggested the test of time, and casually cited the possibilities of the New World. Hence, there were tears and a parting, a ship pitching relentlessly across the windy Atlantic, and Michael Anthony Farello at odds with himself in the steerage.

Love, of course, conquers all things or, failing, outwits them. Two years later, on a rare spring morning, my friend, Mike, met and escorted the wonder-smitten Rosa Maria from the marvelous sights opening northward from the Battery sea wall to the more home-like scenes that fringe Jefferson Park. They were married, and, of course, were happy. A fortnight later they received, from the Southwest, a letter of simple well-wishes from the resigned, but obviously skeptical Luigi.

And yet what is one tiny speck in the otherwise luminous amber of felicity! That, at least, was the opinion of little Rosa Maria. As for Michael Anthony? Well, you see, as he subsequently confessed, it was only human nature for a man of talent, who had taken to himself a twig of the Tordello tree, to harbor expectations. The fact that a paternal solicitude had doomed him to the narrow limits of a cobbler's bench, was no proof at all that he was in his right place. To be sure, he could not lift himself by his boot straps—certainly not! But give him even half a chance! He asked no more.

But then what could you expect from a man of Tordello's vision! Because of a few surplus dollars, he counted himself wiser than those whose backs were bent to sterner burdens. Nay more! Why should any man take pride unto himself because each morning, after a substantial breakfast, he could walk forth richer by an unearned increment. The prevailing theory of economics had a criminal twist in it—somewhere. No wonder that men of talent were forced to waste their genius on waxends, skiving knives and sole leather! Away

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with this criminal precipitation of the unearned increment! Away with privilege! On with the square deal!

No wonder I was worried about my good friend, Mike. And Rosa Maria! The thought that, in the five weeks of my unavoidable absence, he had gone from bad to worse, invited the suspicions of the local authorities, and then fled to scatter elsewhere the poison of his doctrines, left me apprehensive, forebodeful.

A week later found me actually enjoying the bracing September days in an adjacent county to the north. Not that I had forgotten Mike. Time and again, a vision of his little shop would flash across the mind, and I would hear him again verbally fashion the world anew according to the pet theories of his particular school, and see him conclude his argument with a prodigious whack of his hammer on a piece of sole leather. And always at the end of these vivid memories would be the pleading countenance of Rosa Maria.

And then, with a shock that left me dumb and incredulous, the thing happened. The paragraph was tucked away in the lower left-hand corner of the county weekly. I read it for the third time, and then resigned myself to the worst. The sound of the last trumpet couldn't have been more startling than the import of this authoritative notice, which began with the solemn declaration: "At a Special Term of the Supreme Court," and ended by publicly authorizing and directing, on the strength of a petition and affidavits, and the consent of his wife, that forty days hence one Michael Anthony Farello assume the name of Michael Anthony Farrell—and no other!

The inference was all too clear. My friend, Mike, slipping away from his old haunts, had sought to hide himself under a new, if legally changed, name. He had even forced little Rosa Maria to give her consent to this piece of subterfuge.

There was only one thing for an honest friend to do: pick up the trail of this fugitive plotting mischief under an assumed name, give him fair and final warning, and stand by to rescue an innocent wife and children. As for Mike's present whereabouts—that was comparatively simple. The county seat was less than two miles distant. An examination of the petition and affidavits would point the trail.

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I was still pondering Mike's craftiness, when the little daughter of my host placed a letter in my hand. The missive had been forwarded from the city. It was written in Mike's very best chirography, every letter meticulously formed, with here and there a gay little flourish that bespoke a steady hand, serene mind, and more or less joyful heart. By not so much as a tremor of the pen was there aught to suggest an uneasy conscience. The only suspicious element was in the brevity of the missive. And yet, for all its clarity, I was no wiser than before. The letter, written, of course, in Mike's native language, read:

VILLA ROSA,
YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N. Y.

DEAR FRIEND:

A thousand pardons for not letting you know in advance our change of address. But we have been very busy. There were so many things to think of and to be done in a hurry. Besides, since you had not been to see us for more than a month, we expected you daily.

We are now comfortably settled in our new home, and lack only the honor of your presence to make our joy boundless. In the hope that you will visit us without delay, and thereby complete our happiness, I take the liberty to subscribe myself your true friend, ardent admirer and devoted servant,

M. A. FARELLO.

And there you were! Villa Rosa, if you please! But—what had happened? There was no use in making two bites of this particular cherry. My host's car stood idle. There was an excellent auto route map of the county in the rack. To consult the one, and impress the other was a labor of mingled love and duty.

Three quarters of an hour at fair speed, and I found myself under the same patch of sky that hovered above the fugitive. By dint of an inquiry or two, I soon triangulated his exact whereabouts. Five minutes later, in a spot that would have charmed the eye of a world traveler, I stood gazing upon the legend, "Villa Rosa," neatly painted in letters of blue on a piece of board fastened to a more or less rustic gate. To push through the gateway and seek what mystery lay at the end of the onward path was the work of a moment.

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A sharp turn in the path brought me in sight of an old-fashioned farmhouse, snuggled among trees and shrubs, colorful flower beds and the bloom of many grapes. It was a vision only less entrancing than the mystery that lay behind it all.

I was still lost in my surprise, when from somewhere among the grapevines a voice hailed me. A second later, with radiant smile and outstretched hands, Mike came hurrying forward.

"Great-a-Scott!" he exclaimed, grasping my hand, and pumping it vigorously. Then, lapsing into his own tongue, went on: "A thousand welcomes to Villa Rosa! You received my letter—yes? You could not understand—no? Rosa said you were angry. But I said: 'Wait, you'll see, he'll come.' For a certainty, she'll be glad to see you, believe me! And she has something to tell you—but yes!"

And pausing, he struck a proprietary attitude, and waved a proud gesture toward the house, the garden, the vineyard, the orchard, and inquired: "Tell me, what do you think of it?"

"You don't like the place?" sought Mike, misunderstanding my silence.

"Like it!" I exclaimed. "It's—why, it's a little paradise. But—"

"Ah-h," murmured Mike, appeased, contented. He looked up at me quizzically a second, then, with a more or less enigmatic smile, suggested: "But—you don't understand—eh? You'd like to know all about this sudden change. Perhaps, you think we were crazy to buy this little farm?"

"You mean you own it?" I sought, frowning wonderment.

"Sure!" he threw out, vigorously. "Twelve hundred and fifty dollars cash."

"Cash!" I repeated, in deeper than ever.

"Sure!" said Mike. "And we've got two hundred in the bank for a rainy day."

"Well, well," I murmured. And it was only by a great effort that I throttled the temptation to ask this recent enemy of the root of all evil how he had "raised it." Nay, how he reconciled his present proud proprietorship of smiling acres, money in the bank and unearned increment with his recent fiery pleas for the abolition of such iniquities, and his wild clamor for an instant *per capita* distribution of the currency of the realm. And the fifteen hundred dollars—more or less?

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What did they represent? Savings? Impossible. Loot? I would not believe it. Subsidy? Improbable. I gave it up. Sufficient for me to congratulate the renegade on his abjuration of the great modern heresy. But before I could frame my compliments, a joyous cry came floating down from the neighborhood of the farmhouse. It was little Rosa Maria. I could see her standing on the porch, waving her hands excitedly.

"Eh!" said Mike with a shrug, "now you'll hear something."

"Just what?" I sought, seeking to gain a hint.

"Not a word," he dissented, shaking his head. "Rosa will tell you the news. She does all the talking—now."

He paused to give me the benefit of a quizzical smile, then remarked: "It does her good. It helps her forget."

And, as I looked at him inquiringly, he enlightened me:

"You see, she thought I was going out of my head, for sure. She felt very badly about it—naturally. Of course, she didn't understand. But now everything is all right."

"I'm glad of that," was my honest assurance. "It was high time you got rid of that nonsense."

"Nonsense!" he flashed at me.

"You were on the road to anarchy," I charged him.

He looked at me, shook his head, smiled compassionately.

"You don't understand this thing," he informed me. He considered silently a moment, then concluded: "Perhaps, it's just as well you don't."

And the next moment little Rosa Marie, eyes brimming with happiness, smiled a second at her husband, then impulsively held out her hand to me. And in her soft, lazy Neapolitan speech she welcomed me as one that had been lost and was found again.

An hour later, during which, and under the proud leadership of Mike, I enjoyed a personally conducted tour of Villa Rosa, I was tendered an informal, but none the less appreciated luncheon—*al fresco*, if you please—in the rear of the farmhouse and under an arbor that was sweet and heavy with purpled grapes.

But as yet not a word, not a whisper, from Rosa Maria as to what it was all about. But then she was really very busy, with one eye on the table and the other on a group of more or

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less uncertain satellites visible in the offing. Toward the end of the luncheon, however, Mike, accompanied by the seven lesser stars, deleted himself from the setting, and left little Rosa Maria smiling at me across the table. After a few hesitant preliminaries, she approached the heart of the matter. And, as I sat listening, a glimmer of light began to filter through the fog.

"Yes," she confided, "he was the best of husbands. He loved his children. He loved his home. He worked hard. But he was never quite satisfied. We never seemed able to get ahead. Always there was something to take our savings. It was this thing, then that for the children, although seven are only a handful—"

"May you and your kind inherit the earth," thought I to myself.

"And then," she went on, with a frown here and a gesture there, "he took up this thing about money and property and government. He was never done talking. He had everybody upset. I was half out of my mind. I wrote and told Uncle Gigi about it. I told him about you, and how you did everything to make Michael see the folly of his words. But the only answer I ever got was: 'I understand, but patience, patience.' How could he understand and talk like that! And then, suddenly, you stopped coming. I said to myself: 'He thinks there is no hope for my husband.' It was more than I could bear. I saw nothing but prison for Michael and disgrace for his children. It was then I begged Uncle Gigi to come take the children and myself home with him, thinking this would bring Michael to his senses. And then—" She paused, and looked round about her, smilingly. "I can't seem to realize it even now. Michael received a letter. It was from Uncle Gigi. Michael kept it for three days before letting me see it. I don't know what he thought, nor how he felt, though he smiled and smiled. And when I read the letter, I couldn't understand it myself. Uncle Gigi said he had heard how well Michael was doing and what a fine family he was bringing up, and that, perhaps, Michael could do still better if he had a little capital, and that if he thought fifteen hundred dollars would help, why he was more than welcome to it. And a draft for the money was in the letter! A miracle, if ever there was one!"

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Rosa Maria leaned forward, and with black, flashing eyes tacitly challenged me to name anything half as wonderful as this or such a perfect old dear of an uncle as that. Of course, I couldn't, and didn't. Instead of which, I brought her at once to the point by remarking:

"And so you invested it in this little paradise?"

"Immediately!" she replied. "I didn't lose a second. I wanted to get Michael away from temptation. Besides, he is very fond of the country. He will make a great success of the farm, you'll see! It is an opportunity, something he has always wanted. It's all for the best, don't you think?"

"You've done a very wise thing, and done it in time," I assured her. "And I don't mind telling you now that I was really worried about him. His talk might have gotten him in serious trouble."

"Yes, indeed," she agreed. "He was in with a bad crowd down at Colucci's wine place. I told Michael he'd have to break off all such relations when we came up here."

"And how did he take that?" I asked, curious.

"Eh!" she exclaimed with an expressive shrug. "He simply laughed at me, and said: 'Don't you worry about me. I'm all right—now."

She regarded me wonderingly a moment, then from the pocket of her dress drew forth and handed me a blue-covered document. It was a certified copy of the order legally changing their name.

"I wanted him to make a clean start all over again," she confided.

"Oh—I see," said I, scanning and returning the document.

"And I made him take out his final papers for citizenship a week ago. He'll vote this year," she said proudly.

"Better and better," said I. "Now you are real Americans."

"Eh!" she informed me. "We always have been. It is a grand country. It is a wonderful land. All you need, as Michael says, is an opportunity."

"Is he satisfied, do you think?" I asked.

"Michael?" she returned, drawing back, eyes sparkling. "You'd scarcely know him. He is so happy he laughs even in his sleep. But, yes! And he is already planning great things. Of course, you mustn't let on that I've told all this. I am sup-

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posed to tell you only about Uncle Gigi and our new name. I think Michael feels ashamed of his past. But I don't think he realized what he was saying or doing. Do you?"

"Of course, he didn't," I affirmed promptly. "The very fact that he is so happy here in the country proves that."

"Do you like the place?" she sought. "Did you notice the beautiful views?"

"Yes, indeed," I returned. "And the views are as beautiful as the name above the gate—Villa Rosa."

A faint tide of color stained her cheeks. And with a flash from her slumberous eyes, she confessed: "It was the first thing Michael did when we got here. He is like a boy again—in some things."

I was about to make a rejoinder when Mike, a basket of mingled fruits and vegetables balanced on one shoulder, and accompanied by seven grape-stained faces, brought the dual conference to a close.

It was not until a half hour later, and then only on the promise that I would come the following week and spend a full day at Villa Rosa, that the happy twain consented to my departure. Mike, shouldering the basket of fruit, which he insisted I take along as proof of the existence of a new order of things, accompanied me as far as the car. He strode along beside me with all the conscious dignity of a landed proprietor, trying hard to achieve satisfactory gestures with his one free hand, but making up for it with a continual battery of inimitable smiles. When I teased him about his new name, he merely looked at me with pained resignation. But when I mentioned Luigi Tordello, he regained his faith in human nature, and remarked:

"Uncle Gigi is a fine man. He knows what is what, you bet!"

"You should invite him to Villa Rosa," I threw out earnestly.

"You think that would make him feel good?" he sought reflectively.

"It ought to," I replied. "It has made me feel ten years younger."

Mike smiled a moment, but said nothing. A few strides farther along, he came to a halt, looked up at me wonderingly, and said: "I'll tell you a secret, only you mustn't tell Rosa."

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"You've already invited Gigi?" I exclaimed, leaping at a conclusion.

"You bet!" said Mike warmly, as we moved on. "He promises to come next year—sure. We're not telling Rosa a thing about it. She'll be much surprised, eh? She has been a good little wife to me."

"Yes, indeed," I agreed. "And I hope you'll always make her as happy as she is today."

"She's just like a little girl again," he informed me with a thoughtful smile. "Like the little girl that used to laugh at me in the Giardino Nazionale in Naples." He regarded me somewhat playfully a second before concluding his thought: "I think she's almost in love with me again—what do you think?"

"You rascal," said I, laughing, "of course, she is. And you came near breaking her heart."

"Oh, it wasn't as bad as all that," he returned. "I think she was frightened just a little bit. But—everything's all right now. It's no good remembering things like that. It's enough to think of what one has now."

"Well," said I, "you've got a lot more than you deserve."

"Perhaps," he admitted, with a twinkling glance up at me, "but you don't know just what I paid for all this fun."

"Fun!" I exclaimed, frowning.

"Sure!" he asserted. "It was a good joke—a great joke." He chuckled in merriment.

"I don't see it," said I with a look, "and good jokes are scarce."

"Sure," he agreed, carefully depositing the basket on the floor of the car. "They keep a long time. Some day when I'm an old man—like this," he bent over an imaginary cane, "and you're an old man—like that," he stroked an imaginary pair of whiskers—"I'll tell you all about this thing. Then you'll be as wise as I am. And we'll have a good laugh together. But you must never tell Rosa. You'll give me your promise?"

"Providing you never talk political nonsense again," said I.

"Never again," he rejoined solemnly, but with a far-away twinkle in his eyes.

"We'll shake hands on that," said I.

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And as our grips lingered, then parted, and the car began to move, he called out: "It will take a wise man more than a little while to find that joke, all right!"

At the top of the grade that was to take me out of sight of Villa Rosa, I drew up and looked back. Mike, still standing at the gate, waved me a parting salute. I returned it, and went on, conscious of several doubts and a problem. For instance, did my good friend, Mike, really know what he was saying and doing in that recent phase of his career, when the social, political and economic worlds trembled under the thunderbolts of his impassioned oratorical assaults? Was he really ashamed of his past? Was there a method in his madness? Michael Anthony's native sense of humor serves to strengthen these legitimate doubts.

As for the problem, that is much more difficult. It was all very well, and a cause for rejoicing, that the great modern heresy had lost a champion; that to the hundred millions had been added another citizen with landed interests and money in the bank; that Rosa Maria should once more be her own light-hearted self; that Mike should laugh even in his sleep: but who, really, was the arch-conspirator behind this uproar in behalf of Mike's inalienable birthright?

Whose, really, had been the master mind to bring about this inspiring renaissance of peace and hope, love and happiness? Was it the desperate and determined Rosa Maria that deserved the credit? Should the medal go to one distant Luigi Tordello, whose quiet song had been "patience, patience?" Or does the crown of immortelles properly descend on the brows of one Michael Anthony, whose persuasive oratory had caused the captain of a precinct to sit up and take notice? Who knows?

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NOVALIS.

BY A. RAYBOULD.

IT is a long cry from Novalis to our day—from eighteenth century romanticism to twentieth century impressionism—but antitheses are interesting; and contrasts, if violent enough, may offer points of similarity.

The experiences of Novalis by Sophie's grave, however different in their results, were not unlike those claimed by many modern advocates of the occult, nor, seeing that faith and love remain ever the same, are his religious songs very different from some of our Catholic hymns of today. *Wenn alle untreu werden* might be a child's hymn to the Sacred Heart, written yesterday:

> Though all should prove unfaithful,
> Yet I would faithful be,
> That on this earth some gratitude
> Might still be found towards Thee.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Oft' must I weep, and bitterly,
> That Thou hast died for me,
> And that among Thy children
> So few now think of Thee.[1]

Many, too, of his pseudo-mystic early lyrics have much in common with the would-be mystic songs of the hour, uniting, as they do, supernatural longings with all too earthly desires. Novalis, happily, unlike many of his modern prototypes, succeeded in merging the earthly in the wholly spiritual and in passing from human to divine love. It is the reality of this change, more, perhaps, than its poetical expression, which has made his writings a treasure store for all who seek in faith a solution of life's ills, and in the love of Christ a healing for life's sorrows.

Religious from childhood, conversant in his youth with some of the great Catholic writers of the Middle Ages, more

[1] *Spiritual Songs.*

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keenly alive than perhaps any other writer of that day to the influence of Catholic thought upon the Romantic movement in Germany; believing that no re-birth was possible for Europe but through reconciliation with the old Church, Novalis is, from the Catholic standpoint, if not the greatest, the most important of the Romantic writers. His brilliant defence of the older Catholic ideals in *Die Christenheit oder Europa*,[2] his spiritual songs, full as they are of the personal love of Christ, and of an ardent, tender devotion to Christ's mother, have made of this great thinker, this poet among poets, almost a Catholic author, though he died before he had actually accomplished his intention of entering the Church.[3]

To Novalis all the greatness of the past was the outcome of Christian belief and feeling. For him the preaching of Christianity was the one great event in the world's history—the one event that had given to man's life its true meaning, lifting it from the dust to the courts of heaven; to him Christianity was the one great inspiration which had produced all that was best in life, in literature, in art. No one felt as keenly as he how religion had become orphaned and deprived of its lawful rights—none fought so bravely as he against the spectre of unbelief. He lived in a time of religious revival, even in rationalistic Germany. Brentano was sitting by the bedside of Catherine Emmerich, writing down her revelations on the Passion; Friederich von Schlegel and the elder Hardenburg had become Catholics; the whole Romantic movement was impregnated with Catholic feeling, but no other defended the older Christian ideals so openly and constantly as did Novalis.

Novalis, the poet, believed that the archfiend of unbelief

[2] "These were beautiful, brilliant days when Europe was a Christian land—when one Christianity occupied the Continent. Rightfully, did the wise head of the Church oppose the insolent education of men at the expense of their holy sense, and untimely, dangerous discoveries in the realm of knowledge. . . . The insurgents separated the inseparable, divided the indivisible Church, and tore themselves wickedly out of the universal Christian union, through which, and in which alone, genuine and enduring regeneration was possible. . . . The old Catholic belief was Christianity applied, become living. Its presence everywhere in life, its love for art, its deep humanity, the indissolubility of its marriages, its human sympathy, its joy in poverty, obedience and fidelity, make it unmistakably a genuine religion. It is made pure by the stream of time, it will eternally make happy this earth. Shall not Protestantism finally cease, and give place to a new, more durable Church?"

[3] Sheehan, *Under the Cedars and the Stars*, p. 237, mentions that Hofmer always maintained that Novalis was certainly a Catholic; and quotes a number of authorities to support that statement.

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could best be combated by the propagation of Christian poetry; thinking that through religious poetry humanity, frozen by the ice of unbelief, might again be warmed and enlightened. And his was the noblest effort made by any of the Romantic writers to attain to the idea of some perfect harmony in art, literature, public and home life. For Novalis, the thinker and the poet, in whom all knowledge quickly dissolved itself in feeling, all understanding in imagination, all things visible in things invisible, all actuality in poetry, it was but one step to romanticize the world and all things in it. Poetry with him was a first principle, the creative and upholding power of order in the world; the crown of all human development; the bridge from discord to harmony and from doubt to certitude:

Faith is to the poet what reason is to the philosopher.
Love is the goal of the world's history, the Amen of the universe.[4]

For Novalis the one great certitude was that man can only know himself in God, and find healing through the Divine Redemption. Small wonder that, at last, he found no field for his ideals but in the atmosphere of Catholicity, still smaller wonder that he became the poet of spiritual desire:

Where love is freely given,
And parting is no more,
Full life forever flowing
Upon th' eternal shore.
One night of bliss unending
One long sweet perfect song;
One joy, God's face before me
Through all the ages long.[5]

Friederich von Hardenburg, otherwise Novalis, was born in 1772 in the province of Mansfield, studied philosophy in Jena, where he came under the influence of Fichte and Schelling. Later, he studied law in Leipzig and in Wittenberg, and devoted himself for a short time to the practice of law. He won the hearts of all who came in contact with him, not only by the richness and variety of his intellectual gifts, but also by the charm of his personality. The friend of many

[4] *Fragments.* [5] *Hymns to the Night.*

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of the great men of that great period, notably of the Schlegels, himself one of the most important figures of the Romantic movement, Novalis was looked upon by his friends as a prophet, as the very spirit of the romantic idea, as the personification of poetry. Unfortunately, the seeds of illness were sown already in his extreme youth, and the loss of his child bride, and of his elder brother, developed in his sensitive nature the germs of consumption, and he died at Weisenfels in 1801 at the early age of twenty-nine.

He wrote much, but all his work is fragmentary except *Christenheit oder Europa*, a noble plea for the revival of Christian ideals and a recognition of the Catholic Church as the only possible teacher of the masses—a small work, but written in strong and original prose; his famous *Hymns to the Night*, written partly in verse and partly in rhythmed prose, and, of course, his short poems, the best known of which are *The Spiritual Songs*. Even *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, a novel in a fairy tale, or rather a series of fairy tales in which each tale is an allegory—a book written as a direct antithesis to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*—is not finished; while much of his philosophical and miscellaneous writing remains mere fragments of fragments.

The loss in extreme youth of one to whom he had given all the romantic devotion of his boy heart, left an indelible impression upon Novalis' life and writing, for, like Dante and many another, he found in youth his Beatrice. His love for Sophie is perhaps too exotic and rare quite to win our sympathy; she comes to us through his pages rather as a spirit than a woman, one of those fair illusive images, half child, half angel, who know how to draw beyond the grave the souls of those who have loved them. Sophie had been hardly betrothed to Novalis when she left him forever, but through her loss he became a poet. By her grave he became a thinker and a mystic, and through the greatness of his sorrow he turned from earthly things to God. "Once as I wept bitter tears, as my hopes dissolved by sorrow all melted away—as I stood beside that barren mound, that mound that in its narrow darkness hid all my life's meaning—lonely as none more lonely could be, driven by unspeakable anguish, bereft of all force, a mere thing of misery: and as I looked around for help, not knowing how to go either backwards or forwards, clinging

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with endless desire to that extinguished life, there came to me out of the blue distance a faint twilight glimmer from the heights of my former blessedness. Suddenly new birth bands were loosened in my soul, and as all worldly desire fled from me, so fled also my sorrow. My sad longings melted away into a new and measureless world. It was thou—oh, intoxication of the night!—that then, as heaven's own slumber, didst come to me. I seemed raised above the earth and able to look down upon it with a newly-born spirit. The mound was changed to a dust cloud, and through the cloud I saw the face of my beloved: I took her hands; in her eyes eternity slumbered; from our tears a sparkling and unbreakable chain was formed. Upon her neck I wept my new life's blissful tears. It was the first, the only dream, and since it I feel unshaken faith in the heaven of the night, and in its light, the beloved." [6]

The passage of his soul from human love to divine may be somewhat obscure, the images used to express his mystic flights may prove a stumbling block to those who seek in him only the religious poet, but it must be remembered that he had not quite found the anchorage of a determined faith, and that he was a mystic. The mystic often delights in daring, even in sensual, images; but it remains fairly certain that through human love he did attain to the divine; and it is in his expression of the soul's striving after, and possession of, divine love that his genius finds its highest expression. It is not so much in the oft-quoted *"Hinuber wall ich"* in the first of his *Hymns to the Night*, that we find the true Novalis, but rather in the concluding lines of the last hymn, replete as they are with Christian faith and love, and full of the mystic's undaunted hope of finding all things in God.

Novalis' courting of death, his portrayal of death as the greatest and most desirable moment of life, may be considered morbid and unhealthy—his own bad health may have in some measure accounted for it—but to the mystic, Death and its image, Night, are always subjects of glad contemplation; and to the Romantic writer, who lives in the heroic past rather than in the prosaic present, death must seem desirable as the only real link with that past. To the romantically minded, death is the one heroic event; to the truly religiously minded, death is but the portal to God; to the mystic, life is rather

[6] *Hymns to the Night.*

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the dream, and death, the reality. Novalis was a Romantic writer—he was deeply religious, and he was a mystic. To him, personally, death was sweet and desirable; for death alone could restore to him his girl bride, death alone could show him the face of Mary, heaven's queen, whose beauty he had sung; death alone could lull him to sleep in the Father's arms:

> A dream will burst our bands apart
> And sink us in the Father's heart.[1]

Death was the only door to "Jesus, the Beloved."

It is not as a maker of literature, not as a writer of perfect lyrics, or of vigorous and imaginative prose that Novalis makes an ultimate appeal; but rather as an original thinker and as a deeply religious writer. He had a message to give to the world: that message was the promise of finding all things in God. Nearer to our time than the old mystics, living when the full tide of rationalism was sweeping over Europe, the personal friend of those men whose philosophy has become a byword for infidelity, Novalis stood firm on the rock of spiritual truth, and was the defender of Christian ideals, even finding his way to the threshold of the Catholic Church. Pietist rather than mystic in his own life, he comforts us, perhaps, more than the great mystics, seeing that it was not in the abstract idea of the Deity that his spirit took its flight, but rather in the intimate personal love of Christ and of Christ's Mother.

In a world that had turned away from faith, he preached the crying need for religion, and in a world chilled by the cold winds of rationalism, he preached a gospel of love. Poetry as the handmaid of love was the weapon he personally chose to enlighten and warm his own generation and those which might follow.

[1] *Hymns to the Night.*

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New Books.

BISHOP BARLOW AND ANGLICAN ORDERS. A Study of the Original Documents. By Arthur S. Barnes, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.00 net.

In his preface, the author states that if this book had been written twenty-five years ago, it would have had value as a contribution to the discussion regarding the validity of Anglican Orders. "Now," says Monsignor Barnes, "that the question has been decided by authority at Rome, the book has no longer the same controversial value." The hope is expressed that the study may be justified on purely historical grounds. It may be said that this hope is justified fully. Although the author feels that the book may have little or no practical influence on the controversies of the day, it is difficult to understand how a careful reading of *Bishop Barlow and Anglican Orders* can leave any reader unmoved. True, the question of Anglican Orders has been settled; but Monsignor Barnes has done real service to all who are interested in the subject. He shows that the historical side of the case alone would have justified the conclusion of His Holiness, Leo XIII., and the Commission appointed by him.

The purpose of the book is to throw new light on the story of Bishop Barlow—a story so curious as to warrant the telling—and also to indicate the connection of various historical incidents, which have remained obscure up to the present time.

In a summary paragraph, the matter is put with praiseworthy clarity and succinctness: "From the first, the Catholic objections to Anglican Orders took two main forms, the one historical and the other theological. It was argued, that is, either that the historical chain had been broken, and Apostolic Succession thereby lost; or else that, even if the material succession had been retained, the form of service employed had been insufficient to hand on the grace of Holy Order, so that the same result had followed. The Commission might, it would appear, have based its findings on either of these arguments, or on both combined. . . . Because Leo XIII. did not care to use the argument from history, having all that he needed ready to hand in the argument from theology, they (Anglican controversialists) have spoken as if he had pronounced the historical argument unsound and devoid of utility, which is very far from being true."

The plan of the book is well conceived. The author points out that Bishop Barlow is the link that connects present Anglican

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Bishops with their Catholic predecessors. This makes the detailed account of Barlow's life of paramount importance. Barlow's career is traced minutely. The wealth of detail which is given is ample proof of the pains taken by the author. Monsignor Barnes showns how Barlow's religious convictions, so to call them, seem to have been dictated wholly by a temporizing spirit, which allowed him to veer from Catholic faith to any amount of Protestant negation. After all possible allowances have been made, and after Barlow has been given the benefit of many doubts, his protean character leaves his honesty open to the gravest sort of question. Even when one admits the bare possibility of some sort of excuse for Barlow's double-dealing, due as some of it may have been, to the utterly chaotic condition of the England of his day, it remains to be said that his dealings are hard to explain on any ground other than bad faith.

That great question which is raised by Monsignor Barnes is this: was Barlow ever consecrated at all? The evidence, as the author says, is in great part negative; but it is presented in a way that is quite convincing. The results of the Act of Royal Supremacy are traced plainly, and the fact that there is not one single document extant, out of the fifteen that might and ought to be available, is more than significant. In other words, there is no record of Barlow's consecration which would pass as being adequate.

Possibly, the most striking piece of evidence is furnished by the curious proceedings in the case of Bishop Bonner, the Catholic Bishop who was the object of much plotting on the part of his enemies. Twice he refused to take the Oath of Royal Supremacy. The second refusal was more than likely to cause his indictment for high treason. In giving his reason for refusing the second time to take the Oath—a refusal, be it said, that was hailed with delight by his enemies, who were confident that it would prove his undoing—the Catholic Bishop stated that Dr. Horne, the Protestant Bishop, who was to administer the Oath, was "no Bishop at all, but only plain Dr. Horne." To confirm his statement, Bishop Bonner then demanded proof of Dr. Horne's consecration. That proof failed, because when Barlow's name was reached in the Protestant line of succession, no satisfactory record could be adduced, by means of which he could be accounted a true bishop. The astonishing thing is this, that the proceedings against Bishop Bonner were dropped. If Barlow's consecration could have been proved—and there ought to have been proof, and to spare, if any record existed at the time—Bishop Bonner, the Catholic Bishop, could have been executed for high treason, on the ground that he had refused a second time to take

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the Oath prescribed by the King. The simple fact that no such proof was forthcoming must be taken to mean that it did not exist, and that Barlow was a "bishop" only in virtue of the fact that Henry VIII. had put into practice his Royal Supremacy, and had created the new bishop by royal decree.

Examination of the Patent Rolls shows that in the Roll for 1536, there has been mutilation. It is in this mutilated Roll that the record in question should be found.

With regard to Parker's consecration, there is a silence of fifty years that is ominous, to say the least of it. The mystery and silence which surround the consecration of Parker gave rise, naturally enough, to the wild tales like the "Nag's Head Fable," and other queer stories.

A careful reading of Monsignor Barnes' book will disclose at once the admirable scholarship and accurate construction as a result of which he reaches his conclusions. It seems hardly necessary to add that the book is excellently written, and that there is abundant reference to documents. A good summary of contents, and index, taken with a valuable appendix, add much to the usefulness of the book.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND THE CATHOLIC FAITH. By A. M. Bellwald, S.M. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

This volume contains a full account and an excellent criticism of Christian Science from the Catholic standpoint. The author has a wide acquaintance with St. Thomas, and he illustrates or confirms his text with apposite footnotes from the writings of the Angelic Doctor. He sketches well the career of Mary Baker Eddy, the sibyl and prophetess of this new revelation. Hers was not a lovely life, nor an attractive character. She left her only son to be reared by strangers. She made life impossible for her second husband, and married again during his lifetime. She was not truthful, she was not honest, and of the ardent longings and mystic flights of truly holy souls she had not the faintest conception. But she was an able and energetic organizer; she was capable of enormous labor; she appreciated thoroughly the value of a dollar—in fact, to use an expressive vulgarism—she sensed that large numbers of people asked nothing better than to be fooled, and she was both capable and desirous of fooling them. Her numerous quarrels with erstwhile friends and protégés, her repudiation of once trusted lieutenants, the selfishness, bitterness and unholy strife displayed, make spicy, but most unedifying, reading. And there is something exceptionally loathsome and repulsive in all this, when one remembers that the chief

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actress in these inglorious and sordid escapades posed as the Teacher of the Race, and at times, with blasphemous audacity, did not shrink from putting herself on a par with our Redeemer Himself.

Still she achieved an astounding worldly success. A perfectly uneducated woman, whose writings largely consist of pretentious emptiness and silly twaddle, she was looked up to as an oracle by thousands; and a homeless wanderer, whose relations had all grown weary of her, she died worth three million dollars.

In his criticism of Christian Science, Father Bellwald points out that its basis is Pantheistic; that whatever religion it contains is borrowed directly from the New England Unitarianism; that its moral code is merely a refined Epicureanism; that this life and its good things are the really important issues for the Christian Scientist. A passage from Father Woods, quoted on page 156, sums up in terse and vigorous language the Catholic mind on Christian Science: "Christian Science is not a harmless craze. It is one of the most diabolical of anti-Christian systems, and in it the visible promoters are but tools of the prime-mover, the devil. He goes about seeking to deceive men, and would gladly use all the powers of his angelic nature to snatch souls from Christ."

MOSES AND THE LAW. A Study of Pentateuch Problems by Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Edited by Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. London: G. C. Griffiths & Co.

This book embodies a series of articles by a group of Jesuit scholars on the main problems presented by the first five books of the Old Testament. The Days of Genesis, The Alleged Sources of Genesis I.-III., The Flood, The Antiquity of Man, The Ark of the Covenant, Wellhausen and the Levifical Priesthood, The Chronology of the Pentateuch, Genesis and Evolution, The Religion of the Pentateuch—these titles indicate the scope of the volume. They should rivet the attention of the intelligent Catholic layman as well as of the priest, for the problems are of prime importance for a grasp of the fundamental issues at stake between those who stand for the historical character of the Pentateuch and those who impugn it. Each essay bears the impress of sound scholarship, and sets forth in a sane and simple manner the solution of questions, with which the character of the Old Testament as a whole is bound up. Between ultra-conservative views on the one hand, and the vagaries of rationalism on the other, the writers steer an even course, formulating principles which, while simple in themselves, are easily lost to view. In the

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essay on the Days of Genesis, Father O'Hea emphasizes the fact that the aim of the inspired seer was to sum up the creation of the world, not with an eye to the chronological sequence in which its several parts appeared, but with a definite logical scheme in his mind. Similarly in the article on the Antiquity of Man, Father Parsons shows clearly that the Bible makes no claim to furnish us with a chronology of prehistoric times, while Father Agius, writing on Evolution, points out that what the evolutionist has to prove is just the thing he assumes—the actual evolution of human psychical functions from those of brutes. The book is an admirable example of fine Catholic apologetics. Couched in simple language and facing burning questions frankly and fairly, keeping close the while to the norm of Catholic teaching, it is a brief, and yet comprehensive, presentation of the Catholic position on questions of the highest importance to the faith.

ITALY, OLD AND NEW. By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight, Professor of Latin, Vassar College. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

To write a good book about Italy requires scholarship, imagination, and an open mind, in addition to literary skill. But sometimes people who have not these items of equipment essay the task, with results either inadequate or deplorable, or both. Miss Haight's volume may be somewhat inadequate, as almost any book on Italy is, but it surely is not deplorable. So far from being a matter to weep over, it is a book that is a real delight. Scholarship the Professor of Latin unquestionably has, and she loves beauty and thrills to its voice. "One of my greatest joys in Rome has been my window," begins the author in a poetic simplicity that characterizes the whole volume. For Miss Haight, like all wise souls, evidently believes that simplicity is the keynote to the most enduring harmonies of life.

Many people go to Italy every year with the desire to bring back a little culture; and they succeed sometimes in spite of themselves. But Miss Haight took her culture to Italy, and brought it back a more finished product—because of herself. For to seek the pleasant places about the Forum, with Horace in hand, will make both the Forum and the friend of Mæcenas a more vivid element in one's life. To philosophize about Vergil in Mantua will make the little city a dearer thing and Vergil a more living influence. And this is what Miss Haight did. With the Roman poets as her guides, she leads us over the paths they beckon her to follow.

But the book is not all a glimpse of scholarship; for the

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author glimpses modern life as entertainingly as she visions the old. It is refreshing to read the chapter, "Tea Drinking in Rome," and with Miss Haight to become enthusiastic over *spumone* or *cassata Siciliana* at Aragno's, for instance; or to dine *al fresco* at the Castello dei Cesari on the Aventine. For a Catholic it is delightful to find the author sensitive to the loveliness of a First Communion, and full of feeling for the beauty of Italian devotion to Our Lady. It is a further evidence of the author's poetic insight and her love of truth, that she does not repress her admiration for the things that do not touch closely her own spiritual life.

A HANDBOOK OF SCRIPTURE STUDY. By Rev. H. Schumacher. Vol III.—The New Testament. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $2.00.

Catholic Scripture scholars are becoming very active in recent years, and are furnishing the reading public with Biblical literature of the highest quality. Dr. Grannan's introduction is followed by a work on the New Testament from the pen of Dr. Schumacher, Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Catholic University of America. The third volume is first to appear in the series undertaken by Dr. Schumacher. The other two are promised in a short time.

The present volume treats of the books of the New Testament. The contents of each book are briefly stated, and the authorship is studied. Then follows the collection of testimony, in the early Patristic literature, as to the authenticity of the books. The date, the place, the language of the original are discussed and settled in the light of historical evidence. Special problems concerning each book of the New Testament are considered, and the solution is indicated in brief, concise language. The decisions of the Biblical Commission, where such have been given, are stated at the end of each chapter.

The student of the New Testament will find in this work an invaluable aid. As a scholarly compendium of the problems of the New Testament, the work has not been surpassed by any text-book in English. The Seminarian and the professor will find in Dr. Schumacher's treatise a reliable source of information, gathered with years of patient research, sifted and summarized. The bibliography is not voluminous, but is very choice. Some of the "old reliables" are omitted from the list of books, but their places are taken by more recent and equally sound works. The publisher deserves great credit for clothing this scholarly work in a most presentable form.

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THE BOYHOOD CONSCIOUSNESS OF CHRIST. *A Critical Examination of Luke ii. 49.* By Rev. P. J. Temple, S.T.L. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

In the domain of religion, the most important subject that can engage the attention of serious minds is the Person of the Founder of Christianity. Round about Him have ebbed and flowed through the centuries the changing tides of human speculation, and, as Father Temple well points out, never has He challenged searching inquiry so deeply and so widely as during the past fifty years. In that inquiry, with all its momentous issues, it is the Consciousness of Christ, as expressed in His words and deeds, that constitutes the supreme object of study—the final test, the ultimate determinant. The volume before us deals with one phase of that Consciousness—the Boyhood Consciousness of Christ as it is found embodied in the first recorded words of Our Lord: "Did you not know that I must be in the (things) of My Father?"—a verse more familiar to our ears in its more common rendering: "Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" (Luke ii. 49.) To the study of these few words, Father Temple's volume is devoted.

Our author traces the history of the text through the early centuries, citing the interpretation of the great scholars of those days. From the age of the Fathers he passes to the Middle Ages, and then, coming to modern times, sets forth the welter of conflicting theories that have raged round the Lord's first words. He sums up the case thus far: "The early Church saw in Jesus' first recorded words an expression of real Divine Sonship. This interpretation was supported through the centuries, and is upheld by certain conservative Protestant, as well as Catholic, scholars of the present day."

Having traced the history of the question, Father Temple sets himself to the study of the text itself, establishing its historical trustworthiness, delineating its background, and, in a masterly piece of exegesis, scrutinizing the words one by one, showing that not only Divine Sonship is contained in it, but also Messianic Consciousness. In the two following sections, he completes his analysis. He studies the context of the words—first, the immediate context, and then the remote context, rounding out and pressing home his interpretation, showing how admirably the first words of Christ are in accord with all the testimony which the Gospels render to the Person of the Lord. The reader lays down the volume with the conviction that there are no signs or hints in the Lucan verse, or in any text of Scripture, of any dawning of the consciousness of Divine Sonship, or of any time when

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Christ's self-consciousness of Divine Sonship was wanting to Him. With a wonderful knowledge of all that has been written on the subject, with clearness and cogency of argument, with sureness of touch and simplicity of word, Father Temple proves that "there never was a moment when Christ did not know exactly the nature of His filial relation to God."

Father Temple has given us a volume with which all students of Christology must in future count. It is something more than a fine piece of Apologetic—it is the most helpful contribution to the defence of the Christian religion that has come from a Catholic pen in some years.

On page 8 an obvious misprint gives the date of the death of St. Cyril of Alexandria as 144 instead of 441. An equally patent misprint on page 196 should be corrected in a second edition.

The comprehensive bibliography enhances the value of the volume. In such a well-chosen list *The Person of Christ in Modern Thought*, by E. Diggs La Touche (London: James Clark & Co.), is worthy of a place.

MARIQUITA. By John Ayscough. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00 net.

To say of this novel that it is in every respect both worthy and characteristic of its author, is to speak in terms of praise, such as we have not always been able to apply to Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew's recent works. In reading them, wistful memories of his earliest achievements obtruded themselves, persistently suggesting comparisons. Thoughts of *Marotz* and *Dromina* recur in the present instance, but only to assign to *Mariquita* the same exalted rank as theirs. It is an association of supreme excellence solely; there is no similarity of varied scene and romantic, dramatic action. The author has concentrated upon one personality, the girl, Mariquita; and her environment is "a vast sun-swept, breeze-swept upland," an Arizona ranch, of whose owner she is the only child, his housekeeper and servant. Her dead mother was a Protestant, her father, of Spanish and Indian blood, is just enough of a Catholic to have baptized her himself and sent her, at the age of ten, to the nuns at Loreto, beyond Denver. She was recalled home five years later: and for five years more she lived the life of "a born contemplative," humble and ardent, unself-conscious, unquestioning, seeing in all the physical world about her a manifestation of God's love, in every condition and homely duty, the expression of His welcome will.

To our mind, the author has surpassed himself in this intimate study of a crystalline spirituality, made fascinating and

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lovely by his artistry. A memorable picture is that of Mariquita wending her way to the shade of a tree-clump out upon the prairie where, every day, she hears Mass "her own way," for the nearest church is fifty miles distant. There she follows, out of her book, the Ordinary of the Mass, her face turned in the direction of the spot whither in heart and mind she is transported, her old, far-distant school, with its chapel and its Tabernacle; ringing a bell at the Elevation, "though she could elevate only her own solitary soul." The story proper opens with the introduction of circumstances, which ingeniously, though simply and plausibly, reveal her vocation to her and prepare the path for her entrance into the Carmelite Order.

The book has a twofold appeal. Not only is it an interpretation of the soul of a contemplative, it is also a special plea for the Contemplative Orders. In the apology of one of the characters, Sister Aquinas, replying to her non-Catholic listener's verdict of "uselessness" pronounced upon the Carmelites, and in his own further comments, the author makes an eloquent defence and exposition of this high calling, a burning protest against the materialism and selfishness that seek to belittle it. Sister Aquinas mentions "a chaplain" who informed her that nothing pleased his soldiers so much as to hear him tell them about the Contemplative Nuns. If, as we venture to suspect, the said chaplain was our author, the strange, significant statement is easy to believe. They must be exceptional readers, Catholic or not, who would not feel the charm of the understanding and sympathy with which the characters are drawn, principal and auxiliaries alike, the little, warm, human touches, the outcroppings of delightful humor.

The content is somewhat shorter than the average, affording one compensation, however, in thus bettering the chances for reading it under the freedom from interruption that we all desire when absorbed in a work of art.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN AND HIS WIFE. By A. M. W. Stirling. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $6.00.

A novelist with a career so extraordinary as Mr. De Morgan's ought to provide material for a splendid biography, and Mrs. Stirling has done her best. As the title indicates, however, the canvas has been widened to include Evelyn (Pickering) De Morgan. This seems expedient because the novelist was, during more than forty years of his life, a designer of pottery, tile and stained glass, while his wife executed many notable paintings in the Pre-Raphaelite tradition. But the book is likely to seem, as a result, more concerned with kilns and studios than with liter-

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ature, and thus to repel the smockless reader, though he cannot fail to enjoy the wealth of excellent illustrations. No pains have been spared by the author to make her narrative complete. She has some of Boswell's thoroughness—and of his platitudes. Still, like that immortal admirer of the Doctor, she permits her subject to talk and write letters copiously, so that his keen humor and fine grace of character make a host of pages worth lingering over. From the literary point of view, one would have preferred a somewhat more critical biographer. To let the exuberant Professor Phelps do all the talking about *Joseph Vance* is just a bit naïve. Nor is the clumsy dragging-in of De Morgan's argument with Father Vassal-Phillips over ritualistic details an index of good judgment. All things considered, however, De Morgan lives in this book very much as he probably did live—a middle-class Englishman, despite his inventive genius and artistic temperament, the truest inheritor of the vitality and kindliness of Dickens.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. By Wilhelm Windelband. Translated by Joseph McCabe. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $4.00.

An eminent professor can hardly be expected to write an elementary treatise on his subject; and even should he attempt it, his chances of success are slight. For his teeming knowledge and deep thoughts defy condensation, and above all simplification. Monsignor Batiffol, for instance, has written no "Primer of Primitive Catholicism," nor has Kautzsch produced an "Elementary Hebrew Grammar." Professor Windelband's *Introduction to Philosophy* has a simple title and, on account of its moderate size, an ingenious air. It is in reality a most difficult work, and fit only for those who have already received a thorough grounding in philosophy.

The author examines the deep and ever-recurring problems which have exercised the minds of men from the beginning—substance and accident, causality and time, the origin of knowledge and its validity, the various shades and degrees of truth. These questions occupy the first part of the present volume. Its second part deals with what the author calls axiological problems, or questions of value. Under this rubric, ethics, æsthetics and religious questions are considered. Of all these recondite and elusive matters wide surveys are presented, surveys possible only to one who had read enormously, thought deeply and acquired, from reading and personal reflection, a complete mastery of his subject. Many ancient philosophers and practically all modern ones, are mentioned in these pages, with, however, one significant

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exception—there is no reference made to Catholic philosophy. It is true, St. Augustine gets a line or two, Descartes a brief paragraph or two—surely, a meagre showing for a philosophy that boasts a succession of almost twenty centuries. Moreover, many assertions occur to which no Catholic can subscribe. The book, therefore, is suited only for those who will accept the *ipse dixit* of no master however eminent, but can gauge accurately for themselves wherein truth and falsehood lie.

A sentence taken from the closing pages of the volume shows eloquently its despairing gospel: "Our inquiry began," says Professor Windelband, "with the unsatisfactoriness of knowledge: it ends with the unsatisfactoriness of life" (p. 351). A philosophy which voices that conclusion is lethal. It is powerless to uplift humanity or develop the divine in man.

THE CATHOLIC SPIRIT IN MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By George N. Shuster. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

The very title of this book invites and intrigues. For here is a subject to which no student of literature or religion can be indifferent—a phenomenon of which even the "general reader" must be aware, because of the countless separate analyses and examples in recent pages. To have all these threads gathered together in a single pattern, these color-facets synthesized and resolved back into pure light, were "a consummation devoutly to be wished:" is it also a consummation too great for a single hand within a single volume, one wonders?

In general scope and intent, Professor Shuster's work is magnificent. Beginning with "The Days of Lost Tradition" and the mediæval affiliations of Kenelm Digby, it rightly devotes some seventy-five pages to Newman and the Oxford Movement. Then comes a chapter on Aubrey de Vere, Gerard Hopkins, and Coventry Patmore. But it is not until *after* Francis Thompson and a group somewhat equivocally described as "Inheritors"—they become even more equivocal when they are found to include such consummate artists in prose and verse as Alice Meynell and Louise Imogen Guiney!—that we meet a treatise on "Ruskin, Pater, and the Pre-Raphaelites," with Lionel Johnson thrown in for good measure. Such shuffling of the cards, such crossing and reversing of the currents is curious and confusing to the reader. Again, it is delightful to have the modern "Chroniclers of Christendom," from Lingard to Wilfrid Ward, brought together for appreciation and to follow the adventures of Chesterton, the "journalist," and Belloc, the "historian." But few readers will feel that justice has been done to the many-sided genius of Robert Hugh Benson; and

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fewer still will enjoy that note of patronage toward the venerable and versatile "John Ayscough," or the dismissal of Mrs. Craigie in less than a sentence.

The chapters dealing with "The Voice of Ireland" and "Vistas of the Catholic Spirit," seem to suggest that various portions of this extraordinary book may have been written as separate essays and later brought rather hastily together—which would go far toward explaining the qualities and the defects of the whole. Professor Shuster has the gift of pungent phrase, as when he describes Miss Agnes Repplier as "the ghost of Jane Austen wedded to the spirit of Montaigne;" yet, taken all in all, his chapter on the "American Contribution" is probably the most uneven of this whole uneven volume. Here one finds thoroughgoing appreciation of Charles Warren Stoddard and Father Tabb, but a total inability to appreciate any of the rarer lyric work of Joyce Kilmer. While the writings of Archbishop Ireland are highly praised, Archbishop Spalding is ignored until a final division rightly called a "Miscellany."

It seems like mere caviling to cite further the omissions—or commissions—in contemporary judgments. Yet one is forced to take this strangely dual volume seriously, since it ranges all the way from illuminating, first-hand criticism to cursory journalistic cataloguing. It is difficult to conceive any work which more imperatively needed to be written—or to cite another which more imperatively needs to be revised. If it could, as a whole, be brought up to the mood of its own best moments, it would become a critical achievement of enormous value.

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. By John J. Rolbiecki, A.M. Washington: Salve Regina Press, Catholic University of America. $2.25 net.

This valuable study is a Doctor's dissertation, submitted to the Faculty of Philosophy of the Catholic University. As such, it bears the scholar's earmarks of references to original and secondary sources, a critical estimate of other studies bearing upon the subject, and a logical and authoritative presentation of the argument. It is a volume for students of history and philosophy, rather than for the lay reader, although the latter will find in it much that is stimulating and suggestive.

The author explains the note of a longing for universal peace and the brotherhood of mankind that characterizes the works of Dante. He undertakes to present a survey of the political philosophy of Dante, his conception of the destiny of man, and of the ideal state or political system through which that destiny might

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be realized. With this object he examines critically Dante's theory of law and of the origin, necessity, aims, and organization of the State. Dante's conception of the relation between Church and State is next discussed, and a final chapter surveys Dante's plan of universal empire. Interesting evidence is presented to show that while Dante believed in unity of government, he was not, as has been generally stated, in favor of absolute monarchy. The central government, he held, should be limited to those matters which were common to all men. Evidence is also presented showing that Dante believed in the sovereignty of the people, in the sense that the rulers should be regarded as officials and servants of the people.

CONSIDERATIONS FOR CHRISTIAN TEACHERS. By Brother Phillip. Baltimore: John Murphy Co. $1.75.

Brother Phillip is the Superior General of the Christian Brothers, and his considerations are addressed directly to his own spiritual children; but, dealing as they do with the basic principles of Christian pedagogy, they will, and should, find a much larger audience. In some of the seventy meditations, the supernatural element is predominant; others are more practical, dealing with the discipline of the classroom; but in them all, as Bishop Shahan says in his introduction, one finds the pure spirit of the Gospel as applied to the guidance of youth. Every page is freighted with professional wisdom, the fruit of ripened experience; better still, with this natural endowment, the author has combined most apposite quotations from Holy Writ, from the conferences of the founder of his Institute, St. John Baptist de la Salle, or from the writings of notable French educators, like Dupanloup. Not only the great community to whom it is immediately addressed, but every Christian teacher should have this book constantly at hand. It belongs to the third group of Bacon's famous classification, one of the select few to be chewed and digested.

EVERYDAY CIVICS. By Charles Edgar Finch, Director of Junior High School Grades and Citizenship. Rochester, N. Y.: American Book Co. $1.20.

During the last two years, many publishers have been presenting new text-books in community civics. This may be taken as an indication of dissatisfaction with the work in civics as it has been conducted. It may also indicate that those who are interested in social studies are coming to some agreement concerning the purposes of teaching social subjects.

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Charles Edgar Finch's book, *Everyday Civics*, is written for pupils between the ages of twelve and fifteen. Participation in activities, rather than information, is emphasized. The school, the playground, and the neighborhood are the laboratories in which it is planned that civic truths are to be tested.

Some of the matters brought up for discussion, investigation, and action are: Living together, so that the members of a community may contribute something, as well as get something; understanding of means of carrying out purposes of government; progress in government obtained through centuries of toil, suffering and bloodshed; the machinery of government.

The plan is a commendable one—one which deserves the attention of teachers. Many will wait with interest the results, which may come from a trial of the book in the classroom.

FOOD, HEALTH AND GROWTH. A Discussion of the Nutrition of Children. By L. Emmett Holt, M.D., LL.D., formerly Professor of the Diseases of Children in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

This is a series of lectures delivered at the Medical School of the Leland Stanford Junior University in San Francisco at the end of last year, in the Lane Lecture Series. As might be expected from Dr. Holt's recognized thoroughness and broad knowledge of the subject of children's health, it is a very practical and complete presentation of present-day knowledge on the subject. We have only come to realize in recent years how much such knowledge is needed. Investigations in schools in various parts of the country have shown that not a few of the children of well-to-do parents are sub-normal in nutrition, not because of lack of food, but because of definite deficiency in the variety of their food. Many of them do not eat enough of the fresh vegetables, and not a few of them fail to secure in their dietary sufficient of the calcium salts and of phosphorus, which are so important for the growth of the skeleton and for the building up of resistive vitality to disease. Dr. Holt's book will be of very great value, then. The work is published in connection with the Child Health Organization, of which Dr. Holt is the President. He has emphasized in it the need for increased interest in child health if we are to save the lives of many children, a very vital need in face of the decreasing birth rate. Dr. Holt quotes Dr. Osler's address to a public health meeting in Baltimore, in which he said:

" 'We have a disease in this city more widely prevalent than tuberculosis, more fatal than cancer, one that causes many more

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deaths every year than the intestinal diseases of children.' The audience, the physicians as well as others, wondered what the Doctor had in mind—when, after continuing in the same strain for some minutes, he announced that 'the disease is Baltimore apathy.' I fear this disease is not confined to Baltimore."

THE VEHEMENT FLAME. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00.

Faulty construction and a plethora of material are accountable for the surprising fact that, in this instance, Mrs. Deland has obscured her intention almost beyond identification.

Presumably, her objective is a study of jealousy, the "vehement flame," consuming Eleanor, the wife, and twenty years the senior, of Maurice Curtis, aged nineteen. This theme calls for a more intensive treatment than has been employed. Jealousy does not dominate Eleanor's erratic mentality; it is merely additional to many exasperating attributes and deficiencies that exceed it as contributory factors in the inevitable unhappiness of this inexplicable union, and in Maurice's infidelity. So small a part is played by the unusual disparity of years, that we wonder why the author introduced it. In fine, we find no clue to Eleanor's personality. She lives and dies elusive, isolated and unconvincing.

Not so with Lily Dale, the girl of the underworld, Maurice's partner in a sordid affair into which the affections do not enter. All that relates to her is done with a sure, skillful touch that imparts vitality to Maurice, also, as he progresses, with the passing of time, from frightened anger and shrinking at the birth of the son, whose existence is a reproach, to love and shamefaced pride. This phase is so well handled that we imagine for awhile that we have, at last, discovered the author's real purpose, expressed in Lily's furies of jealous resentment over Maurice's anxious efforts for improvement of the ungrammatical, fibbing, pilfering little son, whom she is ruining.

Our impression is strengthened by Eleanor's death, self-sought, with the avowed object of enabling Maurice to marry Lily, thus gaining control of his child; therefore, our anticipations are keyed high as we begin the last chapter, wherein Maurice announces his future plans to his friends, the Houghtons, and their daughter, Edith, whom he loves and who loves him. Much has been said, and reiterated, of his bitter repentance for the long-past sin, his soul-searchings, in which he has forever set aside himself, his desires, ambitions and personal happiness, to consider the one thing that matters—his boy's welfare. He now gives, as the result of these profound and painful reflections, his

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belief that the end to which he has devoted himself would be not achieved, but defeated, by marriage with Lily, because of her quarrelsome jealousy of his influence. It sounds genuine, and is convincing; but it is followed by an extraordinary debate, a farrago of inconsistencies and evasions, ending with the establishment of his personal happiness by prospective union with Edith.

This futile, stultifying finale is not the sort of thing we are accustomed to receive from the author. No one hitherto has shown clearer apprehension of the momentousness of spiritual issues, the uncompromising nature of sincere repentance. The locale of the story is Mercer, already familiar to us through her novels, *The Awakening of Helena Richie* and *The Iron Woman*. Remembering the exactness with which the mills of God ground in Helena's case, we have wondered if, at the back of Mrs. Deland's mind, there is not—or was not, in this book's incipiency—a projected sequel to be based upon the actual awakening of Maurice Curtis.

VERGIL. By Tenney Frank. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00.

This work by the professor of Latin at Johns Hopkins University is excellently done. Professor Frank classes it as a biography, but it is equally a discussion of the authorship of certain poems attributed to Vergil, and of the significance, particularly personal and historical, of his other works.

One of the most interesting of these discussions concerns the famous fourth Georgic with its allusion to the child whose coming will bring the Golden Age. It was largely the veiled and prophetic allusion in this poem to the (as was supposed) coming of Our Lord, which gave rise to the mediæval opinion that Vergil was a prophet and magician. Said Newman: "Vergil's single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, gave utterance, as the voice of nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time."

Professor Frank's chapter on "Materialism in the Service of Poetry" is particularly illuminating and valuable. At times, the author "lets himself go," and gives us in a vivid page sidelights upon Ventidius, Cornelius Gallus, "the brilliant, hot-headed, overgrown boy, whom everyone loved," and Horace, who for an hour dreamed of a distant Utopia beyond the din of civil war, a dream St. Augustine and Coleridge (and many another, no doubt) were to dream in later days.

This biography is not lengthy, a fact which will commend it

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to the general reader no less than to advanced students of Latin. The latter particularly will be glad of it, with its patient scholarship and its many stimulating pages.

ANGELS AND MINISTERS. By Laurence Housman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $1.50.

This little book consists of four plays of "Victorian Shade and Character," written in the simple and beautiful prose of a poet. In it Mr. Housman seeks to catch the atmosphere of what we call the Mid-Victorian Era and to present vivid, intimate, and yet delicate glimpses of Queen Victoria, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Mr. Morley.

The playlet, "Possession," is called "A Peep-show in Paradise," and while, in conception, it reminds one of Barrie, it just fails to show the inimitable J. M. B.'s brand of delicately ironic humor. "His Favorite Flower," which ironically makes the point that the statesman's suffering springs from the consciousness, not that his people fail to appreciate him, but that they praise him for the blunders he has made and the unhappiness he has caused them. "The Queen: God Bless Her!" suggests Victoria in the Highlands for an intimate quarter of an hour with her great Tory prime minister, the description of whom is the best thing in the book. Another playlet is the "Comforter," portraying Mrs. Gladstone in the rôle, which she fills with a maternal tact and understanding of her husband, not only beautiful but true to her character.

This little book is worth while; there are in it poetic insight, grace and a delicate handling which mark the real poet.

DE BEATA VITA; *Soliloquiorum Duo Libri; De Magistro; De Immortalitate Animæ.* Sancti Aurelii Augustini Tractatus in Usum Scholarum Adaptati, curante F. E. T. (Philadelphia: Peter Reilly. 35 to 40 cents each.) As far as the mass of men are concerned, the treasures of Patristic lore are inaccessible in the oblivion to which they are practically consigned. Only priests, as a rule, are privileged to read the words and hear the voices of the saints and scholars who, in the early days of the Church, built up the fair temple of Christian truth. It was a happy idea of Father Francis E. Tourscher, of St. Thomas College, Villanova, to bring within the reach of our Catholic schools a few interesting treatises of St. Augustine. Father Tourscher showed excellent judgment in his selections; he has, indeed, taken for his purpose real gems of our Christian classics. *De Beata Vita* carries the reader to the conclusion that only in the knowledge of God can true happiness be found. *Soliloquiorum Duo Libri* are monologues on the soul and God. *De Magistro* is a little treatise on the nature and function of language, leading up to the truth that not by words, but

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by Christ, the spirit of man is taught. *De Immortalitate Animæ* is a study of the human soul, its nature and destiny. These booklets, enshrining as they do the reflections of one of the master minds of all time on themes of perennial interest and importance, could profitably replace some of the works of pagan classics that we put in the hands of our students of the Latin tongue.

A brief running commentary would light up these little editions of Patristic classics, and closer proof-reading would bar some misprints which, however, are so obvious that not even a tyro will be halted by them.

A SIMPLE LIFE OF JESUS FOR HIS LITTLE ONES, by a Sister of Notre Dame. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. Cloth, 85 cents.) Those who have read and enjoyed *The Children's King* and *First Communion Days*, will welcome this little volume by the same author, for it breathes a spirit of piety and devotion and the story of the Life of Jesus is told in the simple language that characterizes her work. The illustrations are exceptionally good, being selections of some of the best works of the Old Masters. We heartily recommend it.

HOLY SOULS' BOOK, edited by Rev. F. X. Lasance (New York: Benziger Brothers. Prices: $1.50, $2.00, $2.75 and $3.50, according to binding desired), is a complete prayer book, including special prayers in behalf of the Souls in Purgatory, and will be of especial interest to those who have a great devotion to the Holy Souls.

BENEDICTIONALE, edited by Rev. J. B. O'Connell (Dublin, Ireland: The Kenny Press), is a liturgical publication of special practical value to parish priests. It gives the full rite for exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament at different times and feasts, and includes the hymns and special prayers ordered by the Pope to be recited in various seasons. The American edition has been prepared, the publisher's announcement states, with the aid of an American prelate. The book is tastefully printed, and in *format* and composition speaks well for the progress of the publication in Ireland of liturgical books. Once in the far past, Ireland led the world in artistic book making. May America help her in her noble efforts to regain such supremacy.

MEDITATIONS ON OUR BLESSED LADY for every day of the Month of May, by the Very Rev. J. Guibert, S.S. Authorized translation. (Baltimore, Md.: O'Donovan Brothers. $1.25.) These Meditations were dictated by the Very Reverend author while pinned to a bed of sickness, which ended in death. They are, therefore, the last words of a truly apostolic priest whose other writings are well known and have been of great help to unnumbered souls. While arranged especially for the Month of May, these meditations can be used at any time, and will undoubtedly help those who use them to a deeper appreciation of the Mother of God.

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POEMS, by Louise Hart. (Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co. $1.50.) This unpoetic age, strange to say, is singularly productive of versification. And, stranger still, the majority of the melodists are, if not infant prodigies, nearly always youthful. Take, for example, the diminutive Louise Hart, whose free verse was first written down at the age of four, but in whose latter poetry, as in the best French *Vers Libre*, rhymes occur more and more frequently. There are, of course, many groans from the critics, who maintain that her promises were best nourished in silence, and yet one would be unwilling to miss her *Poems*, published at the age of eleven. Although Louise Hart is Wordsworthian in that her verse sings of the beauties of nature, her work is at the same time strikingly original. It tells the wonders of the sea and the rain, the trees and the butterflies. There is, too, the coloring of distinct imaginative power. It will, indeed, be interesting to watch the development of little Miss Hart, who wrote as early as 1917 such verse as this:

> "Now the Sea foams,
> And from it rises the Maiden of the Sea,
> The clouds come dimly over,
> And hide my Sea-Maiden from me."

MY AMERICAN DIARY, by Clare Sheridan. (New York: Boni & Liveright. $3.00 net.) Mrs. Sheridan has dedicated her book "to those I have met in this country who have not misunderstood me." One wonders just how many there are who do not misunderstand Mrs. Sheridan. What one can understand is that a sculptor is not necessarily a writer. Mrs. Sheridan came to the public's attention by her exploit in traveling through Russia to Moscow, and there doing the busts of Lenine and Trotzky and the other Bolshevik leaders. Her art may be of the highest perfection. However, when she leaves her studio and poses as a radical thinker, she becomes at once merely a noisy, chattering person of no profundity of thought, with no appreciation of the underlying principles of philosophy, either of government or life, and a person distinctly of the type of parlor Bolshevik who listens enraptured to the sound of his own voice.

RUSSIA IN THE FAR EAST, by Leo Pasvolsky. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.) It is the aim of this book to furnish a background for a clear understanding of the Russian situation in the Far East; a situation which, in the mind of the average American, is hopelessly complex and confused. Mr. Pasvolsky's account unravels it all, throwing upon it the light of a remarkably lucid analysis and that of numerous texts of treaties and documents.

The rise of Russian imperialism and its eastward expansion to the Pacific; its conflict with Japanese ambitions culminating in the disastrous passage at arms in Manchuria and at Port Arthur; the ensuing Russo-Japanese intrigue, secret treaties, and masked understandings at China's expense; the advent of the Bolsheviki and the rise of anti-

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Bolsheviki movements in Siberia; Japan's prestidigitating and fishing in the troubled waters of the Russian revolution, all these are concisely passed in review. By far the most instructive chapters, however, are those dealing with the mischievous activities of the Third International and the workings of the Soviet diplomacy in the various Asiatic communities. The policy of Soviet Communism is essentially one of propaganda and deceitful tactics. That the Soviets are ready for reasons of expediency to utilize non-Communist agencies and to allow even uncongenial allies a passing triumph, as a means of furthering the ulterior purpose of disrupting their institutions, is a secret confessed by more than one Soviet leader. It is this utter want of trust and faith in the present masters of potentially powerful Russia that creates perhaps the most disturbing problem for international security and well-being. Incidentally, one may gain from *Russia in the Far East* an enlightened glimpse into some of the reasons of the American Government's attitude towards the dictators of Moscow.

COLLEGE STANDARD DICTIONARY, abridged from the Funk & Wagnalls *New Standard Dictionary of the English Language*, by Frank V. Vizetelly, Litt.D., LL.D. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Cloth, $5.00 net.) The publishers claim for this work that it is "designed primarily to meet the needs of the student in college or university," and it would seem that their claim is justified, for, besides answering questions as to pronunciation, definition, spelling, etymology, etc., of any English word that may be encountered, it gives modern idioms, and is also a biographical dictionary, as well as a dictionary of classical, mythological, and Biblical terms. These latter features all appear in the body of the work, the only "Appendix" being the section relating to "foreign words, phrases, etc., current in English Literature." The *College Standard Dictionary* brings its information down to the present day, giving such data as the date of the election of Pope Pius XI., of the signing of the Treaties at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, and the establishment of the Irish Free State.

THE CORONA READERS—*Third Reader*, compiled by Maurice Francis Egan, Brother Leo, and James H. Fassett. (New York: Ginn & Co. 68 cents.) The names of the compilers of the *Corona Readers* are sufficient to speak for their excellence, and the *Third Reader* of the series, with its carefully selected poems, legends, religious and educational stories, and excellent illustrations, will be found a useful and a pleasant addition to the text-books used in schools.

Other educational books received are *Le Tour de la France*, by G. Bruno (80 cents), an attractive and instructive reader, through whose pages the pupil visits points of interest in France; *Pour Apprendre à Parler*, by François J. Kueny ($1.20), easy lessons in French Grammar and conversation; and *Brief Spanish Grammar*, by A. M. De Vitis ($1.40). All from Allyn & Bacon, New York.

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ENGLISH LYRICS and *Lancashire Songs*, by George Hull. (Preston, England: J. Kitching.) The first half of Mr. Hull's volume gives the graceful meditations and reveries of an English Catholic who manifestly loves, and sometimes achieves, poetry. Its second part, fenced in by Lancashire dialect, will win fewer pilgrims outside of the initiated. The book is an uncommonly fine example of "private printing," which one would like to see emulated on this side of the Atlantic.

THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE, by Lillian Eichler (Oyster Bay, N. Y.: Nelson Doubleday, Inc. Two volumes. $3.50), is a veritable compendium of the best social usages. The introductory chapters point out the charm and tests of true refinement, laying excellent bases upon which to build the details of etiquette. They invite to the discipline of good manners and courtesy. The book makes pleasant, easy reading, and the chapter headings and sub-headings enable one to obtain instantly exact information on any specific convention. It is altogether worthy of commendation to young people, and to all who would know how best to meet social exigencies and conform to social usages.

THE SKY MOVIES, by Gaylord Johnson. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.) In this little volume three very inquisitive and acquisitive children learn much about the moon, the sun, the motion of the earth and the other planets of our solar system. The information conveyed is soundly scientific and deeply interesting, the manner, for the most part, adapted to the understanding and enjoyment of children. At times, however, the language is too grown-up, and the reviewer questions whether, at other times, the effort to meet the child mind is not overstrained. The introduction of the fairy element tends to confuse rather than enlighten. Legend and folklore fall into place more naturally. An entertaining example is the interpretation of "Jack and Jill" as a "description of the way the moon waxes and wanes." A very attractive feature of the book is the arrangement of fine pictures of the moon's phases so they may be shown as a "movie" by rapidly turning the pages. The copious illustrations are, for the most part, both artistically and scientifically perfect. It is unfortunate that the book's excellence on this score should be marred by dummy figures, much out of drawing, wherever the children appear in illustration.

THE DIVINE STORY, a short Life of Our Blessed Lord written especially for young people by Rev. Cornelius J. Holland, S.T.L. (New York: Blase Benziger & Co., Inc. $1.00 net.) *The Divine Story* is a new printing of a work already presented to the public, since it was copyrighted by the author in 1909, and contains a letter of recommendation from the Bishop of Providence, dated 1910. The present edition is tastefully bound in dark green and is adorned with several familiar illustrations. It can be heartily recommended for children, to be read to them by their elders, and later to be put in their own hands to be read by themselves.

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TOPLESS TOWERS, by Margaret Ashmun (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00). In this book there is rather too much made of the immoral sex-relations to which a great city lends cover. In the end, the heroine, freed from the chains of the pseudo-refinements of women's clubs, musicales, antique furniture and formal luncheons, chooses the hardships of life on a ranch as the wife of a good man; and makes the choice, not blindly, but counting the cost.

THE recent additions to *The Modern Library of the World's Best Books* (New York: Boni & Liveright. 95 cents each) are two volumes of short stories by English authors: *Men, Women and Boats*, by Stephen Crane; *Tales of Mean Streets*, by Arthur Morrison, depicting life in London's East End, and *Passages from the Diary of Samuel Pepys*, with an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne, who edits the book.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Le Dogme Catholique dans les Pères de l'Église, par Emile Amann. (Paris: G. Beauchesne. 7 *fr.* 50.) The object of this volume is to place the principal Patristic texts, which confirm and explain the great truths of Catholic dogma, within the immediate reach of everyone interested in religious matters—especially students of theology. How the Christian Church, from the beginning, teaches the fundamental articles of her creed in the same manner; how this "perpetuity of faith" should strengthen Christians of our day, is what the author wishes to show by an appropriate selection of texts, borrowed from the Fathers of the Church. The selections are classified in chronological order, but at the same time the authors have been divided as much as possible into the various schools to which they belong. It appears to be the best method of presenting both the development of Catholic dogma and its essential unity. Short introductions, placed at the head of each series of selections, enable us to grasp very rapidly the importance of each of the testimonies stated. An analytical table also helps us to divide the different Patristic texts of which the book is made up into each of the principal theses of theology.

L'Intelligence Catholique dans l'Italie du XX.e siècle, par M. Maurice Vaussard. Preface by Georges Goyau. (Paris: Librairie Lecoffre. 7 *fr.* 50.) Although Italy, by her art, her history and some of her writers, has never ceased to attract the attention of the public, even the élite in our own country are badly informed with regard to the profound movements of contemporary Italian life. The cultured traveler, who boasts of knowing his Italy, passes close to them without perceiving them. In a penetrating and rigorously impartial work, M. Vaussard throws light upon the *"milieu Catholique,"* by a careful study of its most representative men. His analysis of the lives and works of the great political and intellectual leaders of the Italian Catholics of the twentieth century, will be read with deep interest by all interested in Italy and in Catholic life throughout the world.

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Recent Events.

France.

After a month of the usual alarms and threatened, though unexecuted, excursions by France into the Sarre Valley, the German reparations problem received two unexpected alleviations. The first came on August 31st from the Reparations Commission, which, while refusing the out and out moratorium requested by Germany, has relieved her of further monthly payments for the rest of 1922, requiring her instead to give as security her Treasury bills due in six months, and payable in gold. Under the former arrangement, Germany was to have paid 270,000,000 gold marks every month till the end of 1922, these monthly payments going to Belgium under a priority agreement. Now Belgium has agreed to accept German Treasury six-months' notes instead. While this decision itself is of little economic importance, since it merely postpones for a few months German cash payments, piling them on top of what is due next spring, it is of very great political importance because of two related results, namely, rescuing from one more crisis the *entente* between England and France and doing away, for the present, with any necessity or threat of military action.

Even more important than the decision of the Reparations Commission, was the agreement entered into on September 5th between Hugo Stinnes, the German industrial magnate, and Senator de Lubersac, President of the Federation of Coöperative Societies of the French Liberated Regions, representing 130,000 proprietors in the devastated areas. By this agreement, thirteen billion francs worth of made-up material, bricks, mortar, cement, etc., will be sent from Germany to the French, and credited to the indemnity account. These negotiations, which were really an extension of the Wiesbaden agreement, sponsored last year by the late Herr Rathenau, were authorized by the French Government, which is expected soon to ratify the agreement. France's objection to the Wiesbaden agreement, was based on the ground that reparations in goods, and especially services, would be prejudicial to French workers, but in the present arrangement this difficulty seems to have been successfully provided against. The agreement is already credited with having relieved the tension between France and Germany.

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On August 11th, the French authorities began the deportation of five hundred "German undesirables" from Alsace-Lorraine. This was the first of the "other progressive measures" threatened by the French Government in answer to Germany's stand against continuing compensation payments to reimburse French holders of German securities. Altogether 1,560 persons are to be expelled, these being either those who were denied French citizenship or failed to apply for it.

On August 17th, Premier Poincaré ordered the return to Paris from Washington of the French Debt Commission, headed by Jean V. Parmentier. M. Parmentier's mission to America, it was explained, was merely to outline to the American Refunding Commission the financial situation of France, and he was not empowered to say when France could begin payments, but it seems clear that there was some disappointment in the results achieved. A further outcome of the French attitude was shown in a note addressed to the British Government by M. Poincaré, on September 1st, replying to Lord Balfour's recent note on Inter-Allied indebtedness. In this note the French Government proposed that a conference be called of all those nations interested in war debts, plainly including the United States without mentioning that country by name. Until such a meeting is held, and until arrangements are made for the payment of German reparations, the French Government declares that it cannot promise payment of its war debts. The British response to this note has been favorable, and the meeting will probably occur in November, when, the fall elections being over, it is hoped that the American Government will participate.

The two commissions of the Chamber of Deputies, to which were referred the treaties signed at the Washington Disarmament Conference, have suspended their work owing to the lack of certain documentary material from Washington. On the other hand, Great Britain formally ratified the Treaties on August 10th. Japan has ratified the Treaties, but will make no move for exchange of ratifications with the United States, until they have been formally approved by France and Italy.

A strike of 22,000 men, including dock workers, tramway and gas workers and masons, broke out at Havre towards the end of August, and lasted for several days. During the course of the strike, three persons were killed and over fifty wounded, but the attempt of the Communists and other labor extremists to drive the French workers into a general strike throughout the country failed.

On August 26th, the battleship *France*, 23,000 tons, one of

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the prides of the French Navy, struck a rock off Quiberon Bay in the darkness of early morning, and went to the bottom in seventy-five feet of water. All but three of the nine hundred officers and men of the crew were rescued. The loss reduces France's first naval line by one-seventh of its fighting strength, and brings the French Navy down to an equality with Italy's. The battleship was replaced, however, by a vessel of similar type, as the Washington naval agreement gives France the right to replace any unit lost by accident.

It was announced, on September 5th, that approximately 500,000,000 gold francs of the 1,948,000,000 of French gold on deposit with the Bank of England since 1916, as guarantee for credits advanced by Great Britain to the French Government, would soon be returned to France. It is planned to continue the payments against which the gold was hypothecated until the entire amount is returned. This return is important, as giving somewhat greater liberty of political action to France, which has felt some humiliation at having such an enormous part of its gold held abroad.

According to the Paris correspondent of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, up to September 1, 1921, the French Pension Office had received 2,500,000 claims for pensions or allowances, of which 1,712,000 were granted, being thus distributed: among the incapacitated, 830,000; among widows and orphans, 447,000, and among parents, 413,000. Fifty-nine thousand of the incapacitated were totally invalided and 60,000 suffered disability, amounting to from eighty to ninety-five per cent.

Extraordinary measures are under consideration by the French Government to remedy the slow death of the French nation by the decline in the rate of births. Statistics published on September 6th from the ten largest cities, showing a ten per cent. decrease in births on a basis of the figures for 1921, have aroused the press, which predicts 8,000 fewer births than deaths this year, in the entire country, as compared with last year. The first revelations of this crisis were made in June, when statistical experts demonstrated that France would be entirely depopulated within two hundred years unless a solution were found. Among the remedies suggested are: "State adoption" of illegitimate, as well as legitimate, children of poor parents; governmental assistance for young married couples; increased pensions for poor parents of large families. Even polygamy has been advocated in certain circles, but this has not been looked on with favor, from practical, as well as moral reasons, it being argued that if a man hesitates to take one wife, it is ridiculous to suggest several.

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Germany.

The month was marked by food riots throughout Germany, particularly in Berlin, necessitating repression by the police. The price of bread increased forty per cent., meat prices rose twenty-five per cent., and the price of sugar doubled. Each rise in price fanned the smoldering anger of the working classes, whose wages fail to meet more than a small share of the daily food costs of their households. The Government and municipal authorities throughout the country are marshaling their forces for the herculean task of minimizing the hardships threatened on account of exorbitant prices demanded for food and fuel. Chancellor Wirth states that the number of needy at present is from four to five million, most of whom are concentrated in the metropolitan centres. The Lord Mayor of Berlin stresses the need for general diligence and self-control in meeting the tense economic situation, and waging war against profiteers. He is of the opinion that wholesale deaths of children are threatened, unless feeding measures are adopted, declaring that "eighty per cent. of our children are under-nourished and fifty per cent. tubercular." Attention is also called to the shortage in coal. The price of briquettes recently rose to 250 marks per centner (about 110 pounds), as compared with the previous price of 106 marks. Coke for cooking purposes is quoted approximately at 435 marks per centner.

Among other measures taken for the alleviation of the situation, the Imperial and State Governments and municipal authorities have contributed about 1,200,000,000 marks for the relief of persons without private incomes; the sick and accident benefits are to be increased, and the Imperial subsidies for destitute persons and men disabled in war, and for the support of war sufferers, have been doubled. Many families in Dresden, Hamburg and other centres are in dire straits because the banks have been unable to supply paper money for the payment of wages.

Another feature of the month's news from Germany is the cessation of numerous newspapers, many of them failing outright and others reducing their output from daily to weekly issues. No fewer than one hundred and forty-four newspapers suspended in July. The August report is not yet in, but it is expected that it will reach, and perhaps surpass, the figures for July. This disappearance of journals *en masse*, many of them of considerable importance, probably is unparalleled, and is due to the enormous rise which has taken place in the cost of newspaper production. Paper, for instance, is now four hundred times dearer than before the war, and the cost of other materials has risen to almost as

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great an extent. Wages, of course, have been enormously increased, and home news service becomes daily more expensive. As for foreign news service, owing to the fall of the mark, only a few wealthy newspapers can afford it.

Towards the middle of August, Count Hugo Lerchenfeld, the Bavarian Premier, and other Bavarian representatives succeeded, after prolonged negotiations with Chancellor Wirth and his Cabinet, in composing their differences with the Central Government at Berlin. Both Governments signed protocols meeting the difficulties which arose recently over the enforcement of the Republic's new defence law. Bavaria agreed to rescind the ordinance adopted by her, in which she assumed special privileges in connection with the operation of the law. The Federal Government, in return, gave guarantees not to infringe upon Bavaria's sovereignty.

On August 10th, an agreement was signed in Berlin by representatives of the United States and Germany, providing for a mixed claims commission to determine the amount of American claims against Germany. Early in September, President Harding named Justice William R. Day as the third member of the commission, who is to act as umpire on all disputed points, the German member being Dr. Diesselbach, of Hamburg, an attorney. The American member is not yet named.

On August 18th, the Economic Council of the Empire decided by a small majority to increase the assessment on exports, in order to make the amount correspond with the present depreciation of the mark. The surcharge on customs was fixed at one hundred and seventy-four per cent. for the period between August 23d and August 29th.

Germany's new measures against the importation of luxuries are of a stringent character. On September 1st, the Ministry of Economy announced that, from that date, the unrestricted importation of raw tobacco would be prohibited, and that measures would also be taken to restrict the importation of various foodstuffs. The restrictions will be removed, it was announced, whenever adequate protection has been assured by increases in customs duties.

On August 31st, the Berlin *Vorwärts* announced that negotiations for the fusion of the Majority and Independent Social Parties was proceeding favorably, and that a joint session would probably be held late in September.

Towards the end of August, a message from Berlin stated that the German Government had received a note from the Council of Ambassadors, declaring that the High Court at Leipzic in its

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trial of war criminals did not make sufficient efforts to disclose the truth, that the Court acquitted a number of defendants who were guilty, and imposed too light sentences on those convicted. For these reasons, the note said, the Allies reserve the right, under the Versailles Treaty, to deal with the cases themselves, and, eventually, to sentence the defendants by default.

Late in August, an outbreak of pogroms in Kattowitz, Silesia, was reported in a special dispatch from Beuthen. Crowds looted the food shops conducted by Jews, and beat Jews wherever encountered in the streets. The pogroms are said to have been inspired by reports that the Jews were responsible for the high price of food. Most of the victims were Jewish merchants, who migrated to Kattowitz from Poland and Galicia.

On September 2d, the German Government sent a note to the League of Nations, entering a fresh protest against the presence of French troops in the Sarre district. In May of last year, the Berlin Government entered a similar protest, which brought a reply from the President of the Sarre Government Commission, explaining that the French troops were not a force of occupation, but a garrison placed at the disposal of the Commission to enable it to fulfill its duties under the Peace Treaty.

Russia.

Chiefly as a result of the engagements entered into at the Washington Limitation of Armaments Conference, the Japanese Government, early in Sepember, began the evacuation of Eastern Siberia, and troops of the Far Eastern Republic have occupied the town of Sanchung, less than one hundred miles north of Vladivostok. Other minor localities were evacuated by the Japanese on September 2d, and the important point of Novo Nikolaievsk, on the Amur River, will be evacuated on September 22d. Far Eastern Republican troops at Khabarovsk, one hundred and fifty miles north, are preparing to march down to occupy Novo Nikolaievsk when the Japanese leave. If the Japanese fulfill the promise to evacuate Vladivostok, it is clear that the White Government of Merkulov, now ruling there with the collaboration of one of Kolchak's Generals, Diederich, will be unable to withstand the Far Eastern Republicans. Recent dispatches from the Far East declare the Vladivostok Government has inaugurated a White terror, which adds to the unpopularity its exactions from the peasantry already have evoked. Indeed, ever since the fall of Kolchak, the White movement in the Far East, alternately supported and bullied by the Japanese, has been little more than organized banditry. Vladivostok, under control of the semi-inde-

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pendent Far Eastern Republic, will mean that Russia will once more have a Pacific outlet, since the Chita Government, at least in foreign policy, is evidently subject to the control of Moscow.

Delegates from Moscow, Chita, and Tokio, resuming the abortive conference of Dairen of several months ago, met early in September at Chang Chun, in Manchuria and, after several days' sessions, adjourned on September 7th to enable the delegates to communicate with their Governments. The Moscow Soviet is desirous of negotiating a general agreement with Japan, and to that end is anxious to obtain recognition of the Soviet Government by Japan. If, as seems likely, however, Japan refuses to consider the question of recognition first, Russia will, on the resumption of negotiations, consent to postponement of that issue, and take up other problems.

Despite favorable crop reports, and statements to the effect that no further relief work was necessary, it now appears that Russia faces her worst winter, more from disease than hunger. The American corn rations were cut off on September 1st throughout Russia, except in the Crimea and the Ukraine, where the horrors of famine still continue and where a comparatively heavy American relief programme for the feeding of children will be carried on next year. It is estimated that 3,000,000 children will be fed in the Southern Ukraine this winter, and about an additional million in the rest of Russia.

That there is at present a radical reaction from fairly liberal principles in Russia, is apparent from several reasons, among others from a recent resolution passed by the Petrograd Soviet, in which the stand of the Soviet delegation at The Hague, in refusing to recognize the rights of foreign owners, was approved, and an appeal made to the Government to maintain this principle inviolate. Zinovieff, the President of the Petrograd Soviet, with Karl Radek, represents the pure Communist-International element among the Bolsheviki. His uncompromising tone at the recent Communist Congress is taken to have been responsible for the recent measures to expel all persons hostile to the Soviet régime. Wholesale arrests of intellectuals have been taking place throughout Russia, and in the last few weeks approximately 1,500 persons, charged with secret counter-revolutionary activity, have been exiled. On September 5th, fifty-five persons were sentenced to death in South Russia, and the Ukrainian Court at Kiev sentenced to death forty-eight members of Petlura's Cossack bands, which, in connection with General Tutunuk's forces, revolted against the Ukrainian Soviets. From Moscow a recent dispatch states that Archbishop Benjamin, Metropolitan

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of Petrograd, and the others condemned for interfering with the seizure of church treasures were executed by a firing squad in Petrograd on the tenth of August.

Late in August and early in September, several unconfirmed reports came through of rebellion in Southern Russia, the head of the rebellion being placed at Odessa, which was said to have proclaimed South Russia and the Crimea independent of Moscow, and to have called on all citizens to unite against the "Communist usurpers." It is not believed, however, that these sections would be able to make an effective stand against the Bolshevik Army, which was furthermore strengthened, late in August, by the mobilization of the men born in 1901.

For several weeks, the American State Department has been negotiating, through Alanson R. Houghton, the American Ambassador at Berlin, with representatives of the Moscow Government with regard to the attitude of the Soviet authorities should the American Government consider sending an expert technical commission to Russia to study and report on the economic situation. The question is in the hands of the Soviet Government now for decision.

According to a statement issued on September 5th by the United States Department of Commerce, American exports to Russia and to the new nations formerly embraced in the Russian Empire, for the first six months of 1922, were nearly ten times as large as the imports for the same period. For Soviet Russia, including the Caucasus, the difference was even more striking. While the American imports from that country totaled only $21,609 in value, the American exports were $11,756,282, or more than five hundred times as much. Lithuania is the only former Russian State from which more goods were imported to America than America exported.

The capital of the new Russian State Bank under the auspices of the Soviets has been fixed at 2,000,000,000 rubles. In addition, 200,000,000,000 paper rubles have been put at the disposal of the bank by the Government. It is stated, the bank's official money-lending rate has ranged between eight and twelve per cent. a month, which would be ninety-six to one hundred and forty-four per cent. per annum.

Greece.

The Greco-Turkish War, which for several months had subsided to quiescence, took a sudden and dramatic turn late in August, when the Turks opened a successful offensive in Aflun-Karahissar, a vital key position on the Berlin-Bagdad Railway in Asia Minor,

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forcing the Greeks to retire westward. The Turks immediately followed up this success by a series of others—first, by the capture of Eski-Shehr, the principal stronghold of the Greeks on the northern fighting front, and, several days later, by the capture of Ushak, an important point on the southern line, with the result that the Greeks were driven in on Smyrna, their principal town on the coast.

The origin of the Greek disaster is ascribed largely to the designs of King Constantine on Constantinople, and the recent transference of 50,000 of the Greek troops from Asia Minor to the Thracian frontier, in order to make a demonstration against Constantinople, thus greatly impairing the strength of their Anatolian Army. It seems evident that the Turks shrewdly took advantage of this situation, and launched their offensive at a critical juncture and when it was least expected.

On September 14th, the remnants of the Greek Army abandoned Smyrna to the advancing Turks and embarked for Thrace. With the seizure of Smyrna by the victorious Kemalists began a terrible conflagration, which swept the city, reducing the Armenian, Greek, and European sections to ashes, and causing a property loss estimated at one billion francs (or $75,000,000 at the present exchange rate). Along with this went massacres of the defenceless non-Turkish populace, the number of victims being estimated at first at 1,000 or 2,000, and being placed, according to the latest report to the London *Times*, as high as 120,000. It is thought, however, that this latter figure includes the killed, wounded, and others who have suffered in consequence of the capture of the city and the conflagration that followed.

The conflagration is ascribed by Turkish officials to the result of the exchange of rifle shots between the invading Turkish Army and the Greeks and the Armenians, the latter of whom attacked the Turks from churches and houses. On the other hand, the Greeks said that the Turks deliberately fired the city in order to evacuate the entire Christian population and conceal the traces of their misdeeds, a theory which seems borne out by the fact that the Turkish quarter is the only section of the city that was spared.

Italy, France, and Great Britain have notified Mustapha Kemal that he must respect the neutrality zones on both sides of the Straits of the Dardanelles and Constantinople, fixed by the Treaty of Sèvres, and the British Asiatic fleet has been instructed to allow no Turkish troops to cross from Asia to Europe. The American Government has joined with the Allies in preparations for emergency relief at Smyrna.

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Austria.

Austria's economic situation, which has been growing steadily worse and worse, forecasting a breakdown of the machinery of government and the total collapse of the country, was brought urgently to the attention of the world by the activities during the month of Dr. Ignaz Seipel, the newly-appointed Austrian Federal Chancellor, and incidentally the first priest to become a prime minister since the seventeenth century.

Dr. Seipel's opening move was a conference on August 21st at Prague with Premier Benes of Czecho-Slovakia, in which he took up the question of the dissolution of Austria as a separate entity and its incorporation as a member of the Czecho-Slovakian Federation. The significance of this became immediately apparent with the counter proposal by Italy, on the following day, that Austria become a part of Italy. So great, indeed, was Italian opposition to Austria's annexation to any other of her neighbors, that on August 24th the Italian Government addressed a note to the Governments of Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Jugo-Slavia and Rumania, reiterating its opposition to Austria's union with Germany or her entry into the Little Entente, and stating that, if Italy were confronted with such an accomplished fact, she would consider it a *casus belli.*

Behind the protest of the Italian Government, lies Italy's fear of the policy of France in Central Europe, the underlying principle of which is the formation of an anti-German coalition. To this end, France is unequivocally opposed to Austria's union with Germany, but as Austria is doomed if she continues in her present state of isolation, France has conceived the plan of getting Austria into the Little Entente, thus isolating Germany politically, as well as financially and economically. On the other hand, Italy, which lived for years with the constant nightmare of having a powerful Austro-Hungarian Empire as a neighbor, is now confronted with the possibility of seeing the States which composed the Dual Monarchy uniting in a new federation, just as anti-Italian as the old one but strengthened by the addition of Serbia, Rumania, and Poland.

Nothing came of the Italian project of annexation, the proposal of which was officially denied later by the Italian Foreign Secretary. After Dr. Seipel had held a series of meetings at Verona, Paris, Berlin, and London, he was finally referred to the League of Nations meeting at Geneva, where, on September 6th, the Austrian Chancellor, in a powerful and favorably received speech, impressed on the Council of the League the grave plight in which Austria found herself. He warned the League that

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Austria would take measures to break the economic ties surrounding her unless the League was able to come to her aid. Austria, he declared, was ready to accept such control of her finances as would not affect her sovereignty, but rather than sacrifice her sovereignty, she might prefer to merge herself into a large economic entity. At the conclusion of his speech, the League Council immediately appointed a committee, which is now studying the whole Austrian question, receiving statistics and other information from the Austrian delegation in attendance at Genoa. The committee represents Great Britain, France, Italy, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia. It is commonly recognized that Austria furnishes the most important case that has yet come before the League.

As indicating the increasing gravity of Austria's financial condition, the following table shows the number of Austrian paper crowns required at a given date to purchase a pound sterling: January 31, 1922, 12,000; February 28th, 20,500; March 31st, 32,500; April 30th, 35,000; May 31st, 48,500; June 30th, 84,500; July 7th, 96,000; July 15th, 127,000; July 22d, 145,000. By August, the price of the pound sterling in Austrian crowns had risen to 250,000, as contrasted with 3,100 a year ago, and 620 at this date in 1920. A shirt, which cost six crowns before the war, now costs 200,000 crowns, and since August 1st of this year the price of both bread and meat has increased one hundred per cent.

Switzerland. The Third Assembly of the League of Nations began its sessions at Geneva on September 4th by electing as President, Augustin Edwards, a Chilean delegate and Chilean Ambassador to Great Britain. The importance of this Assembly lies chiefly in two subjects: the Austrian situation, of which an account is given above, and disarmament. For more than a year the League's temporary Commission on Disarmament, under the Chairmanship of Lord Esher, has been at work on a complete statistical analysis of all the factors that bear on the question of armaments, and on September 8th it made a preliminary report showing that in more than a score of countries restrictions of military outlays had been begun. Great Britain reported a reduction of fifty-five per cent. in naval tonnage, France thirty-six per cent., Italy forty-nine per cent., and Japan fifty-nine per cent. In land armaments, France reported a reduction of 200,000 men under arms and shortening of the term of military service by half. Sweden also reported the cutting of her military service in two; Italy reduced the period of service and suppressed eighty-eight battalions of infantry; Po-

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land reduced her army of a million men to 260,000; Japan made reductions, but failed to give the figures; while Switzerland reduced from seventy per cent. to fifty-five per cent. the proportion of her men eligible to military service.

According to a proposal presented by the Earl of Balfour to the Council of the League several days before the Assembly met, a commission was to be appointed, presided over by an American, to supervise the rights of the various religions in the holy places of Palestine. The proposed commission would be divided into three sub-commissions, composed of Christians, Mussulmans, and Jews. To this scheme the Vatican is reported as unalterably opposed, as, according to the *Osservatore Romano*, "if the telegraphed report of the Balfour proposal is accurate, it is evident that the rights of Catholics would be impaired, as they would be in a minority on the three sub-commissions, and the last word would rest with the president of the commission, who would be an American Protestant."

Holland. The Permanent World Court held its final session at The Hague on August 10th, and adjourned until June 15, 1923, unless an extraordinary session is called before that date. Final decision was made in two advisory cases presented by the League Council—one, whether the International Labor Organization was competent to regulate the conditions of agricultural laborers, decided in the affirmative; the other, whether the examination of proposals for the organization and development of methods of agricultural production fell within the competence of the International Labor Organization, decided in the negative.

September 15, 1922.

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Editorial Comment.

With this issue, "The Catholic World" appears under new editorial management. Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., is to devote all his time to the National Catholic Welfare Council. His successor as editor of "The Catholic World" is Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P.

THE eighteen years of Father John J. Burke's service as editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD and manager of the Paulist Fathers' apostolate of the press, may be expressed in a word—devotion. To fulfill Father Hecker's ideal in the inception of the work deserved and demanded his utmost power; and he gave unstintingly.

* * * *

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, when Father Burke took charge of it, in September, 1904, was an illustrated monthly of popular appeal. He believed it was his duty to restore it to the higher literary standard set by Father Hecker. Gradually, illustrations were eliminated, manuscripts were subjected to a more rigid criticism, although this often left the editor with an empty file when the day approached for setting the magazine. But Divine Providence never failed to send something, just in time, and the magazine never missed an issue. Writers of fame or promise were sought out, leisure was found to visit, to discuss, to outline, to invite contributions, until editor and contributor met in common enthusiasm to promote the service of the mind in the cause of God. The lean years were rewarded with plenty, manuscripts of worth became abundant, and welcome testimonials proved the work "well done."

* * * *

THE driving force in all Father Burke's contacts was the apostle's greed for souls. He drew to him every worker in the establishment, talked with them personally, and, taking them as he found them, by example, by counsel and command, he nerved them to the realization of their powers in a spirit of devotion only second to his own. What should be done for God, could be done, and there was none too mean to do his part and bear his responsibility: all things could, and *must*, be done in Him Who strengtheneth. This spirit of consecration, one might say of vocation, in the per-

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sonnel of the Paulist Press work, cultivated and fostered by Father Burke, is the rich inheritance and support of his successor.

* * * *

THE first landmark in the past eighteen years of THE CATHOLIC WORLD'S history was its Golden Jubilee in April, 1915. The list of notable contributors and of noteworthy articles given in the Jubilee number is a record of accomplishment. Here the editor summed up the policy and purpose of the magazine: "To draw men by the capable, intelligent expression of Catholic truth; to make fairness and beauty of style an index of the fairness and beauty within; to show that Catholic truth illumines, fulfills all, and leads man to the supernatural life of Jesus Christ, was the lofty purpose of Father Hecker when he founded THE CATHOLIC WORLD. For fifty years his mission has endured. May God grant us and our successors many, many years to continue it for His glory and the glory of His holy Church; for the welfare of souls and the well-being of our beloved country—America."

A second literary landmark was the Shakespeare centenary number of 1916, containing valuable articles from Shakespearean scholars. But Father Burke's editorial years were crowned by the "Dante Centenary Number," of September, 1921, which won a Dante Memorial Medal from the National Dante Committee of the Italy America Society.

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CONVERSANT with every detail of the mechanical work of the press, Father Burke directed his unflagging attention towards physical betterments and growth. Linotypes superseded hand setting. A larger press room, presses of newer model, improved offices were indications of increased work, necessitating, finally, the removal of the business offices from the original building assigned to the Paulist apostolate of the press.

The plant was unionized, and additional work had to be taken on to meet the additional cost of output and of betterments.

The publication of books and pamphlets, always an integral part of Paulist work, was vigorously pushed under Father Burke's management.

* * * *

CALLED now to devote all his time to an even greater work than that of THE CATHOLIC WORLD and the Paulist Press, Father Burke leaves behind him a record of devotion and achievement which it will be difficult, if not impossible, for his successor to duplicate. We shall count our work successful if we can but maintain the standards he has established.

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THE time seems opportune for a restatement of the editorial policy of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. But, by way of preliminary, let us assure those readers who have learned to know and to approve our traditional methods—that there will be no radical change. We hope to improve. Perhaps, we may even say, in the lingo of the latest health-philosophy, *"Day by day (or month by month), in every way we grow better and better."* But we expect to grow better, not by means of any newly-devised magic formula; but by a natural development, following principles laid down by the founders and observed by the successive editors of this magazine. These principles we take to be as follows:

* * * *

FIRST, we are, or we shall try to be, modern in our spirit and in our method of expressing the truth. This may seem difficult to those who think of the Catholic Church as merely the "old" Church. But the miracle of the Church is that she is the oldest and the youngest. And Truth, like God, and like the Church, though ancient, is ever new. Father Hecker, the chief founder of the Paulist Community and the first editor of the magazine, has said: "The Eternal-Absolute is ever creating new forms of expressing itself. It is for this that we were created; that we may give a new and individual expression of the Absolute." If the new is but the reëxpression of the old, Truth ceases, is no longer living.

We believe, therefore, that there is no excuse for following antiquated methods, or encouraging archaic forms of literary expression, simply because, being Catholic, we belong to an "old" Church.

* * * *

FURTHERMORE, we value the modern civilization no less highly than the ancient or mediæval. We are not so dedicated to the past as to fancy that the present is worthless. There happens to be just now, amongst many Catholics, a renewed devotion to mediævalism (using that much-abused term in its good sense). And this is good, if only as a just reaction against those who have taught that "nothing good could come out of" the "Age of Faith." Recently, some of the very best scholars and writers, both Catholic and near-Catholic, have presented the beauty of the mediæval system so alluringly that it would be impossible not to share their enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, we remain unconvinced of the inferiority of the modern. We shall not damn our own times to exalt the

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times of our ancestors. Moreover, we shall not be, mere *laudatores temporis acti.* We shall not too frequently indulge in the nugatory occupation of "pointing proudly to the past." We shall not "sing the songs of long ago." We shall not grow dithyrambic over the "good old days." Not that we think that the present times are perfect. We have created no fool's paradise for ourselves. The present days are not even "good enough." But they are the best we have ever had. Previous times have all been worse. We say this, not forgetting the war and its aftermath. Bold? Perhaps so, but we think that we have justification. Personally, we are not disposed to argue the case. But while we shall open our pages to the champions of the mediæval, or the ancient, we shall not close them to any worthy author who wields a pen in defence of our much berated "modern civilization."

* * * *

WE say that we are modern. Let us express the idea more concretely. For example: The fate of the National Catholic Welfare Council in 1922 is a matter of more vital interest to us than, let us say, the doings of the Council of Elvira in 306. An article on H. G. Wells catches our attention more quickly and holds it more firmly than one on Pico della Mirandola. As a phenomenon, Mrs. Eddy interests us more than Cagliostro. "Christian Science" amazes us, and amuses us, more than the ancient worship of Isis. Conan Doyle, with his spirit photographs, is more entertaining than the Cumean sybil. Thomas A. Edison seems more worthy of a "write-up" than the alchemists of the Middle Ages. Henry Ford and his "flivver" are more important than Diogenes and his tub. We respect the opinions of the boys who would rather hear stories of "Babe" Ruth than of Hercules. And, though we may seem shamefully philistine, and hopelessly unromantic, we confess that the foundation stones of a new church in the most unpicturesque, modern, American city, are more significant than the ivy-clad ruins of a mediæval abbey, seen in the mystic moonlight. The church looks to the future. The ruin speaks only of the past. But the future is infinitely more thrilling than the past. And any church crowded to the doors ten times every Sunday is more soul-satisfying than an empty Gothic Cathedral, dating from the thirteenth century.

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NOT that we despise the past. But to us the past means nothing without the present, and if the present is, as some seem to think, altogether deplorable, then the "glorious past" has been in

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vain. A backward-looking church, or a backward-looking society or individual, is, to all intents and purposes, dead and buried. "Where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also," and if both thy treasure and thy heart are buried in the past, then thou art in the tomb, even though thou know it not. It was no cynic who first said: "Let the dead past bury the dead."

* * * *

SECONDLY, we are—not merely by accident of birth, but by conviction—Americans. This cardinal principle was also expressed by Father Hecker: "So far as is compatible with faith and piety, I am for accepting the American civilization, with its usages and customs. Leaving aside other reasons, it is the only way by which Catholicity can become the religion of our people. The character and spirit of our people must find themselves at home in our Church in the way those of other nations have done; and it is on this basis alone that the Catholic Church can make progress in this country." . . .

The reason given by Father Hecker, "leaving aside other reasons," may seem to be a reason of expediency, but it is, none the less, a good apostolic principle. It is a truism that we can do little, if any good, for a people whom we do not love. If we were publishing a magazine or preaching the Gospel in China, we should try to love the Chinese: if in Japan, the Japanese: if in Tierra del Fuego, we should, as far as possible, develop an affection for the unfortunate natives of that desolate region. We think that St. Paul was able to make himself "all things to all men," because he loved all men.

Some years ago, we met the Bishop of Hakodate, who had at that time labored in Japan for twenty-five years. We inquired his opinion concerning the judgments sometimes passed upon the Japanese people; that they are dishonest and "immoral" beyond others, and that they are a "race of agnostics." "Not in my province," he answered quickly. "My Japanese are a simple, innocent, lovable people." We loved and admired him for that statement. St. Francis Xavier would have said the same thing.

But, fortunately, we do not have to learn to love America and the American people. To paraphrase a line from Boyle O'Reilly, we "would rather live in America than in any other land." That will sound decidedly "Main Street" to the sophisticated, who enjoy the anti-American tirades of H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, and perhaps to many others who have recently learned to affect a contempt for all things American. Be it so; we repeat that a sincere love and admiration for America

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is one of the corner-stone principles upon which THE CATHOLIC WORLD has built, and will continue to build.

* * * *

THERE are other principles to which we adhere. They will appear from time to time in these pages, either explicitly or implicitly. But let us conclude with the most important of all principles, not peculiarly our own, but which we share with all Catholic publications. We give them in Father Hecker's words:

> To practise absolute and unswerving loyalty to the authority of the Church, whenever and wherever expressed, as God's authority upon earth, and for all time.
>
> To seek, in the same dispositions, the true spirit of the Church, and to be unreservedly governed by it as the wisdom of the Most High.
>
> In the midst of the imperfections, abuses, scandals, of the human side of the Church, never to allow ourselves to think or express a word which might seem to place a truth of the Catholic faith in doubt or to savor of the spirit of disobedience.
>
> With all this in view, to be the most earnest and ardent friend of all true progress, and to work with all our might for its promotion through existing authorities and organizations.

TO resume the comparison between our times and centuries that have passed. We confess that we have little sympathy with the lament of the anti-moderns, "There never was a time like this." We believe that, but in the sense in which they do not mean it. We have, indeed, "troubles of our own," but, if there is any consolation in comparisons, the ages that have gone have had worse troubles than ours.

We may lament that when the nations met at Versailles to reconstruct a badly damaged world, the fate of civilization was in the hands of such a group as Clémenceau, Orlando, Lloyd George, and the unhappy Mr. Wilson.

It would have been more desirable, of course, if we could have had a reincarnate Gladstone, Chatham, Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington. But we might have fared worse. If we had "summoned spirits from the vasty deep," Pluto might have sent us Talleyrand, and Metternich and Frederick the Great, and Napoleon Bonaparte. But the Lord saved us from such as these.

* * * *

THERE are those who attribute most of the political misfortunes of recent days to the Kaiser. But the Kaiser, with all his faults, is a better man than his forbears, Frederick Barbarossa

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and Henry IV. The mediæval Hohenstaufens caused more calamity than the modern Hohenzollerns. The Poles think, rightly enough, that they were most outrageously treated by Von Hindenburg. But, if they will consult their own traditions, they will recall that, compared with the Tartars of the thirteenth century, who devastated, and all but depopulated, whole provinces, Von Hindenburg was a mild-mannered gntleman.

The Belgians execrate Von Kluck. But the Irish could tell them that, in contrast with Cromwell, Von Kluck was as a dove, or a suckling babe. "Atrocities" were more atrocious, and more frequent, in the "good old days."

We all are inclined to imagine that the recent war was the "worst ever." Perhaps so, but let us not forget that mediæval and ancient wars were generally pressed to the point of the extermination, or at least the decimation, of a conquered people. In former times, the Allies would have devastated Germany. In the Thirty Years' War, in the seventeenth century, fifteen millions in Germany alone were killed, directly or indirectly.

Or take the greatest present worry of our statesmen, Bolshevism. It is an ugly phenomenon, but there have been worse in times past. Our Bolsheviki are, thus far, pretty well confined within the boundaries of one country, or two. But in the fifth and sixth and seventh century, the original Bolsheviki, the barbarians, were trampling over every country in Europe. We have Lenine and Trotzky. In those days they had Attila and Alaric and Genseric; to say nothing of Mohammed and the Moslems.

* * * *

TAKE moral and social conditions. Our day is not without its vices. Some observers think that we are decadent. But morally sick as we are, we are healthier than ancient Corinth, or mediæval Florence, or Paris in the days when courtesans ruled the kings.

In our generation there is not a little of infidelity—not heresy merely, or indifference—but sheer infidelity. But we have no Voltaire, and no Nietzsche. Here in America, we have not even an adequate successor to Bob Ingersoll.

Again, we hear the modern alarmists complaining of what they call "infiltration of paganism" into Christianity. We wonder what they would have made of the deeply paganized Christianity of the Renaissance, when, under the intoxication of the New Learning, men called God Jupiter, confounded Christ with Apollo, and made none too clear the distinction between the Blessed Virgin and Venus. If our modern reformers, even Catholics, were confronted with the conditions that faced Savonarola,

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they would be driven to schism or to suicide. If they were face to face with the world of St. Catharine of Siena, as depicted in her *Dialogue,* they would have gone mad.

* * * *

INCIDENTALLY, it may be recalled, that the Catholic religion always survived these various crises. The Church always extricated herself from those "impossible" situations. She saved not only herself, but civilization. And she is not particularly frightened by our comparatively trivial modern crises. Conditions have always been bad. But they always become better. Our readers remember the story of the pessimist, who, during an unusually protracted "spell" of bad weather, exclaimed petulantly: "Is it ever going to clear!" "It always did," said the optimist.

* * * *

HOWEVER, that is aside from the point. We were considering the lament of those who cry: "There never was a time like this." Perhaps not, but again and again, there have been times worse than this.

Therefore, we do not believe in whining and groaning about the sins of the modern world. The world may be in a bad way, but we cannot cure it by telling it that it is about to die. Our modern civilization may be, to a degree, hysterical, but we shall not cure it with more hysteria.

* * * *

HERE is a curious anomaly. We Catholics are more hopeful for modern civilization than are they who built modern civilization. We cannot be said to be the creators of the modern system, yet we do not consider it altogether hopeless. We believe that the world has a future. Many of the "moderns" hardly dare believe as much. We are more modern than the moderns. H. G. Wells, for example, seems to have an actual fear that the world is to be utterly destroyed and that we are doomed to another thousand years of barbarism. Here in America we have been deluged of late with visitors and lecturers from Europe, and almost all of them have been prophets of doom. We rather imagined that they were only trying to give us a bit of a fright. They had an "axe to grind." They wanted us to go into the League. They wanted us to cancel their debt. So they tried to make us think that conditions over there were desperate. So we thought. But it seems that they really mean what they say. They truly dread the probability of the dissolution of the entire political and social system. Now, they were the creators of that system and, until recently, they were very boastful about it. But they have

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lost confidence in the work of their own hands. They fear that the elements that were meant to upbuild civilization, may bring about its destruction. Steam, electricity, high power explosives, may be used constructively or destructively, and it seems that their destructive use may outrun their constructive use. The chemists and the electricians may turn out to be worse enemies of civilization than the Vandals, the Goths, and the original Huns. The Frankenstein fantasy threatens to become a reality.

* * * *

IT is odd, in these circumstances, to find Christians of the old tradition saying to the authors of modern civilization: "O ye of little faith." We Catholics, who believe in the spiritual and the supernatural, were left out of the scheme created by the scientists, but now they may soon call us in again. They were the creators of modern society. We shall be its saviors. Of course, to save it, we shall have to depaganize it. Readers of Hilaire Belloc will remember how powerfully and how ingeniously he maintains the thesis that the ancient Roman civilization was never really destroyed by the barbarians. It was Christianized, and thus saved from annihilation. If modern civilization is in danger of dissolution, the Church will doubtless be expected to repeat the process, and save the world.

IN view of the hubbub created by Clare Sheridan's interview with Rudyard Kipling, one may reasonably ask: "Is Kipling merely an isolated jingo, or is he the voice of John Bull?" If he speaks only for himself, why pay so much attention to him? But when Kipling speaks, he is answered by Clémenceau, Geddes, Weeks, Borah, and half a dozen other leading United States Senators; by practically all the newspapers in this country and by the greatest of the foreign journals. Yet he has no official position. He is no statesman. He is not even an historian. He is, as the politicians would say, a "mere" novelist and poet. Then why is he taken so seriously? We think the answer is that the whole world supposes Kipling to be the mouthpiece of the great mass of the people of England. If that supposition is justified, the interview, even though it be disowned, is of momentous importance.

THE most famous of the phrases coined by H. G. Wells, in fact, the résumé of his philosophy is "the race between education and catastrophe." If the fate of civilization depends on that race, we Catholics are certainly doing all in our power to help Educa-

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tion to win. In New York City alone there are more than one hundred and fifty-five thousand children in our parochial schools. In all the nation there are nearly two millions. It would cost the public schools nearly two hundred million dollars to educate those two million children. It costs us more than forty million dollars, in addition to the tax levied upon us for the public schools. Even so, we think it worth the price, for we entertain a conviction that the kind of education we provide is the only kind that will ward off "catastrophe."

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

VOL. CXVI. NOVEMBER, 1922. No. 692.

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(The Paulist Fathers)

New York:
THE OFFICE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD,
120-122 West 60th Street.

Price, 40 Cents—$4.00 Per Year

DEALERS SUPPLIED BY THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

N.B.—The postage on "THE CATHOLIC WORLD" to Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, and Italy is 5 cents per copy.

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Entered as second class matter July 8, 1879, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 9, 1918.

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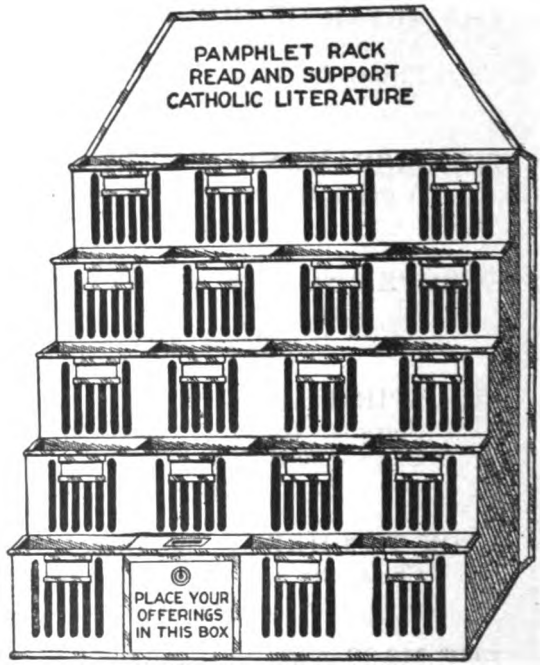
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WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I. THE YOUTH OF THE CHURCH.

UNTIL about the end of the nineteenth century, a man was expected to give his reasons for joining the Catholic Church. Today a man is really expected to give his reasons for not joining it. This may seem an exaggeration; but I believe it to stand for a subsconscious truth in thousands of minds. As for the fundamental reasons for a man doing it, there are only two that are really fundamental. One is that he believes it to be the solid objective truth, which is true whether he likes it or not; and the other that he seeks liberation from his sins. If there be any man for whom these are not the main motives, it is idle to inquire what were his philosophical or historical

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We know that the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will rejoice with us in the fact that we commence, in this number, a series of articles by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, on his recent conversion. For many years, we have considered him as a near neighbor and a good friend. But now he has become "one of the family." In the Editorial Comment of last month, we said, among other things, that there are those "who think of the Catholic Church merely as 'the old Church.' But the miracle of the Church is that she is the oldest and the youngest." It gives us a particular joy to have Mr. Chesterton mention this "miracle" as one of the "strongest of all the purely intellectual forces that dragged him towards the truth." All Catholics will welcome him to the Fold, but we think that none can greet him more cordially than those who enjoy THE CATHOLIC WORLD. For we and he are of the same spirit. The articles will be published synchronously in America and in England. On the other side of the ocean they will run in *Blackfriars*.

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or emotional reasons for joining the old religion; for he has not joined it at all.

But a preliminary word or two may well be said about the other matter; which may be called the challenge of the Church. I mean that the world has recently become aware of that challenge in a curious and almost creepy fashion. I am literally one of the least, because one of the latest, of a crowd of converts who have been thinking along the same lines as I. There has been a happy increase in the number of Catholics; but there has also been, if I may so express it, a happy increase in the number of non-Catholics; in the sense of conscious non-Catholics. The world has become conscious that it is not Catholic. Only lately it would have been about as likely to brood on the fact that it was not Confucian. And all the array of reasons for not joining the Church of Rome marked but the beginning of the ultimate reason for joining it.

At this stage, let it be understood, I am speaking of a reaction and rejection which was, as mine would once have been, honestly, if conventionally, convinced. I am not speaking now of the stage of mere self-deception or sulky excuses; though such a stage there may be before the end. I am remarking that even while we truly think that the reasons are reasonable, we tacitly assume that the reasons are required. Far back at the beginning of all our changes, if I may speak for many much better than myself, there was the idea that we must have reasons for not joining the Catholic Church. I never had any reasons for not joining the Greek Church, or the religion of Mahomet, or the Theosophical Society, or the Society of Friends. Doubtless, I could have discovered and defined the reasons, had they been demanded; just as I could have found the reasons for not going to live in Lithuania, or not being a chartered accountant, or not changing my name to Vortigern Brown, or not doing a thousand other things that it had never occurred to me to do. But the point is, that I never felt the presence or pressure of the possibility at all; I heard no distant and distracting voice calling me to Lithuania or to Islam; I had no itch to explain to myself why my name was not Vortigern, or why my religion was not Theosophy. That sort of presence and pressure of the Church I believe to be universal and ubiquitous today; not only among Anglicans,

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but among Agnostics. I repeat that I do not mean that they have no real objections; on the contrary, I mean that they have begun really to object; they have begun to kick and struggle.

One of the most famous modern masters of fiction and social philosophy, perhaps the most famous of all, was once listening to a discussion between a High Church curate and myself about the Catholic theory of Christianity. About half-way through it, the great novelist began to dance wildly about the room with characteristic and hilarious energy, calling out, "I'm not a Christian! I'm not a Christian!" flapping about like one escaped as from the net of the fowler. He had the sense of a huge vague army making an encircling movement, and heading him and herding him in the direction of Christianity, and ultimately Catholicism. He felt he had cut his way out of the encirclement, and was not caught yet. With all respect for his genius and sincerity, he had the air of one delightedly doing a bolt, before anybody could say to him: "Why do we not join the Catholic Church?"

Now, I have noted first this common consciousness of the challenge of the Church, because I believe it to be connected with something else. That something else is the strongest of all the purely intellectual forces that dragged me towards the truth. It is not merely the survival of the faith, but the singular nature of its survival. I have called it by a conventional phrase "the old religion." But it is not an old religion; it is a religion that refuses to grow old. At this moment of history, it is a very young religion; rather especially a religion of young men. It is much newer than the new religions; its young men are more fiery, more full of their subject, more eager to explain and argue than were the young Socialists of my own youth. It does not merely stand firm like an old guard; it has recaptured the initiative, and is conducting the counter-attack. In short, it is what youth always is rightly or wrongly; it is aggressive. It is this atmosphere of the aggressiveness of Catholicism that has thrown the old intellectuals on the defensive. It is this that has produced the almost morbid self-consciousness of which I have spoken. The converts are truly fighting, in those words which recur like a burden at the opening of the Mass, for a thing which giveth joy to their youth. I cannot understand how this

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unearthly freshness in something so old can possibly be explained, except on the supposition that it is indeed unearthly.

A very distinguished and dignified example of this paganism at bay is Mr. W. B. Yeats. He is a man I never read or hear without stimulation; his prose is even better than his poetry, and his talk is even better than his prose. But exactly in this sense he is at bay; and indeed especially so; for, of course, the hunt is up in Ireland in much fuller cry than in England. And if I wanted an example of the pagan defense at its best, I could not ask for a clearer statement than the following passage from his delightful memoirs in the *Mercury;* it refers to the more mournful poems of Lionel Johnson and his other Catholic friends:

> I think it (Christianity) but deepened despair and multiplied temptation. . . . Why are these strange souls born everywhere today, with hearts that Christianity, as shaped by history, cannot satisfy? Our love letters wear out our love; no school of painting outlasts its founders, every stroke of the brush exhausts the impulse; pre-Raphaelitism had some twenty years; Impressionism, thirty, perhaps. Why should we believe that religion can never bring round its antithesis? Is is true that our air is disturbed, as Mellarmé said, "by the trembling of the veil of the temple," or "that our whole age is seeking to bring forth a sacred book?" Some of us thought that book near towards the end of last century, but the tide sank again.

Of course, there are many minor criticisms of all this. The faith only multiplies temptation in the sense that it would multiply temptation to turn a dog into a man. And it certainly does not deepen despair, if only for two reasons; first, that despair to a Catholic is itself a spiritual sin and blasphemy; and, second, that the despair of many pagans, often including Mr. Yeats, could not possibly be deepened. But what concerns me in these introductory remarks, is his suggestion about the duration of movements. When he gently asks why Catholic Christianity should last longer than other movements, we may well answer even more gently: "Why, indeed?" He might gain some light on why it should, if he would begin by inquiring why it does. He seems curiously

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unconscious that the very contrast he gives is against the case he urges. If the proper duration of a movement is twenty years, what sort of a movement is it that lasts nearly two thousand? If a fashion should last no longer that Impressionism, what sort of a fashion is it that lasts about fifty times as long? Is it just barely conceivable that it is not a fashion?

But it is exactly here that the first vital consideration recurs; which is not merely the fact that the thing remains, but the manner in which it returns. By the poet's reckoning of the chronology of such things, it is amazing enough that one such thing has so survived. It is much more amazing that it should have not survival, but revival, and revival with that very vivacity for which the poet admits he has looked elsewhere, and admits being disappointed when he looked elsewhere. If he was expecting new things, surely he ought not to be indifferent to something that seems unaccountably to be as good as new. If the tide sank again, what about the other tide that obviously rose again? The truth is that, like many such pagan prophets, he expected to get something, but he certainly never expected to get what he got. He was expecting a trembling in the veil of the temple; but he never expected that the veil of the most ancient temple would be rent. He was expecting the whole age to bring forth a sacred book; but he certainly never expected it to be a Mass book.

Yet this is really what has happened, not as a fancy or a point of opinion, but as a fact of practical politics. The nation to which his genius is an ornament has been filled with a fury of fighting, of murder and of martyrdom. God knows it has been tragic enough; but it has certainly not been without that religious exaltation that has so often been the twin of tragedy. Everyone knows that the revolution has been full of religion, and of what religion? Nobody has more admiration than I for the imaginative resurrections which Mr. Yeats himself has effected, by the incantation of Celtic song. But I doubt if Deirdre was the woman on whom men called in battle; and it was not, I think, a portrait of Oisin that the Black-and-Tan turned in shame to the wall.

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THE POETRY OF ALICE MEYNELL.

BY RAY EDRIDGE.

WHEN Alice Meynell writes a poem there is a sound in English letters like the clear ringing of her own "Chimes" in a night of clouds and wind: "A verse of bells takes wing, and flies with the cloud." It is a brief, infrequent sound, of quite unmistakable quality, which serves to emphasize the darkness and to contrast sharply with the voices of the wind. Compared to these eerie libertines, it has the reality and the constraint of chimes, telling plainly of time and of the Eternity that enfolds and ends it.

What is this quality? It might seem easy to determine, for Mrs. Meynell has not written much; there is a remarkably even level of excellence throughout her work, and very few atypical poems. Moreover, as she herself says, she is "a poet of one mood:"

> . . . In your ears
> I change not ever, bearing, for my part
> One thought that is the treasure of my years. . . .

Then one should be able to divine that thought and demonstrate the nature of this quality that makes her work unique. So it might seem at first sight. But life defies analysis, and Mrs. Meynell's poems are preëminently living things. Her thought lives in their structure as the soul lives in the body, excelling, informing, but dependent, and the crude dissection of paraphrase leaves but a lifeless platitude.

Her genius was fortunate in its nurture. To that she owes faith, philosophy, exquisite refinement, and, without doubt, many characteristics of the spirit which irradiate her art and are eloquent of the apprenticeship of which she speaks in "A Father of Women." Rarely has careful and devoted master been so rewarded by the event, and not the least of that reward is the filial devotion with which she sings to him:

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O liberal, constant, dear!
Crush in my nature the ungenerous art
Of the inferior; set me high, and here,
Here garner up thy heart.

Thus well equipped, Mrs. Meynell entered the flood-tide of Victorian letters, and was soon recognized as a writer of distinction. Her already trained mind was sharpened by contact with the acknowledged leaders of that day, and it is well for us to hear her when she speaks of those great names, lest we listen too readily to a certain, contemporary, mushroom spirit proffering, with shallow confidence, new lamps for old.

But for all that, those "laboring, vast, Tellurian galleons" were approaching the uncharted seas. That fleet exhibited, it is true, superb, individual seamanship, but ultimate harborage was already deemed doubtful by many, but the sound laws of navigation were written in the heart of the newcomer. Tennyson might "hope to meet" his Pilot; Alice Meynell carried her Pilot aboard, and would keep past question the incalculable tryst. An extraordinary virility characterizes all her work. But perhaps strength is a less invidious word. One remembers the poem, "St. Catherine of Siena," an unanswerable rebuke to any possible vanity of sex.

Thompson, singing of Mrs. Meynell in "Love in Dian's Lap," asks:

How to the petty prison could she shrink
Of femineity?

But this was a qualified utterance and exonerated by the sequel:

Nay, but I think
In a dear courtesy her spirit would
Woman assume for grace to womanhood.

Looking at Sargent's portrait of this wife and mother of a family, with her poetry in our mind, we read in those sad features the burden and the suffering of life borne with a high courage.

Her philosophy is age-old and sure; and it is in the exact

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contemplation of truth in its intellectual, rather than in its emotional, aspect that she finds her happiest, characteristic inspiration. There is a thought ever recurring in this poetry. It appears constantly in the earlier poems, and it has found expression in the latest.[1] We have Quality beleaguered by Numbers and Succession. Essence at the mercy of accident. In a word, we have the soul of man borne down by Time and Change, and at shift to declare its high lineage in the teeth of these vandal conquerors.

Her thought, in varying context, so often gravitates to these considerations, that one may be allowed to guess at some secret of the spirit peculiarly characteristic of Mrs. Meynell. One imagines her on guard in some innermost citadel against the molestations of Time, which, for all their daring intimacy, shall not touch her soul.

"Builders of Ruins" sketches the completeness of Time's conquest over material achievements:

> We build with strength the deep tower wall
> That shall be shattered thus and thus.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And where they wrought, these lives of ours,
> So many worded, many souled,
> A North-West wind will take the towers,
> And dark with color, sunny and cold,
> Will range alone among the flowers.
>
> And here or there, at our desire,
> The little clamorous owl shall sit
> Through her still time; and we aspire
> To make a law (and know not it)
> Unto the life of a wild briar.

Mrs. Meynell accepts this inevitable metamorphosis of the material with folded hands and without bitterness. She will even regard as a benediction such quiet fruition, for the victor brings in his train many things as beautiful as those he has deposed.

> Solace our labors, O our seers
> The seasons, and our bards the days;

1 "Time's Reversals," *London Mercury*, December, 1921.

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And make our pause and silence brim
With the shrill children's play, and sweets
Of those pathetic flowers and dim
Of those eternal flowers my Keats,
Dying, felt growing over him!

Time's ravages of our towers may leave Mrs. Meynell unmoved; but when he lays his hand upon the temple of our flesh, he touches the outposts of the kingdom she so jealously guards, and there is an answering stir of power and a counter-blow that stays the full conquest so long as the singer lives. Memory and Love shall preserve Youth and Beauty from Time's estrangements:

Hide, then, within my heart, oh, hide
All thou art loth should go from thee.
Be kinder to thyself and me.
My cupful from this river's tide
Shall never reach the long sad sea.

But this inexorable assailant presses his war, and the singer contemplates her own penultimate defeat. There can be few sadder poems in our language than "The Letter of a Girl to Her Own Old Age:"

Only one youth, and the bright life was shrouded.
Only one morning, and the day was clouded.
And one old age with all regrets is crowded.

From out that innermost citadel comes a sound of tears.

Mrs. Meynell allows no mention of a larger hope than this life holds, to solace us here. There is a hesitation to credit age with the comforting philosophy of youth. This "Letter" is a tender reaching out of Youth and Joy to Age and Sorrow, and to speak to Age in terms of the hope of untried Youth might seem, too, like presumption:

I have not writ this letter of divining
To make a glory of thy silent pining,
A triumph of thy mute and strange declining.

The declining is still piteous whatever ultimate glory await the fainting traveler.

Thus far, Time has but touched the heart. In "San Lor-

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enzo's Mother," he has pierced it, and out of dereliction there comes the sure and quiet note of the victory that overcometh the world:

> There is One alone Who cannot change;
> Dreams are we, shadows, visions strange;
> And all I give is given to One.
> I might mistake my dearest son.
> But never the Son Who cannot change.

Here is the victory hardly won, and at long last. Many defeats have gone to the making of it, and the heart is old that speaks thus. It is the best that most of us can do: to learn to live when we have all but done with living. But in the sonnet, "The Young Neophyte," an unearthly wisdom crowns our youth, and the triumph is all anticipatory rather than all but retrospective. This sonnet might well be read in conjunction with "The Letter" and the two poems contrasted. In some respects, they are so alike. In both of them, youth looks forward to the day of the faded brow and the feeble knee. In both of them, there is emphasized the idea of abiding identity after much change. Yet the respective notes of the two poems are utterly dissimilar. In the one, there are tears throughout. In the other, a most significant smile. In the one, Youth entreats Age to ponder upon the past. In the other, Youth, with steadfast eyes, gazes beyond the future, ignoring the tapers and trappings of the death chamber itself, and sees that "Son Who cannot change" and Who is the Death of Death and the Ruin of Hell:

> *"O mors, ero mors tua; morsus tuus ero, inferne!"*

Mrs. Meynell often shows us her deepest thought in flashes. In "The Neophyte" this tell-tale thought is but a fleeting parenthesis. But how pregnant and how invaluable!

> O rash! (I smile) to pledge my hidden wheat.

Without that parenthesis, the note of faith would be absent throughout, and the poem, although still beautiful, would have kept wistfully upon the plane of the natural. That little parenthetic touch is the slight movement of strong wings,

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lifting the frail creature into the realm of the supernatural and on to the sure plane of grace.

The transfiguring thought is not always so effortlessly effective, but it always has a quality of suddeness and of the unusual; it cannot be foretold; it comes from a depth deeper than is anticipated. It is not just depth, esoteric, desolate, the achievement of a gifted modern. Where Mrs. Meynell leads, there is nothing formless nor vague. There is clear-cut outline, detail, amplitude, a prepared, familiar region where the singer has dwelt. That exquisite poem, "A Thrush Before Dawn," is a notable example of this phenomenon. Most poets would have been content with the first four stanzas, telling of the pictures conjured up by the singing of:

> That wonderful one, alone, at peace.

Indeed, how could they not be content? What beauty there is in all of them, and, perhaps, especially in the third:

> And first first-loves, a multitude,
> The exaltation of their pain;
> Ancestral childhood long renewed;
> And midnights of invisible rain;
> And gardens, gardens, night and day,
> Gardens and childhood all the way.

Not so Mrs. Meynell. For her there is much more than this:

> All natural things! But more—Whence came
> This yet remoter mystery?
> How do these starry notes proclaim
> A graver still divinity?
> This hope, this sanctity of fear?
> *O innocent throat! O human ear!*

It is this *more* that makes Mrs. Meynell a true seer. She is of the same high company as that poor, great poet whom she so befriended—Francis Thompson. But how different in method! The energy of Thompson's spirit in "dim escalade" of "the deific peaks" wills to escape from and transcend the boundaries of the dimensions. Alice Meynell's thought is a quieter and surer guide to the same remote regions. But for her there is

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no ecstatic straining to escape from her surroundings; the eagle does not "soar to find the air." This created world and its laws are so eloquent of God that to name Him even seems a redundancy. These are His thoughts. The "remoter mystery," evoked by the linking up of the innocent throat and the human ear, was His device from the beginning. In one line, one phrase, one word, unruffled and serene, she reaches:

> . . . the open heavenward plot, with dew,
> Ultimate poetry, enclosed, enskyed—

Her religion and its philosophy breathe through all her poetry; they are as unobtrusive as respiration and as essential. Of the poems dealing with directly religious subjects, it may be said that each is a complete meditation having (which is essential in a meditation) a quality of freshness and of the unusual, enabling the mind to escape from the incubus of familiarity and to re-discover truth.

A recent poem, "Christmas Night," is an instance of this freshness:

> We do not find Him on the difficult earth,
> In surging human kind,
> In wayside death or accidental birth,
> Or in the "march of mind."
>
> Nature, her nests, her prey, the fed, the caught,
> Hide Him so well, so well,
> His steadfast secret there seems to our thought
> Life's saddest miracle.
>
> He's but conjectured in man's happiness,
> Suspected in man's tears,
> Or lurks beyond the long, discouraged guess,
> Grown fainter through the years.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> But absent, absent now? Ah, what is this,
> Near as in child-birth bed,
> Laid on our sorrowful hearts, close to a kiss?
> A homeless, childish head.

A poem such as that has to be read and pondered. The emotion it evokes depends upon the full development of its

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thought. It is slow, but it is cumulative, and in the end it is overwhelming. The fourth verse is found to have the suddenness of the Incarnation and the intimacy of Bethlehem.

The problem of pain is the rock on which many poets have made shipwreck. Not, perhaps, poetic shipwreck. Witness poor Henley standing in the breach against the Infinite:

> Out of the night that covers me,
> Black as the pit from pole to pole,
> I thank whatever gods there be,
> For my unconquerable soul.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
> My head is bloody, but unbowed.

That may be poetry. It *is* poetry, indeed. It is also hysteria and a refusal to recognize spiritual facts.

Francis Thompson epitomizes the test of a really great poet in "The Mistress of Vision:"

> When thy song is shield and mirror
> To the fair, snake-curlèd Pain,
> Where thou dar'st affront her terror
> That on her thou may'st attain
> Perséan conquest; seek no more,
> O seek no more!
> Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region, Elenore.

How Mrs. Meynell passes this test the poem, entitled "Messina, 1908," will show:

> Lord, Thou hast crushed Thy tender ones, o'erthrown
> Thy strong, Thy fair; Thy man Thou hast unmanned,
> Thy elaborate works unwrought, Thy deeds undone,
> Thy lovely, sentient, human plan unplanned;
> Destroyer, we have cowered beneath Thine own
> Immediate, unintelligible hand.
>
> Lord, Thou hast hastened to retrieve, to heal,
> To feed, to bind, to clothe, to quench the brand,
> To prop the ruin, to bless and to anneal;
> Hast sped Thy ships by sea, Thy trains by land,
> Shed pity and tears; our shattered fingers feel
> Thy mediate and intelligible hand.

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And the resignation that finds utterance in that beautiful poem, "To Any Poet," is a last and final tribute to the Divine Will:

> Thou shalt intimately lie
> In the roots of flowers that thrust
> Upwards from thee to the sky,
> With no more distrust,
> When they blossom from thy dust.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Nought will fear thee, humbled creature.
> There shall lie thy mortal burden
> Pressed into the heart of Nature,
> Songless in a garden,
> With a long embrace of pardon.
>
> Then the truth all creatures tell,
> And His will Whom thou entreatest,
> Shall absorb thee; there shall dwell
> Silence, the completest
> Of thy poems, last, and sweetest.
>
> . . . . . .

When we come to consider the form of Mrs. Meynell's poetry, what strikes us most is that such concentration of thought should find entirely adequate expression in comparatively simple forms. I do not for a moment mean to suggest that the framing of the verses could have been a simple matter. Very much the reverse! But, like all great works of art, the final effect is one of completeness and simplicity.

Mrs. Meynell does not base her claim for a hearing on her much speaking. She contents herself with a minimum of words; but they are the right words—the only words possible. Her unerring choice of words is seen most clearly in the categories which are to be found in many of the poems. In "Christ in the Universe," for example:

> Of His earth-visiting feet
> None knows the secret, cherished, perilous,
> The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
> Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

Examine each one of that sequence of attributes, and you will find that you have traveled far in the realm of the spirit

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before you reach the verse's close. That each one of those words should have been chosen for its inevitable rightness, and that there should be at the same time strict obedience to the laws of prosody seems almost a miracle. One feels that Mrs. Meynell would unhesitatingly sacrifice a poem, however perfectly it represented her thought in substance, if it deviated in any way from the rules in its expression.

There you have one example of what was meant by the description, "A Saint of Intellect." To have deep and imperative thought almost compelling utterance, and yet to stand rigidly on the order of its expression, or not express it at all, is an exercise in mortification on the intellectual plane, comparable in its degree to the austerity and detachment of a higher sanctity:

Fiat justitia ruat cœlum!

Indeed, may it not be said without exaggeration that there is a connection between these two austerities? The virtues implied in each case are patience and fidelity. Minds cast in Mrs. Meynell's mold and trained in the school that nurtured her, are apt to have few flaws, they are all of one piece:

> Crush in my nature the ungenerous art
> Of the inferior; set me high—

These virtues, practised in their degree upon the intellectual plane, are not likely to be unrepresented in the spheres more generally associated with sanctity. Like her own Shepherdess:

> She holds her *little* thoughts in sight,
> Though gay they run and leap.
> She is so circumspect and right;
> She has her soul to keep.
> She walks—the lady of my delight—
> A shepherdess of sheep.[2]

But the outraged Spirit of Quantity still pursues his elusive prey, who will escape him to the end. Does one claim a place for Mrs. Meynell amongst the greatest poets? This is a ques-

[2] The italics are my own.

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tion which is sure to be asked. It is, perhaps, natural that it should be asked. "You have made great assertions," says the World. "Your appreciation has been tantamount to saying that there is perfection of substance and perfection of form. Very well, then! Have the courage of your convictions and make the inevitable comparisons. With Shakespeare! With Milton!"

That is the world all over! It is not content that one star should differ from another star in glory. It is more interested in magnitude and its categories. Bludgeon in hand, it demands a crucial numerical test.

The answer is both "yes" and "no." If the test of the greatest poetry lies in the extent to which it appeals to the heart and mind, then emphatically Mrs. Meynell may take her place amongst the greatest. But if there must be universality of appeal, as our Numerical Inquisitor would have it, then the answer must be in the negative. Intellectual appeal is never universal. A poet who stresses thought and curbs emotion can never be popular.

There is a certain saying of Pope Pius X. which would serve as a superscription to all Mrs. Meynell's work. Speaking to the students of the Scotch College in Rome, this venerable and saintly Pontiff said: "Obey your collegiate rules; for in rules there is order—in order there is peace—and in peace there is God."

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IRELAND—1922.

BY SHANE LESLIE.

BETWIXT the hills of grief and death,
  She moves upon her thornclad road;
For others peace and wealth, God saith,
  For her the rod, the Cross, the load.

"Oh, Holy Mother, bloody dew
  Drips down your cheeks for us who sinned,
Hear you not Mary calling you,
  And Heaven's anguish in the wind?"

Dark women touch your robe of gold
  And kiss the silver dust away;
They keened by Calvary Hill of old,
  They watched through Crucifixion Day.

"Oh, black-robed women, widowed ones!
  Who sit at every river ford;
You wring the shrouds of brothers, sons,
  You washed the Body of the Lord!"

The ghosts of all the starved and slain
  Rise from their graves about her head;
Her martyrs, prophets in their pain,
  The phantoms of her lovers dead.

"Oh, Ireland, thou art set with few
  To bear world's woe like Sorrow's star;
Yet faintly Heaven weeps for you
  And Mary cries unseen afar!"

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THE FREEDOM OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

BY PATRICK J. WARD.

AMONG the masses of the people of all countries there exists a common sympathy, more marked with the passage of time and the progress of civilization, which has reached the first period of maturity as the result of the recent world conflict. Everywhere the "people" have had a continuous struggle with the forces of ascendancy and reaction—a never-ending fight to progress. It is an instinct in mankind, from the savage in the wilds of Africa or the aborigine of Australia to the most cultured and enlightened amongst civilized races, to struggle ever upward and onward according to their respective enlightenment. All have the same God, the same goal, and the same destiny.

At present, when Ireland is taking her place on an acknowledged plane as a nation, it is most interesting to make a study of the comparative freedom of the Irish and English peoples now, and at various stages of their history. One is apt to forget that the English people have had their great fight for the right to live, and to be governed according to their own ideals and that, in many respects, the Irish people have been more successful in that fight than the English. It does not matter if they have been deluded into the belief that they are a thoroughly free people. That only makes their awakening more bitter, and the task to free themselves more formidable. False friends are more dangerous than open enemies.

This strikes a chord of sympathy between the Irish and English democracies. The Irish have their faults, but one of their most redeeming characteristics is their willingness to forget, in a moment, the injuries of the past and to hold out the hand of sympathy and help to those less fortunate. Political spite is not an Irish weakness. Patriotism, based on the rotten foundations of racial hatred, is a sham and is utterly opposed to the fundamental principles of freedom and justice. True patriotism is built on good will and good fellowship, and if

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the first sips from the cup of liberty are to make a people drunken with the lust for revenge, they are not fit for freedom, but slavery.

To return to the consideration of the past and present state of English democracy—the truth is they are not as free as they have been led to believe. They were taught to glory in Magna Charta, and in looking back to the thirteenth century their eyes became so strained that, for a period, they were incapable of seeing the awful maze of tyranny about them. Overshadowing their pride in free and representative institutions, has hovered the grim ghoul of reaction and tyranny.

The history of the English people may be broadly divided into three periods. In the first period, up to the thirteenth century, the monarchy was well-nigh absolute, and the people were, in fact, slaves. Up to the reign of Charles I., Parliament had about as much say in the government as the German Reichstag or the Russian Duma before the war. Then came a period of government by the king and his barons, when the condition of the people was unimproved, and, third, there was a gradual transfer of the government to the hands of the barons themselves and, later, to the merchant classes and landed gentry. This last period reaches to our own time, when the people are still looked upon as an incumbrance, dangerous at times, for whom it is necessary to pass occasional laws, either of conciliation or coercion.

The vital consideration in judging the freedom of a people—the hallmark of a free constitution—is the voice of the people in all matters closely affecting their weal and interests, and the most vital consideration affecting those interests is their contribution to and control of the national purse and benefits accruing to them therefrom. It is the first axiom of a free constitution that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and, taking this as a guide, the standard of government of the English people may be judged.

The first manifestation of revolt in England against an unconstitutional tyrant was that of the "people" against King John. The "people" here, however, were only those who then counted—the barons and clergy. The outcome of this revolt was Magna Charta, which laid down what were in those days two great principles of political freedom, namely, that no levy should be made on the people without consent of the common

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council, and that no one should be punished or imprisoned without fair trial. These were not by any means new principles, but it was the first time in England that any body of the people, even an utterly unrepresentative and privileged body, sought to enforce it on its rulers. In spite of this advance, the people gained practically no relief, as is evidenced by frequent outbreaks of rebellion against low wages, unfair conditions, and heavy taxes on the necessaries of life.

In those days, England was an entirely agricultural country, consequently, as far as the great mass of the people was concerned, the land question was the vital one. Other matters, however, engaged the attention of the King and his nobles —the fight for power. What consideration might be expected for the mere people under such conditions?

How did the land question stand? The tillers of the soil were little better than slaves or serfs, bought and sold with the land. At the outset, it is well to remember that the English are a feudal race, unlike the Irish, whose polity was the clan system. Two classes in serfdom had arisen equivalent to the farmer and his laborer. The farmer's conditions were utterly bad, and his laborer's worse. Couple this with starvation and plague, and one will hardly wonder at the frequent outbursts of lawlessness and violence. In 1381, John Bell, the "Mad Priest of Kent," roused the people from their miserable lethargy, sounded the death knell of feudalism in England, and boldly proclaimed the "rights of man." Wat Tyler led the peasants into revolt, but the rebellion was crushed, like many since, by false promises—never intended to be fulfilled.

Turning from the people to those carrying on the government of the country, the first mention in English history of a "parliament" is when the King met his barons in the Mad Parliament of 1258. (In the light of more modern customs, perhaps, it does not seem to have been so mad after all.) It was not until 1265, however, that an assembly approaching a modern parliament was set up. This was Simon de Montfort's parliament—a nominated assembly it is true, but a great step in the right direction, inasmuch as the principle of representative government was here first put into operation. Edward I. developed this principle further in his "Model Parliament" of King, Lords and Commons in 1295. From this, until

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1628, the date of the Petition of Right, a continual struggle was going on between King and Parliament. The names of Pym, Hampden, Hollis, and Vane will ever be associated with the terrific battle against monarchical despotism. The Habeas Corpus Act was about the first legislation that pierced the cordon of privilege and reached the common man. Then came the Bill of Rights, in 1689, embodying and expanding the principles of Magna Charta and the Petition of Right.

It is rather ironical, not to say tragic, that all through this development of the liberty of the subject, the subject in the person of the workingman counted nothing, and benefited nothing. All movements towards economic freedom failed signally in this respect.

In 1695, a great, silent, but far-reaching revolution took place in the abolition of the censorship of the press. In these days, when the columns of the press are open to the most insignificant contributor, one can hardly realize what a rigorous censorship meant—to wit, a political control, such as existed in Russia before revolution and in Great Britain down to the end of the seventeenth century. This freedom, as one would expect, conduced to the spread of education to a limited extent. Other great changes were taking place. The agrarian pursuits of the people were gradually giving way before industrial developments: the introduction of machinery and manufacturing processes. The whole nature and condition of the people was in transformation, but the same results accrued to the masses—poverty and over-taxation, while the grand old fight went on in high places as to who was to have the privilege of imposing the taxes upon them.

From about the middle of the eighteenth century to the early part of the nineteenth, some five million acres of common or enclosed land were transferred from the communities to private owners by Acts of Parliament. This wholesale robbery was done under the cloak of agricultural "improvement," the "improvement" being measured in the increased incomes of the landowners and land-grabbers, while the peasantry were reduced to abject poverty and starvation. It is doubtful if the down-trodden peasantry of Ireland suffered more. The same fight was going on in both England and Ireland: the fight of man for the right to till and gain a sustenance from the soil which the Almighty had placed at his disposal. The

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overwhelming forces of greed and avarice were arrayed against him. As a result of his being driven from the land, out of which he could no longer gain a subsistence, the peasant sought the towns, only to place his neck under the heel of industrial mammon. Denied the right of combination and self-preservation under law, the working people lay at the mercy of landlord and manufacturer. Misery and desolation found an outlet in riot and disorder, the smashing of machinery and the burning of the farmers' haystacks and buildings. By this time, the Government realized that the best method of dealing with widespread outbreaks of this nature, was to concentrate public attention on alluring legislation, and this was done by proposals for parliamentary reform.

At that period the electorate was in such a rotten condition that while places like Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds were without franchise, "representatives," or rather nominees of the landlord and capitalist, occupied seats representing fields, clumps of trees, and derelict houses. To remedy this, the Reform Bill of 1831 was introduced. This has a special interest, because it is in connection with this reform that that time-honored assembly—the House of Lords—bared its teeth against democratic reform. The Bill was rejected once by the House of Commons and twice by the House of Lords in 1831. In 1832, it was again introduced and passed by the Commons, but this time the Lords passed it on the threat of the Government to urge the creation of a large number of Whig peers. Even in this Bill the great mass of the people of the country, who were led to believe that they were to benefit directly by it, were totally excluded.

About this time, after the Act of 1832 had failed to redress their grievances, a movement arose very similar in many respects to agitation then going on in Ireland, namely, the Chartist movement. The failure of trade unionism, after its first outburst of violent activity, reduced the working classes to despair. Agitation arose, and demand for redress was embodied in the People's Charter, a second edition of Magna Charta, but much more practical. It is worth noting that in this movement, as in the Irish national struggle, two sections were operating—one, for constitutional reform, believing that remedial measures could be carried in the ordinary constitutional way, and a physical force party, convinced (and with

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great reason) that the working classes had few if any friends against the legislators of St. Stephen's. As often happens in such a fight, the physical force party soon hammered their brains out against a stone wall, leaving behind a dead, dying, and exhausted mass, prey once more to landlord and capitalist.

Such was the trend of political development of the English people from the earliest times down to what may be called the dawn of contemporary history. Little more than slaves, crushed by ascendancy, despite measures establishing great principles of liberty, the people had no part in their fruits. Ascendancy and the House of Lords are practically synonymous terms, and from the record of the Lords down to the present time, or rather to the rise of the Liberal Party in 1906, one can form an estimate of the extent of freedom the English people have enjoyed.

From the date of the Reform Act down to the present day, there is hardly a single measure tending towards the amelioration of the people which has not been strenuously opposed, in most cases successfully, by the Lords. Any measure which proposed to give the English people, in the slightest degree, control of their own destinies was to the Lords anathema, and was either completely and effectually wrecked, or rendered absolutely useless as a measure of salvation to those for whom it was framed. In modern times, spasmodic efforts of liberal and progressive thought have made themselves felt, but to ascendancy the faintest breath of liberalism was, and is, a symptom of disease to be eradicated as soon as possible. In spite of ascendancy, however, several measures of reform were made law. The two most important were Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1867, the principal provisions of which were to extend the franchise to every rate-paying householder in towns, a reduction of the county franchise to a twelve pound valuation, and the creation of the "lodger" vote. The Reform Act of 1884 extended the franchise to the agricultural laborer.

This gradual extension of the franchise and the cumulative effects of reform could have but one result: to waken the people from their lethargy, lift them up from their miserable position, and make them feel that, after all, they were intended to fill some part in the destinies of their country. Thus

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the nineteenth century may be considered the period of the awakening of the English democracy, and only then did the people of England begin to feel the chains of serfdom and feudalism slacken.

It would take a volume to go into all the progressive measures which have been ruthlessly mutilated and rejected by the Lords. We but mention a few between the years 1869-1874, 1880-1885, and 1892-1895, when a non-reactionary government was in the saddle. These were: The University Tests Bill, Life Peerage Bill, Ballot Bill, Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland), Land (Ireland), Arrears (Ireland), Franchise, Employers' Liability, Parish Councils, Evicted Tenants, Local Government, Education, and Plural Voting Bills. Coming down to the period when the last desperate struggle at close quarters, between Liberal and Reactionary took place, beginning in 1906, when the first democratic government in England came into power, the following Bills were mutilated or rejected: Education, Plural Voting, Town Tenants, A Bill for the Provision of Meals for Poor Children in Schools, Evicted Tenants (Ireland), Scotch Small Landowners, Licensing Bills, and many others.

Now we come to the year which marks the turn of the tide, the year 1909, and the incident, the rejection of Lloyd George's revolutionary Budget, a rejection which was a gross violation of the principles of Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, and Bill of Rights. The champions of democracy, with unerring judgment, laid their cause before the people, crushed for centuries under the heel of despotism and oppression. The people, gulled by false promises and alluring and deceptive legislation, suddenly found themselves in the position of judge, to pronounce the sentence which would sweep away for ever the evil power of the House of Lords. The Veto Act has put a curb upon ruthless interference with the causes of the people. Under this Act, the people settled their right of control over taxation as laid down in the aforesaid Charters, the House of Commons to have the power to pass over the head of the Lords, a Bill twice presented by the Commons and twice rejected by the Upper Chamber, and returned for a third time to the Commons substantially as it left the latter.

Now, turn to Ireland, and contemplate her position all these centuries. What part has she played in the great battle

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of democratic progress? It is no exaggeration to say that the battle of English democratic liberty has been fought and won, literally, on the soil of Ireland, for the break in the "line" of Irish landlordism was a serious breach in the outer defences of ascendancy in England. Just as the destinies of the great nations of the world were molded on the fields of Belgium; just as Belgium bore the heat and the brunt of the battle and formed a turning point in the gigantic struggle, so it is Ireland's heroic struggle that today has placed in the hands of the English people the key to their own emancipation. Ireland has swept away for good the power for evil of the landlord, and, in doing so, placed the English farmer and artisan in a position to meet, engage, and overcome the army of Privilege and Capital.

And what return has Ireland asked for all this? She sought no favor, but claimed justice and right. She claims her fair share in the fruits of emancipation. The English democracy, now that the veil of racial distrust and misunderstanding has been torn away, has recognized that claim. And what does the future hold in store for the democracies of the two countries? Out on the battlefields of France and Belgium, Irish Catholic and Irish Protestant, without class distinction, were intrenched side by side with Englishmen of all creeds and classes, leavened with the flower of American democracy. Out of the cleansing fires of mutual suffering will arise true national unity, good fellowship, and an Empire of free self-governing and independent citizens, ruled according to their own aspirations and ideals.

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GOD'S LOVER FORSAKES THE WORLD.

BY CARYL COLEMAN.

THE fourteenth century in England was an age of disintegration and unrest, a period when the authority of both Church and State was questioned—a questioning which brought into being the insurrections and riots that marked its closing years, and from which were born the predisposing causes that ultimately led to the great apostasy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It was a period of oppressive laws and ruinous taxation, of abuse of patronage and dispensation, of augmented traffic in clerical temporalities and greater toleration of pluralism; there was great poverty and suffering among the lower classes, and equally great luxury and extravagance among people of rank and wealth.

The entire population seems to have been possessed with a restlessness that continuously clamored for greater justice. This disquietude was kept alive and intensified by the lukewarmness and negligence of many of the parochial clergy. To make matters worse, England was ravaged, in 1347, by the Black Death—a terrible pestilence which swept a considerable proportion of the inhabitants, especially the agrarian population, from off the land. This increased the moral laxity, leaving the entire country in so a ruinous state there was hardly a walk of life that did not need to be built anew.

Nevertheless, the century was also a period of deep religious thought, of vigorous awakening to greater spiritual activity. A more urgent thirst for Christian perfection possessed many souls, who accepted the penitential life as the way thereto. A number of men and women, impelled both by the calamitous condition of society and by the desire for God, drew themselves in true humility from the world, and became anchorets and anchoresses.

Many of these students of their own souls, who made prayer and mortification the foundation stones of their lives,

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and their will God's will, reached great perfection. Certain writings of these fourteenth century English mystics have survived the ravages of time and neglect, and escaped the ruthlessness and vandalism of the sixteenth century, only, however, to be lost to sight for years, if not forgotten. An exception must be made of Walter Hilton's *Scale of Perfection* (A. D. 1395). This profound work, one of the first books printed in England from movable type, luckily passed through a number of editions before the advent of Elizabeth's drastic laws against publishing, circulating, or even possessing, a Catholic book. It was the only printed guide to the mystical life available to English-speaking Catholics, until the publication, in the seventeenth century, of the venerable Augustine Baker's *Sancta Sophia.*

Within the last few years, certain scholars and antiquarians have unearthed other writings of the mystics of the fourteenth century, and have published them, not for their religious value, but because of their importance in the development of the English language and literature. Catholics, however, will find in these publications, matters of greater moment than their material help in philological and literary research, for here we have marvelous expositions of the art in which God is all in all, and everything else is to be estimated only in relation to God—a logical answer to a natural need of the soul: the constant craving of the human heart for self-escape into something higher. St. Augustine's familiar prayer, "O God, Thou has made us for Thyself and our heart is restless until it finds rest in Thee," is echoed by one of these fourteenth century mystics: "Man's soul is the taker of God only, anything less than God cannot fill it."

One and all, these authors held the way of spiritual perfection to be, of necessity, always accompanied with a will gladly to accept all things, things displeasing as well as pleasing, together with a resolute determination to serve God out of pure love. "Going," as one of them said, "out of our own nature and identifying ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own; seeking no personal advantage, loving all God loves, and setting no bounds to this love, recognizing that it is one of the properties of love to love what is loved by the person we love." In other words, they hold, with St. Thomas, that "in love the whole

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spiritual life of man consists," and, with the Beloved Disciple, that "he that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."

Their understanding of mysticism may be briefly stated as a love-illuminated quest of the soul to unite itself with the Ultimate Reality: as a method of life by which the human spirit comes to an intrinsic knowledge of Jesus, a knowledge not attained merely by such acts of virtue and worship as are of strict obligation for all Christians, but by dying to sensibilities, by focusing the powers of the soul upon self-conquest and self-surrender to the action of grace, doing all with purity and directness of intention, humility, and love—a love springing from the intelligence, and directed always by Faith. The memory and the will play the most important part in the quest, and the understanding a minor one, as if it were necessary, first, to perceive by love before comprehending by intelligence. "The seeking is with the heart, the asking is with the heart, the knocking is with the heart, the opening is to the heart," said St. Augustine. Hence, to these mystics the process was not analytical, but synthetical: aiming never to deal with anything outside of God, to live and move and have the soul well within the circle of His grace, the will in unison with His will, and stripped of the I and me and mine. Knowledge of the Divine Will was built on constant contemplation of Emmanuel, by earnest endeavor to lead one life with Him, by bathing the soul, through the Eucharistic Sacrament, in the Precious Blood, striving to immerse it in the Heart of the Crucified, so as to say, with St. Paul: "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Among these fourteenth century English author-mystics there was a lay-hermit, a man of singular merit and singleness of purpose, of preëminent talent and intense piety, one Richard Rolle, a Yorkshireman, born in the year 1300 at Thornton in the North Riding. He was, withal, a gifted and prolific writer both in prose and verse, seeking solely to bring knowledge of the spiritual life to the souls of his contemporaries. He entered Oxford when he was little more than a boy, and, in all likelihood, became a member of Merton College, which at that time was the college *par excellence* of the University. Scholastic philosophy and logic formed its chief study.

Rolle, although he knew full well that these subjects taught truth, yet knew also they alone "did not reach that

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truth wherein is the soul's safety, without which whatever is is vain." Therefore, from the first, he mistrusted merely intellectual teaching, and, above all, metaphysical and logical hair-splitting over questions of no vital importance. He never grew in sympathy with Oxford's scholastic atmosphere, never took an interest at any time in its academic politics, none whatsoever in the daily disputes of his fellow-collegians over the definitions of Merton's greatest scholar—Duns Scotus. On the contrary, this constant wrangling over questions he thought unimportant, disgusted him. In fact, the whole tone of the University shocked his childlike faith and intimate realization of the supernatural. So, after a while, seeing no way, amid the dry formalism and the disputation of the Schools and the low spirituality of the scholastic body, to attain his religious aspirations and ideals, he left Oxford without taking a degree. He evidently preferred being good to being learned, holding then, and ever after, "that virtue was paramount to all else in life, and that an old wife is often more expert in God's love and less attached to worldly pleasure, than many a great divine, whose study is often in vain, not knowing what such a love means, not feeling the sweetness of the eternal joy of God's love, he studies that he may appear in the eyes of men glorious and so become known and may get rents and dignities; which is worthy to be held a fool and not a wise man."

When Rolle shook the dust of Oxford from off his feet, it is plain that his clean and humble heart detested the duplicity of intention, the pride of opinion, which permeated the University, and that he fully grasped the true value of God's love in contradistinction to that of learning or rank. Apparently, although a mere lad, only nineteen years of age, he knew full well that worldly success and the glories

> Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams
> And shadows soon decaying.

Therefore, it is not surprising that almost immediately on reaching his home, he turned his thoughts to the higher life. In all sincerity of heart, he rejected the allurements of the world, closed his eyes to the enticing visions of youth, and was moved solely by the love of God to choose a life of prayer and

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contemplation, in which he "believed that sweet and devout love melts the heart of God's sweetness, so that the will of man is made one with the Will of God in wonderful friendship." With Rolle, it was seemingly a return of love for love. It sprung from a clear recognition of his dependence as a creature upon his Creator and upon remembering, as Richard of St. Victor put it, "that Christ ministered to men by His death, in which He labored for them lest they should labor; and bore a temporal, lest they should suffer an eternal pain."

For some time after leaving Oxford, Rolle lived at home, in his father's house, hesitating just what he should make of himself, continually yearning for the life of a hermit, feeling confident that it would best make his soul a fit dwelling place for God's love.

In the eyes of his family, he was wasting his time; they could not understand why he did not finish his collegiate studies, or at least settle down to some regular form of life. To become a hermit was the height of foolishness to them, and quite out of the question. So great became their opposition, that at last it drove him from home and forced him to take refuge with nearby and sympathetic neighbors, who gladly gave him shelter and food—two of the younger members of the family had been classmates with him at Oxford. The head of the family, the father, Sir Richard Dalton, and also his wife, were kind to this very young and comely seeker after a vocation. They greatly valued his knowledge of things spiritual. Indeed, they induced their parish priest to call upon him to preach to the people from the parish pulpit. And, later, because of his prudence and understanding of the inner life, he became, layman as he was, the spiritual director of a number who aimed at the high life of the soul, in particular one Margaret Kirby, a recluse, for whom he wrote a tract on the spiritual life: *The Form of Perfect Living.*[1]

The days of Rolle's uncertainty and doubt as to his true vocation was not time lost, as he made great progress in spiritual perfection and self-knowledge; nevertheless, it was a period of unrest and perplexity, of bitter strife with temptations; a wandering here and there, to all appearance without

[1] This has been preserved to us in several manuscripts, and was first printed in 1895 by Professor Horstman in his "Library of Early English Writers" and, recently (1920), has been most beautifully rendered into modern English by Geraldine E. Hodgson and published by Thomas Baker of London.

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stability of purpose, finding nowhere rest for either soul or body. His uncertain way of life called forth much adverse criticism, and even more so his teaching, which struck at the very root of the so-called wisdom of the worldly wise. His fellow-laymen looked upon him as a fool; the clergy questioned his authority to instruct others in matters spiritual; while scholars of all degrees "ridiculed his authorship and scorned his inadequacy in things dialectic." Yet, in spite of his perplexity of soul, in spite of disquietude from within and carping from without, he persevered in his quest for a fuller knowledge of God's will, feeling it to be of little profit to have been born and redeemed, unless the soul was illumined by the Holy Spirit on its journey to the object of its creation. To Rolle the opinion of men mattered not; he knew that many despised him, and he admitted freely, in his humility, that they were right, for he knew his own deficiencies better than they did. So, undisturbed, he pursued his own way, abiding his time, ceasing not, he tells us, "from those things that were profitable to my soul; truly, I used more prayer, and ever found God favorably—and in process of time great profit in spiritual joy was given me."

Some three years after leaving Oxford he settled down to a hermit life at Hampole, near Doncaster, in Yorkshire, in the neighborhood of a Cistercian Nunnery, where he remained for twenty-nine years, until his death on the twenty-ninth of September, 1349. In all probability, he laid down his life while ministering to the victims of the Black Death, a service which he had commended and called "the precious ointment with which a hallowed soul is best anointed and made fair with God's love."

In the eyes of Richard Rolle, as in those of St. Peter Damian, no life compared with that of a hermit, which was "so straight, so sure, so unimpeded, so free from occasions of sin, and in which could be cultivated the greater number of virtues by which God may be pleased." Even in his Oxford days, knowing that reason alone could not fathom the nature of God or bring man to salvation, the whole tenor of his thoughts was towards a life of mortification and prayer, love and meditation, an opening of the soul to the action of grace. Later, when he returned home, he became convinced that the most direct way to companionship with God was that of a

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hermit: a life given, day and night, to contemplation and penance, making the soul fallow ground for the grace of the love of Christ.

The first and final steps he took in casting away all things that kept him from the eremitical life, in making the whole world an exile and the will of God the sole object of his activity, he fully describes in his works: *The Fire of Love* and *The Mending of Life.*[2]

Because of the extreme sanctity of Rolle's life many regarded him as a saint. The Cistercian nuns, his neighbors, who witnessed his life and greatly profited by his spiritual direction, compiled after his death an office for the *Feast of St. Richard, Hermit,* anticipating that he would be canonized.

Nothing selfish or willful actuated Rolle in becoming a hermit. He aimed not only at attaining the higher life of the soul individually, but also at leading others to the same Christian perfection, both in and out of the cloister, by example, by writing books upon the ascetic life, by composing songs for popular use on the *Passion and Love of Jesus.* In all of this, he was more than successful; his example was followed, his writings were read far and near, and his songs were sung all over England, and he became of great moment in the spiritual life of his contemporaries. And now, five hundred years after his death, his writings bid fair to be once more a power for good, because this mystic was never vague or unintelligible, but simple and direct, the very embodiment of ascetical common sense.

Rolle's earliest venture in authorship, outside of his lengthy epistle to his beloved friend, the recluse, Margaret Kirby, and his no less interesting letter to a Benedictine nun, *I slepe and my hert wakes,* was a twofold rendition of the Book of Psalms into the vernacular, one in verse and the other in prose. Shortly after, he gave to the English-speaking world, translations from the Latin works of St. Bonaventure, a writer who materially influenced his way of life and whose teaching in the way of spiritual perfection, he closely followed. About the same time, he translated the *Benjamin Minor* of the Scotch mystic, Richard of St. Victor; and, later, extracts from the writings of Peter of Blois, the friend of Henry II., wrongly credited by many with having coined the word, *transub-*

[2] Both of these books were published in 1914 by Methuen & Co., London.

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stantiation. After this, he composed and published in quick succession, many original treatises, moral tracts, devotions, letters, epigrams, and poetry, both lyrical and didactic. His versatility and industry was remarkable; he wrote equally well in prose or verse, in Latin or English; and all of his writings are marked by practical sense, and originality of thought. His Latin is often incorrect, that is, not classical, yet it was essentially the Latin of his time, and easily understood; while his English prose, which frequently becomes rhythmical, is wonderfully beautiful. Rolle's shorter poems are ejaculatory and very irregular. Even his longer poems exhibit the same characteristics, and in both he used a great variety of forms: rhyming couplets, six or eight line stanzas, alliterative verse. His hymn, beginning "My trewest tresowre," has been very much praised by modern critics. One of them goes so far as to say, "the melody of these lines has never been surpassed," and Professor Saintsbury calls the attention of his readers to the fact that the uncommon rhythm of this poem apparently has influenced the modern poet, Swinburne.

The late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, among his many activities, found time to study the works of Richard Rolle. He was one who, like Rolle, "looked forward rather to the night when no man works, but when he can enjoy what he has learned during the day." Monsignor Benson was particularly interested in Rolle's poems and hymns, and published numbers of them in his little book, *The Love of Jesus.* He modernized them somewhat, it is true. "The utmost," he says, "that I have done to them, even in extreme instances (which are few), is to melt down the old coin and re-issue it in a more current mold." This he did only because he did not wish "to let these treasures rust, unknown except to a few scholars."

In all of Rolle's writings in the vernacular there are many French and Latin words, yet in construction and syntax, in thought and method, in common sense and practicality, they are emphatically English, and very original; nevertheless, he would seem to have been largely influenced by the mystical writings published at the same period in the Netherlands. So strong is the similarity, that whole pages may be found in his works that might have been written by Blessed John of Ruysbroeck. This, however, is not strange, as their aim was the same, as well as their method of life—a "total abandon-

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ment of all self-will and all that touches self," and both were earnest students of St. Bonaventure, holding in common with the Seraphic Doctor, that true spiritual life is a ladder of love by which the soul climbs to the goal of its being: the first rung is good will and the first step is prayer.

Rolle's writings show very clearly the growth and unfolding of his soul and its spiritual development, making plain that he perceived from the first the pivotal truths of the way of holiness: "That every free human act is right and meritorious only when it agrees with the Divine Will and is set in God's love; and that the measure of the soul's love of God is in proportion as it forgets itself, mortifies and sacrifices itself for God, and earnestly yearns and strives for that mystical passion which interweaves divine and human nature." It is plain to be seen that he brought to his chosen vocation a proper foundation upon which to build the hermit life: an unquestioning piety and deep humility, in union with an intimate self-knowledge, a clear understanding of his own imperfections, a complete disfranchisement from personality, from things of the senses, from every thought and affection which was not turned toward God. Apparently, he was able to place his soul in the hands of God, making the words of David his words: "O Lord, unto Thee have I fled! Teach me to do Thy will for Thou art God. Thy good Spirit shall lead me into the right land. Make me to know the way wherein I should walk, for to Thee have I lifted up my soul."

These pages are written in the hope that they may induce many to acquaint themselves with the writings of Richard Rolle—"God's Lover"—a man who in every way lived up to his own definition: "Wherefore whosoever thou mayest be that hopest, that lovest Christ, to this take heed; for if thou yet behold earthly things with delight, and also find thy soul too proud to suffer wrong, thou showest forsooth that thou art not God's true lover. A true lover neither dresses his eyes to the world nor dreads (fears) to suffer all that seems heavy or hard to the body for God; and whatsoever happens to him, yet he is not let (hindered) from thought of Jesus, his Beloved."

Living, as so many of us do, in a non-believing community, often at a distance from the traditionary customs and manners of Christian Catholic life, who can doubt our need

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to read the biographies of the saints, their letters and writings; to make ourselves more conversant with such authors as Richard Rolle? Thus may *the fear of the Lord—the beginning of Wisdom*—enter our hearts, a fuller sense of the beautiful and just be continually nourished in our minds, a more intimate knowledge of the spiritual life of the Church become ours, that we, too, may be found true lovers of God and doers of His Holy Will.

HOW SHALL I GO?

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

How shall I go?
In the whirling snow,
Or the summer rain—
On the road I may not know?
Shall I go in pain,
Or in trance so deep,
That I cannot tell if the way be steep?
Shall I go on the wind—
Its wings spread wide—
In the clamoring tempest,
Through cries as of errant souls that sinned?
Or on the slow deep tide
Of an ebbing sea,
Rich with the drift of memory?

Shall I know when I give my breath
To the ether of planet and sun?
Shall I know when the fight is won?—
Thou wilt not answer, O Death!
But every hour I mark
That thy soundless call is clearer;
And thy strange wide eyes in the dark
Come nearer and nearer.
And in my heart I say:
Are these the eyes of One Who was sacrificed?
Do I meet at last, in this undreamed-of way,
The eyes of Christ?

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THE LETTERS OF TOM MOORE'S NOBLE POET.

BY JOSEPH J. REILLY, PH.D.

 OME, d—n it, Tom, don't be poetical." This was not the impatient protest of some modern-day efficiency engineer, to whom every factor in life is more important than the human one, nor of that professor of mathematics who, on reading "Half a league, half a league, half a league onward," cried impatiently: "Why didn't this dolt Tennyson say 'a league and a half' in the first place, and be done with it?" Quite the contrary. It was the protest of a poet whose generation accorded him a place next to Shakespeare in the golden pageant of English poets. To Italy and Lord Byron, Tom Moore had journeyed for a holiday, and from a point of vantage at Ravenna the two stood gazing at the sunset, Moore voicing his admiration in such rhapsodic terms as to evoke an outburst from his friend, "the noble poet."

Few poets who died in their thirties were as prolific as Byron, and yet he confessed that reading poetry bored him. Small wonder. Much of it seemed to lack inspiration, to owe more to pompous complacency than to that fine frenzy which lies at the heart of the truest poetry in every language. The best of his own work was white hot with sincerity, and yet it was in sincerity often at war with itself, reflecting, as it did, his passionate and contradictory moods.

Unfortunate in his heritage, Byron was no less unfortunate in his bringing up. Under the misguidance of a mother who was erratic and violent of temper, he never learned self-control, and whatever restraint he managed to exercise at Harrow, he forgot at Cambridge. His exits and entrances, irregular and often approaching the scandalous, his escapades with roistering companions, and his assumption of a reckless disregard of convention, all conspired to make him notorious when scarcely out of his teens.

Life at Newstead Abbey, the family seat, and his mother's unreasonableness, sent him away from England at twenty-one. But he did not set out upon his two-year journey across

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the Continent and into the Near East until he had winged a Parthian shot at the foremost literary men of the day. His poetic lucubrations at Cambridge had found their way into print in 1807 as *Hours of Idleness*, only to come in for criticism which Byron considered unjust. In an outburst of hurt dignity, he struck at real and fancied foes in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, laying about him as lustily as Allan-a-Dale with his quarter-staff. It doubtless tickled his vanity, at nineteen, to feel that he had made the *literati* of his day squirm under his bludgeoning, though to some of them, like Walter Scott, he was later to express regret and apologies.

On his return to England, he mingled in London society as became a Lord and a poet who thought well of himself. He was taken at his own evaluation, socially, and duly petted, sought after, and spoiled. He capitalized his travels in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and in his own celebrated phrase, awoke one morning to find himself famous. London was at his feet, and when the intoxication of that brilliant hour was passed, and later years had left him only the bitter memories of Mrs. Grundy's slanders, he must have smiled cynically at the remembrance of the incense which London society had heaped high upon his altar.

He seized this golden moment to write poetical romances, and with the "Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "Lara," and the "Corsair," he made his fame secure during the following three years. In the handsome, dark, and dare-devilish heroes of these poems, the public beheld Byron himself, whose beautifully molded features, curling hair, and brilliant eyes lent a romantic interest to that naughtiness which Rumor attributed to him. No doubt, he thought of himself as sailing wine-colored seas, wreaking vengeance upon his foes, redressing wrongs, and finding in the bright glances of some alluring woman the power to make a hell or a heaven of his days. But the Byron whose proud bark sailed romantic seas, passion in his heart and a scimitar at his thigh, was never cursed with that lameness which the real Byron strove heroically to conceal, and which reacted disastrously upon his vitriolic temper.

It was during the days of his early and amazing successes that Byron determined to marry. Whether he were the type to be happy in marital bonds, is a question for psychologists to decide, but certain it is that his method of selecting a wife

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was only too ironic an earnest of the unhappy outcome of the Great Adventure. With startling flippancy, he wrote a proposal to a young woman for whom he had no particular affection, and upon receiving a refusal, mockingly dashed off another proposal, on the spur of the moment, this time to a Miss Milbanke. His companion (probably the poet Moore), on hearing it read aloud, observed: "Well, really, this is a very pretty letter. It is a pity it should not go." "Then go it shall," said the noble Lord. And go it did. Byron was accepted, was married in January, 1815, and at first appeared happy in what must have later seemed a fool's paradise. Scarcely a year had passed before society was amazed to learn of the separation of the Byrons, and though each maintained silence as to its cause, scandal made itself busy with Byron's name, going to such outrageous lengths as to drive him frantic with disgust and rage. He wrote to Moore in February, 1816: "I am at war 'with all the world and his wife;' or rather, 'all the world and *my* wife' are at war with me, and have not yet crushed me—whatever they may do. I don't know that in the course of a hairbreadth existence I was ever, at home or abroad, in a situation so completely uprooting of present pleasure, or rational hope in the future, as this same." A few months later, he left England, never to return.

The eight years which remained to him of life, Byron passed for the most part in Italy. He wrote numerous letters typically Byronic, indicative of the mood of the moment, now bitter, now buoyant, now schoolboyishly frank, as well as those poems which have made him immortal. Partly from pique, partly from passion, partly from a savage desire to give the English Mrs. Grundy real food for scandal, the "noble poet" plunged into excesses which grieved his admirers and later caused him to write to his friend, Bankes, in self-disgust: "It is now seven years since you and I met; which time you have employed better for others and more honorably for yourself than I have done." And again: "As to libertinism, I have sickened myself of that as was natural in the way I went on."

Utter weariness oppressed him at times, and a longing for peace such as his passionate spirit was never to attain. In such a mood, he visited the cemetery at Ferrara, and recalled, in a letter to Murray, some of the epitaphs which haunted

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his memory: "For instance, *'Lucrezia Pinci, implora eterna quieta.'* Can anything be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said, or ought; the dead had had enough of life: all they wanted was rest, and that they *implore!* There is all the helplessness, and humble hope, and deathlike prayer, that can arise from the grave—*'implora pace.'*"

Periods of hectic industry followed periods of enervating inaction. At times, his spirits were feverishly high, and, again, so low that he complained in a letter to Moore, in 1821: "I feel, as your poor friend, Curran, said, before he died, 'a mountain of lead upon my heart,' which I believe to be constitutional, that nothing will remove it but the same remedy." Meanwhile, his poetical works, brought out in England by Murray, were seized upon by the public less out of regard for their merits than from the expectation of discovering in them new food for scandal. *Don Juan* aroused a mingled storm of applause and execration; *Marino Falieri,* produced at Drury Lane, in 1821, was promptly damned; *Cain,* published in the autumn of the same year, was heralded with extravagant praise in some quarters and fervent condemnation in others. It was probably true, as Byron asserted in one of his letters, that he had not the patience to revise a poem, but must make a bull's-eye at the first fire, if at all. But his lack of interest in his work, when completed, was a mere pretense. "I do not care a lump of sugar for my poetry," he protests, but a moment after, enraged at a misprint, he fumes to his publisher: "'You have looked at it' to much purpose, to allow so stupid a blunder to stand; it is not 'courage,' but 'carnage,' and if you don't want me to cut my throat, see it altered."

Byron writhed under what he regarded as unfair criticism, although he affected a scornful indifference of English opinion. In an outburst to Murray, he cries: "I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country. I believe the thought would drive me mad on my deathbed, could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my carcass back to your soil. I would not even feed your worms, if I could help it."

Such deep rooted bitterness would have corroded his heart but for Allegra. Dark-haired, blue-eyed, the child of Byron's

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liaison with Shelley's weak but passionate sister-in-law, Allegra was her father's child in temper as in features, and more than any other living creature, she evoked his purest and tenderest feelings. Her name occurs frequently in his correspondence, for her future gave him deep concern. Once he dreamed of becoming a South American planter, and of taking her with him amid "new faces, other minds." He thinks seriously of her education, which is to be continental, he says, not English, since thus her future will be free of many difficulties, and, besides, "it is my wish that she should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various branches of Christianity." A year later, he assures Moore: "I am no enemy to religion, but the contrary. As a proof, I am educating my natural daughter a strict Catholic in a convent of Romagna; for I think people can never have *enough* of religion, if they are to have any. I incline," he adds, "myself, very much to the Catholic doctrines."

His high hopes of Allegra were dashed, however, for her eager, buoyant life, poor child, ended in 1822. In dull misery, he writes Shelley: "The blow was stunning and unexpected . . . but I have borne up against it as I best can. . . . I suppose that Time will do his usual work—Death has done his." A few weeks later, he writes Murray, designating, in pathetic detail, the precise place in Harrow Church where he wishes the child interred, and the inscription which her tablet is to bear.

One of the most interesting phases of his life in Italy was his connection with Shelley, the irregularities of whose opinions and of Byron's life did not tend to solidify their friendship. Shelley considered Byron conceited, shook his head over the noble Lord's libertinism, and regretted, an it please you, that he was unable to "eradicate from Byron's great mind the delusions of Christianity." After Shelley's tragic death, in Byron's sailboat, the ill-starred *Don Juan*, Byron wrote Moore, August 27, 1822: "We have been bringing the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the seashore, to render them fit for removal and regular interment. You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the background and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frank-

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incense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except his heart, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine."

This gruesome ceremony affected him profoundly. Indeed, in him, as in Keats, the very thought that youth and beauty should become the prey of death, inspired feelings of revolt. In a letter to Murray, he complains of being "out of sorts, out of nerves," lonely and unhappy. Occasionally, he adds, "I revisit the Campo Santo, and my old friend, the Sexton, has two—but *one* the prettiest daughter imaginable; and I amuse myself with contrasting her beautiful and innocent face of fifteen with the skulls with which he has peopled several cells, and particularly with that of one skull dated 1776, which was once covered (the tradition goes) by the most lovely features of Bologna—noble and rich. When I look at these, and at this girl—when I think of what *they were*, and what *she* must be—why, then, my dear Murray, I won't shock you by saying what I think. It is little matter what becomes of us 'bearded men,' but I don't like the notion of a beautiful woman's lasting less than a beautiful tree—than her own picture—her own shadow, which won't change so to the Sun as her face to the mirror. I must leave off, for my head aches consumedly: I have never been quite well since the night of the representation of Alfieri's *Mirra* a fortnight ago."

This reference to Alfieri's *Mirra* is significant. It had, indeed, stirred Byron to the depths, and sent him from the theatre weeping convulsively, a betrayal of an emotionalism to which he fell victim more than once. On meeting his boyhood friend, Lord Clare, in 1821, after a separation since Harrow, an inexplicable feeling thrilled him and set his heart to beating strangely. On another occasion, an unexpected *rencontre* with his friend, Hobhouse, evoked such violent emotion, that Byron was forced to sit down in tears. On taking leave of some friends just before his embarkation for Greece, he said: "Here we are all now together; but when and where shall we meet again? I have a sort of boding that we see each other for the last time, as something tells me I shall never again return from Greece," whereupon he leaned his head upon the sofa and wept hysterically.

Despite these premonitions, Byron threw himself into the cause of Greek independence with passionate ardor. Yet he

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made no pretenses of being a democrat. Rather, he was more than a casual snob, careful to insist that he was *for* the people, not *of* them. But *for* the people he was, and the cause of freedom, wherever at stake, never found him indifferent. On first taking his seat in the House of Lords, he was an open advocate of Catholic emancipation, and both in England and on the Continent, unfailingly espoused the liberal side of politics. His prophecy, uttered nearly a century ago, is striking when considered in the aftermath of the recent World War: "The King-times are fast finishing," he wrote. "There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist; but the people will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it." Again: "Give me a republic. Look at the history of the world—Rome, Greece, Venice, Holland, France, America, our too short commonwealth—and compare it with what they did under masters."

In making the quarrel of Greece his own, Byron gave liberally from his private purse to the almost bankrupt cause, refusing, with his unfailing sense in financial matters, to allow these sums to be squandered, or to pledge more, until the jealous squabbles among the Greek leaders should cease. The moral effect of his active advocacy was enormous, and the eyes of that world, whose interest had been compelled by his poetry, as well as by his feverish career, were drawn to the spectacle of a liberty-loving people, with noble traditions, struggling to be free from an oppressive power.

Byron worked unflaggingly in Greece, and with a generous imprudence which brought on a violent fever. He wrote Murray, February 25, 1824: "On Sunday, I had a strong and sudden convulsive attack which left me speechless, though not motionless—for some strong men could not hold me; but whether it was epilepsy, catalepsy, cachexy, or apoplexy, or what other 'exy' or 'epsy,' the doctors have not decided; or whether it was spasmodic or nervous, etc.; but it was very unpleasant, and nearly carried me off, and all that. On Monday, they put leaches to my temples, but the blood could not be stopped till eleven last night, and neither styptic nor caustic would cauterize the orifice till after a hundred attempts." For a time, the struggle back to health gave fair promise, but by April the debility he had tried desperately to shake off, left him prostrated with rheumatic fever. Raving,

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he called for his sister, Mrs. Leigh, and his child, Ada, whom he had not seen for years. "For the rest," he said, "I am content to die," and on the nineteenth of April, 1824, the curtain was rung down on the drama of that brief but passionate career.

Like every man who finds his own soul a mirror of life, Byron was aware of his weaknesses. Behind his false pride, his headstrong ways, his inclination to pose, the unhappy tendencies which were his heritage, the real Byron now and then appears in his letters, his haughty head bowed, *mea culpa* upon his lips. In such a mood, he wrote Murray, in 1817: "I have had a devilish deal of wear and tear of mind and body in my time (he was only twenty-nine), besides having published too often and much already. God grant me such judgment to do what may be most fitting in that and everything else, for I doubt my own exceedingly." About four years later, an echo of that plea strangely reached him under touching circumstances. An Englishman, John Shepard, on looking through the papers of his dead wife, discovered a prayer which she had composed for Byron's conversion, and which he forwarded to the poet with a tactful note of explanation. If Mr. Shepard felt any doubts as to the reception which his letter would receive, they were dispelled by Byron's reply, written with a manliness and a delicacy which did him honor: "I can assure you that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into high notions of its own importance, would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me at least the justice to suppose that *video meliora proboque*, however, the *'deteriora sequor'* may have been applied to my conduct." Surely, the world owes him that justice, and more. For noble impulses endured through sinister days, and the passionate lad (he was scarcely more than that) who died a martyr in the cause of Freedom, had never been either coward or pharisee. And then, as now, that was much.

Our generation is more prone to yield him justice than his own. And small wonder. For that Byron whom they could not know, is revealed to us in numberless letters, not always

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as "the noble poet" who is filled with social bravado, but as a man of common clay, in his moments of self-abasement, who may loiter in the valley, but who lifts his eyes to the distant and starry spaces. Perhaps, for that, who knows, it was given him to die nobly. Perhaps, for that, too (who shall deny it?), he was vouchsafed, after life's fitful fever, the *eterna quieta* which he craved.

THE VALLEY.

BY ELEANOR THÉRÈSE DOWNING.

TIME was I stood upon a mountain peak
  And raised my face to God, and cried aloud:
  "Lo! I have scorned and fled the vulgar crowd
And the vain dwellings that the foolish seek,
That so my feet might scale Thy mystic height,
  And far removèd from the human herd,
  My soul might glean the beauty of Thy word,
And might hold commune with the Unmade Light."

And from the cloud there came a Voice that spake—
  "Know, child, I call unto my holy hill
  And to my service only those I will.
Turn back thy feet; these lofty heights forsake,
That, turning bondsman to thy brethren,
  When thou shalt serve the least as less than he
  And love the lowliest for love of Me,
I may recall thee to My face again."

And I who serve in threadbare humbleness,
  The servant of God's servants, who have trod
  The valley of the little things of God,
Learning, in love, God's loving, scarce can guess
What newer blessedness my soul shall meet
  Before the unveiled splendor of His face—
  So sweet it is, beneath His holy place,
To serve Him in the dust about His feet.

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MRS. EDDY, A CREATIVE INTELLECT.

BY JAMES MARTIN.

THERE is a general opinion that Mrs. Eddy's famous work, *Science and Health*, is obscure in style, heavily weighted with the terminology of metaphysics, and that, in consequence, it makes dull and dreary reading. There are those who have tried diligently to go through it, but declare that they "can make neither head nor tail of it." Mrs. Eddy herself has stated that her masterpiece is equally intelligible whether read backwards or forwards. That statement has been misinterpreted by the impatient and the irreverent. "Just so," they say, "equally intelligible; equally unintelligible." But, as a matter of fact, *Science and Health* is not altogether obscure. Considering the ideas that were in Mrs. Eddy's mind, it must be conceded that she has made them about as plain as such ideas can be made.

True, she does treat of philosophy and metaphysics. And, ordinarily, readers do not take kindly to these subjects. But Mrs. Eddy's philosophy and metaphysics are not of the ordinary sort. Her understanding of philosophical concepts and her usage of philosophical words are "new, novel, and neoteric" (to quote a recent "blurb"). Under her pen, even the oldest and most hackneyed terms assume a new meaning. Non-philosophical words, too, she invests with an altogether new significance. This feature of her style alone should be sufficient to prevent tedium in the mind of the alert reader. There is a certain intellectual satisfaction in working out new meanings of old words.

Before coming to a consideration of the book itself, let us give an example or two from the miscellaneous writings of the mother of Christian Science. We begin with words that have an ethical rather than a metaphysical application. Mrs. Eddy, on one occasion, was compelled to refer to one of her former disciples as "an adulteress." The lady in question, having been educated along the old lines and knowing only the dictionary meaning of the word, was so indignant that she

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threatened a lawsuit. But Mrs. Eddy explained that an "adulteress" is "one who adulterates the truth." Another woman, formerly a friend, but later a rival, was accused by Mrs. Eddy of "immorality." The woman became fairly frantic, but on this occasion, as before, the more unpleasant consequences were averted. "Immorality" was defined to mean "unfaithfulness to Christian Science." Evidently, it requires not only a deep mind, but a very agile one to follow Mrs. Eddy's thought, which is both profound and swift. But when once we have learned to know her method, we are rewarded with a mental exhilaration that can hardly be obtained from any other writings than hers. Words, especially nouns, become threadbare from being always used in the same sense. Hence, the dead monotony of most literature. But how refreshing it is to pick up a book in which one never knows, from page to page, what may be the next meaning of an old familiar word. The idea of constantly changing the meanings of familiar terms is new to literature. Mrs. Eddy may honestly claim to have discovered it. This is one reason why we refer to hers as a "creative" intellect.

Let us take another example. The word "soul" has been used in a stereotyped way by all Christians of various denominations. They may differ in their understanding as to the salvation of the soul, but they agree on the meaning of "soul." It is the animating principle of the human body. It is the spirit that vivifies the flesh. But Mrs. Eddy's mind, here as always, is free and unfettered by tradition. She says "soul means Deity, and nothing else." With that one definition alone, she creates an entirely new Christian theology. Those who have learned only the old theology will say that if Mrs. Eddy teaches that the "soul means Deity," then she is a Pantheist. But, no, that cannot be, for she expressly states that she is *not* a Pantheist.

But let us keep clear of the puzzling problem of Pantheism, and restrict ourselves to matters that are simpler and more easily understood. According to the old theology, every person has a soul. There are as many souls as persons. But, "it is wrong," says Mrs. Eddy, "to use the word 'souls' in the plural." Hence, to speak, as the careless do, of "a city of a million souls," or a "congregation of a thousand souls," is a mistake. There is only one soul, one spirit. Like all new

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revelations, this doctrine opens up wonderful vistas for the mind, and the imagination. A man may go forth into crowded streets, he may be squeezed and jammed in the teeming subway, he may be jostled and hurtled hither and thither by scurrying thousands, but he may say to himself: "Alone, all alone, all soul alone!" At the time of the Spanish-American War, when Colonel Roosevelt led the Rough Riders into Cuba and won the war, another philosopher, Mr. Dooley, wrote a skit upon the future President under the caption: "Alone in Cuba!" Of course, Mr. Dooley, being a humorist, as well as a philosopher, was only "spoofing." But with Mrs. Eddy there can be no suspicion of humor. How thrilling, in the light of the doctrine that there is only one soul, to be able to say, not merely "alone in Cuba," or "alone in New York City," but "alone in the Universe!" Thrilling, indeed. Some may say appalling. But all grand ideas are at first bewildering.

Unfortunately, that definition of soul as "meaning Deity, and nothing else," has not yet appeared in Webster, or Worcester, or the Standard, or the Century. It is missing, not only from the dictionaries, but from the Bible and the Catechism. Still, since every new science creates a new vocabulary, why should not every new religion enjoy the same privilege, especially if the new religion is equally a "science?"

To return to the question of Mrs. Eddy's alleged obscurity in dealing with metaphysical problems. It may be that many pages of *Science and Health* are beyond the intellectual grasp of the ordinary reader. But what will you? Can a butcher's boy read Emmanuel Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* with facility? Do shop girls pore over the pages of Hegel or Fichte? Do messenger boys read Schopenhauer as they run? How, then, can one expect that every digger in the ditch may understand Mrs. Eddy's thought? Did not Einstein say that there were only twelve men in the world who understood his theory of relativity? Did not Hegel, a hundred years before Einstein, say that only *one* man in the world understood him, and that *that one man* did *not* understand him? It is quite probable, therefore, that not one understands Mrs. Eddy. Among the many penalties attending upon genius is loneliness—mental isolation.

However (and now we come to the most gratifying feature of Mrs. Eddy's work), even though it is within her power to

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dwell habitually upon the heights, inaccessible even to the *intelligentsia,* she does, from time to time, descend—and condescend. She is most at home upon Olympus, but she can, and does, come down into the market place. She converses freely, and easily, with the immortals, but she knows how to speak even to the simplest of human beings. She does not confine herself to deep and cryptic disquisitions upon "Mind," and "mortal mind." She speaks, occasionally, of bees and butterflies, of babies and horses, of kittens and snowbirds, and apple trees and lobsters.

She had a very difficult task to perform in communicating to the mass of mankind an understanding of the idealistic philosophy that is the basis of her revelation. Her mind was struggling, may we say, with problems that had baffled the power of expression of some of the greatest of the philosophers who preceded her. Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Schelling, Berkeley—all had ideas to which Mrs. Eddy's have a certain relationship. And we would not say that any of these philosophers possessed the gift of popularizing his ideas. Kant sets forth his doctrine of the "noumenon" and the "phenomenon," but he has left most of us somewhat in the dark as to his meaning. Even one of Mrs. Eddy's disciples, writing in the *Christian Science Journal,* uses that puzzling philosophical term, "phenomena." "Material phenomena are nothing," says that writer, "but the human mind made manifest to itself." "The mind evolves for itself the phenomena that it attempts to investigate," and frequently "gets lost in the maze of its own hallucinations."

We confess that to us such language appears rather learned, and indeed pedantic. But, "if you wish to understand the disciple, read the master." Mrs. Eddy clarifies the difficult doctrine very quickly and very prettily. She says: "Mortal mind produces its own phenomena, and then charges them to something else, *like a kitten glancing in a mirror and thinking that it sees another kitten.*" [1] Instantly, the difficult philosophical theory of the automatic and unconscious production of phenomena is made clear. The kitten sees its own image, and imagines that there is another kitten behind the mirror. The first kitten produces the "phenomenon" of the second kitten. But there is only one kitten. So, you or I,

[1] *Science and Health,* p. 220. 1913.

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look out into the world and imagine that we see, let us say, another person. But the other person is not really there any more than the other kitten. If we imagine that we see thousands, or tens of thousands of other persons, if we even go out and mingle in what seem to be great crowds, we are lost—not lost in the crowd—but "lost in the maze of our own hallucinations."

Or take another instance of the facility with which Mrs. Eddy adapts her explanations to the non-philosophical intellect. She says: "Gender is a quality of mind, not matter. Generation rests on no sexual basis." Now, to the unlearned, these statements may be, for the moment, puzzling. But the teacher of heavenly science does not leave even her simplest readers in doubt as to her meaning. For she adds: "The supposition that life germinates in eggs is a mistake. The butterfly, moth, bee propagate without male companions." [2] The inference to be drawn from these words is obvious. But it was made even clearer to Mrs. Eddy's immediate friends and to her scholars. Mrs. Woodbury, after ten years' intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Eddy and her teachings, says that Mrs. Eddy told the young women in her Massachusetts Metaphysical College that they could be mothers "by thought." Still, the teacher was always practical. She did not abolish marriage immediately. She married three times, and she conceded that the present convention of marriage should continue until the knowledge of the truth of mental motherhood should become more general. "Until the spiritual creation is discerned intact, until it is learned that God is the Father of all, marriage will continue." [3] It is said that no marriages are performed, and that there are no funeral services in Christian Science temples. That there will some day be no marriages and no funerals anywhere is inevitable. For Mrs. Eddy says: "Man has neither birth nor death." If there is no death, there need be no funeral. If there is no birth, there need be no marriage. It might still seem mysterious that although marriages *do* continue, births frequently do *not* occur. But even that fact is not altogether a mystery to us moderns.

The question of death, in the teaching of Christian Science, requires a little more elucidation. Persons of limited intelligence, even now, almost fifty years after the first pro-

[2] One Hundred and Fifth Edition, p. 541. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 274.

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mulgation of Christian Science, imagine that death is caused by sickness, or by accident, by poison, or by violence. But for nearly two generations this common error has been discountenanced. What really causes death, is *thought.* (It occurs to us that the poet, Byron, may have enjoyed some anticipation of the truth of Christian Science when he says: "That curse of life, that demon, Thought.") It is not that the individual man thinks himself to death. He may die without thinking. Or he may die when he is thinking that he is going to live. But what kills him is really "a majority opinion." So long as the majority of persons in the world think that death is caused, let us say, by tuberculosis, or by strychnine, or by a fall from a house, or by shot and shell on a battlefield, just so long will death (apparently) be caused by these delusions.

I have scarcely time, in this article, to explain how there can be a majority opinion when there is only one soul. A "majority of one" may have a new meaning. But let us hurry along, for now we have come upon one of the most interesting of all Christian Science doctrines—mental assassination. The information on this particularly devilish form of crime is rather fragmentary in *Science and Health.* But Mrs. Eddy graciously condescended to explain it more at length, even to so unsympathetic a person as a newspaper reporter, who interviewed her upon the occasion of the "death" (so-called) of Mr. Eddy. "My husband," she said, "was killed by malicious mesmerism. It was poison that killed him, not material poison, but mesmeric poison. After a certain amount of mental poison has been administered, no power of mind can resist it." [4]

In the *Christian Science Journal,* some seven years later, there appeared this further reference to the crime of mental murder. "One of the greatest crimes practised in or known to all the ages is Malicious Animal Magnetism. The criminal sits at the friendly board and fireside. He goes to places of worship. He takes his victim by the hand. These secret heaven-defying enormities must be proclaimed." The cause of this indignant outburst was a certain Kennedy, a youth of brilliant promise, handsome and talented, who for some years was very close to Mrs. Eddy, but who became one of the worst

[4] *The Boston Post,* June 5, 1882.

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exponents of mental malpractice. It seems that his power for evil was almost diabolical. Finally, driven to desperation, Mrs. Eddy was compelled to have recourse to the courts to obtain an injunction against his using his mind to damage her and her scholars. Not only that, but she had to go so far as to gather her friends in a group and to hurl consumption and other diseases at him. She and her scholars would sit at stated times every day and think to Kennedy: "Your sins have found you out. You are consumptive. You have liver trouble. You have been poisoned by arsenic." [5] It will be seen from this that the mind may work evil as well as good. "Absent treatment" may be maleficent, or beneficent, producing sickness and death as easily as healing. It is terrifying to think that one young man, apparently innocent, perhaps smiling and chatting with his friends, may at the same time be mentally hurling sickness and death upon persons far away, and that the only way they can defend themselves is to fight him with his own weapons.

The unique and incomparable genius of Mrs. Eddy may be seen when we realize that not even the greatest masters of imaginative fiction, not even Jules Verne, or Edgar Allen Poe, or H. G. Wells, ever dreamed of the startling fact of mental assassination. Their highest flight of fancy can never rival the simple truth set down in sober sense by Mrs. Eddy.

Now that the fact of mental assassination is scientifically established, it would seem the bounden duty of our statesmen and our soldiers to agree upon complete disarmament, and to devote the time hitherto consumed in drilling and preparing for war, to the practice of thinking destruction. Mrs. Eddy has given the idea to the world; let the statesmen develop it. Thought is indeed a dangerous weapon. It might be hard to arrange for practising it. Evidently, it would not be fair for us to raise an army of thinkers who would, for mere practice, mentally hurl destruction upon some people with whom we are not at war. But they might be drilled to think death, let us say, to all the wild beasts in the jungles, in the woods, and on the mountains. And then, if an enemy nation should lay siege to our cities and our harbors, the army of trained thinkers, having practised on wild beasts, could turn their thoughts against the invading hosts and annihilate them. If

[5] Milmine, *Life of M. B. Eddy*, p. 304.

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a single enemy could kill Mr. Eddy with arsenical poison mentally administered, if Mrs. Eddy and her "little group of serious thinkers" could project tuberculosis into Kennedy, what might not be done by an army of millions, thinking destruction to the enemy! This is the strongest argument for disarmament that has yet appeared. It was overlooked, or ignored at Versailles, but whichever nation first has the enterprise to seize upon the fact of mental assassination, and utilize it, will be ruler of the world.

But these are not pleasant thoughts. Let us turn again from them to some of the lighter aspects of truth revealed by Mrs. Eddy. Not that we may expect to find anything that is trivial in *Science and Health*. But Mrs. Eddy has condescended a great deal, and in order to make her profound thought intelligible to the "common run of mankind," she has given some examples and illustrations that, in an author of inferior genius, might be considered trifling. Take, for example, her story about the father who "plunged his baby under water every day from the time it was one day old until it could remain under water for twenty minutes like a fish." In a writer of less serious purpose or of inferior genius, that story might seem a trifle exaggerated, but Mrs. Eddy herself has assured us that it is gospel truth.[6] However, speaking of babies and water, let us hasten to add that elsewhere Mrs. Eddy explains that washing a baby is unnatural and unnecessary. She had at least one child of her own, and she assures us that "it is no more natural or necessary to wash a baby all over every day than to take a fish out of water and cover it with dirt." The baby will remain "as sweet as a new blown flower" without the daily bathing.[7] Being a man, and a bachelor, I admit that this sounds odd to me, but readers who are women and mothers will doubtless assure me that Mrs. Eddy is right. I have said that we can never detect Mrs. Eddy in a humorous mood. But, as the adage says, "Homer sometimes nods," and it is permitted to think that Mrs. Eddy sometimes smiled. For example, we are inclined to imagine that there may have been a twinkle in her eye when she wrote the story of the "unthinking lobster." The lobster, she explains, after losing a claw, grows another in its place, because the lobster does not

[6] *Science and Health*, p. 566. 1903 Edition.
[7] *Ibid.*, One Hundred and Fifth Edition, p. 411.

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think; but man, when he loses a leg, does not grow another in its place, because he thinks. Did Mrs. Eddy, when she wrote these words, smile sweetly if the question leaped to her mind: "Suppose the man were the unthinking lobster!"

I think we have seen enough to demonstrate the injustice of the accusation that *Science and Health* is an altogether ponderous and a laboriously metaphysical book. Mrs. Eddy has the humor, though unobtrusively presented, of Mark Twain. Indeed, there may be those who would say that Mark Twain attacked Mrs. Eddy because of jealousy. The "unthinking lobster" is as funny as the "Jumping frog of Calaveras County."

But let us have one more instance of the *creative* quality of Mrs. Eddy's thought. There is, as my readers know, a corps of lecturers in Christian Science, men and women trained to know the mind of Mrs. Eddy, and authorized by the Mother Church to deliver public discourses upon her doctrine. One of these, a Mr. Marston, speaking in San Francisco some years ago, explained that foods and drinks are either healthful or poisonous, not because of any quality inhering in them, but because of the "thought" of the majority of mankind. Bread nourishes because we think it is nourishing. Toadstools poison because we think they are poisonous. If the majority of mankind thought that bread is poison, it would be as deadly as toadstools. If the majority of men thought that toadstools were nutritious, they would be as nutritious as bread. And so on. Furthermore (and here is an epoch-making discovery), whiskey is intoxicating because the majority of men think it intoxicating. And buttermilk is non-intoxicating because the majority think it non-intoxicating. But suppose the majority should agree to change their opinion about buttermilk! This prodigious idea has not been given the attention it deserves. Imagine the throngs at the buttermilk counters, guzzling glass after glass, and jeering drunkenly at the Eighteenth Amendment! How true it is that Mrs. Eddy's creative thoughts may be used for the damnation or the salvation of society. How false it is that there is nothing but dry metaphysics in *Science and Health.*

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PAUL ELMER MORE.

BY BROTHER LEO.

LITERARY criticism is really an index of culture; and the sparseness of it, and the generally low standard of it in the United States, are not the least convincing indication of our intellectual callowness. Our case would, indeed, be desperate, our prospects far from bright, were it not for the existence of at least a few such scholarly critics as Paul Elmer More. His dozen little volumes of *Shelburne Essays* may not rank among the "six best sellers," and may, like most good things, be caviar to the general; but, at least, they serve to assure the world that in the things of the mind, America is not altogether common and unclean.

Paul Elmer More is not without limitations and perversities, but he does rank, and rank high, among those true critics, those inspirers and initiators, those appreciators of world literature who possess scholarship and catholicity of outlook, who have, as Lionel Johnson would say, preferences rather than prejudices, who are intent less on evanescent aspects than on those *bleibende Verhältnisse*, those abiding relations which Goethe made the object of his quest. During the several years of his editorial connection with *The Nation*—in the era before *The Nation* had followed the gleam and become the organ of current sociology, and the arena of world politics, and the home of lost causes—Mr. More engaged lavishly in what was technically book reviewing; but the fruitage of his labors was more than mere ephemeral comment. Even within the confines of semi-journalism, his writings were remarkably free from the haste and flashiness which mark and mar our literary magazines; and those same writings, re-shaped and re-fashioned, and restored from the ravages of his own editorial blue pencil, have, in book form, burgeoned into their second spring. All in all, the *Shelburne Essays* constitute the most important and distinguished contribution to literary criticism that twentieth century America has thus far made. In the retreat of his book-lined study

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at Princeton, Mr. More may well enjoy the consolation consequent upon a good work well done.

All literary criticism that in any notable degree rises above anonymous and superficial book-reviewing, has two distinguishing marks. It is, in a liberal sense, autobiographical, and necessarily so; and it represents a fusion of literary appreciation, with theories and standards derived from other fields of human thought. Literary criticism that is exclusively literary, cannot stand alone. Aside from that form of it concerned with the mechanics of writing, and that other form devoted to the æsthetics of authorship, there can be no such thing as pure literary criticism. The moment our interpretation of literature becomes vital—that is, the moment we begin to correlate books with life—at that moment we are compelled to associate literature with other phases of human activity. Rightly to view the great books of the world, we must, as it were, flood them with a light other than their own —the light of history or the light of religion, the light of philosophy or the light of science, the light of psychology or the light of art. And so, in the writings of Mr. More, we find an essential self-revelation, ordinarily indirect, but sometimes conscious and deliberate; and we find, also, that, in common with some of the very greatest literary critics of the world, he habitually regards literature from the viewpoint of the moralist and the philosopher.

That Mr. More has had religious experiences and doctrinal mutations, is manifest on almost every page of his books. On one occasion, at least, he speaks out directly and simply, and in a very few words depicts his spiritual pilgrim's progress: "Having dropped away from allegiance to the creed of Calvin, I had, for a number of years, sought a substitute for faith in the increase of knowledge; like many another, I sought to conceal from myself the want of intellectual purpose in miscellaneous curiosity."[1]

He is writing about St. Augustine, from his inevitable point of view of philosophic dualism, and so it is eminently fitting that Mr. More should thus approximate to the mode of the *Confessions;* but it is significant that here, as elsewhere, he should envisage religious faith as something mainly, if not exclusively, intellectual. The wherefore of his defection

[1] *Shelburne Essays*, Sixth Series.

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from Calvinism, he does not explicitly state; but those of us who know something of his writings, and his outlook on life, feel very sure that his religious transition was prompted and sustained by serenely intellectual motives, that Calvinism, in a word, he had found unsatisfying to his head rather than to his heart. Some of Mr. More's extravagant censors have implied that the Princeton sage had no heart. Of course, they are in error. But certain it is that Mr. More conscientiously endeavors to keep his heart in its place. To him, emotion is secondary and suspicious; cognition, primary and all-embracing. Yes, Mr. More has a heart; but I strongly suspect that he is the least bit regretful of the fact.

That Mr. More prevailingly feels with his head rather than with his heart, is the explanation of both his strength and his weakness as a critic of books and of life. It explains, on the one hand, his remarkably vast and accurate erudition, an erudition that makes him equally at home with the poet-philosophers of India, with the exponents of conservatism in British politics, with the wise men of the Greeks; with William Beckford and Emerson and Nietzsche, with Sainte-Beuve and Newman and William James. Nothing that is intellectual, is foreign to him. And, on the other hand, it explains his not less obvious limitations—his unresponsiveness to the finer strains of Shelley and Francis Thompson, his high estimate of Pope as a poet, his laudation of Arnold to the disparagement of Ruskin and Carlyle, his pensive disappointment in Newman's acceptance of Catholicism, his cerebral enthusiasm over the Port Royalists, and his amusing suspicion of the Jesuits with all their works and pomps. It explains what constitutes his essential shortcoming as a critic, the dwarfing and suppression of his emotional nature, and his insistence in the practical realm of logical, even of mathematical, canons of certitude and conduct. The distinguishing mark of a good critic, Mrs. Humphry Ward claimed,[2] is "reasoned rashness." In Mr. More, the reason is in copious plenty; but the rashness is nil. Mr. More is too dignified and decorous to call anybody names; but were he capable of pelting Non-Conformists with epithets, he would most certainly shriek "heretic!" at any thinker, little or great, who is guilty of suffusing his intellectual processes with the glow of vibrant human emotion.

[2] *Amiel's Journal*, Introduction, p. ix.

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Specifically, Mr. More's lack of emotional appreciation explains the obliquity of vision revealed in his scholarly essay on St. Augustine. He concedes that, in his "emotional psychology, at once subtle and intense, Augustine is the father of modern literature, and he has never been surpassed." But here, according to Mr. More, is the head and front of the great Doctor's offending:

> Though there is a logical correctness in Augustine's main syllogism, one cannot read much in his works without discovering whole tracts of thought and exhortation that refuse to take their place in his dogmatic system [as Mr. More elects to conceive of it]; one finds that in his practical doctrine he builds upon what may be called the logic of emotions rather than upon pure reason.[3]

Substantially, all the problems of life and literature, of philosophy, science, and art, resolve themselves, in Mr. More's conception, into the basic formula of dualism. "I confess," he avers, "that to me monism has always been merely another word for monomania."[4] In the premises, therefore, we are warranted in recognizing a manifestation of dualism, at once ironic and pathetic, in the spiritual affinities and the intellectual loyalties of Mr. More himself. And in his case, the paradox—for dualism involves a fundamental paradox—lies in the fact that this frigidly intellectual devotee burns his incense before a warmly human shrine, that Mr. More, the scholar of the head, so sedulously worships Plato, the philosopher of the heart. For him, all roads lead to Athens, as for Mr. Belloc, all roads lead to Rome. The cast of his thought, the bent of his mind, the flair of his temperament, one would think, should lead him rather to St. Thomas of Aquin, and to Aristotle; yet to him, the Angelic Doctor is but a thinker of "admirable patience and inexhaustible cunning,"[5] the deviser of an "austere dialectic,"[6] and the Stagirite has seemingly lived and thought in vain. But he can tolerate St. Augustine, most Platonic of the Fathers; and the Dialogues of Plato are his Bible and his Book of Common Prayer.

His reading of Plato has been receptive and profound,

[3] *Shelburne Essays*, Sixth Series: "St. Augustine." [4] *Ibid.*, Seventh Series, p. 200.
[5] *Aristocracy and Justice*, p. 79. [6] *Ibid.*, p. 87.

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and his comments on Plato are searching and suggestive. Besides the frequent references to the Dialogues in the *Shelburne Essays*, two of his books, *Platonism* and *The Religion of Plato*, contain Mr. More's sometimes exasperating but invariably graceful and stimulating interpretation of the truly luminous and penetrating mind which so long ago preserved for us, and elaborated upon, the teachings of Socrates. In the preface to *Platonism*, Mr. More has anticipated a stricture which emanates spontaneously from all Platonists and pseudo-Platonists who do not see eye to eye with him:

> To one criticism I should be sensitive. Those who have read the eighth volume of my *Shelburne Essays* will recognize that the present work is virtually an expansion of the views there summed up in the "Definitions of Dualism," and they may think that I have tried to impose my own theories on Plato, to measure him in my pint cup. In a way, every interpreter of a great author must be open to such a charge; he has no other measure than his own capacity. But, at least, I am not guilty of attempting to force Plato into conformity with a preconceived system; the "Definitions of Dualism" were themselves the result of my study of the Dialogues, and avowedly rejected any pretensions to originality.

Before so suave and adroit a stealth of the reviewer's thunder, we must perforce bow in the silence of respect, if not of acquiescence. His position, that every interpreter "has no other measure than his own capacity," is impregnable; and we cheerfully concede that Mr. More has not consciously attempted to force Plato into conformity with anything. Nay, we are even grateful that he has stressed the intellectual side of the Dialogues, remembering, as we must, that too often commentators have over-emphasized their emotional aspects, and have envisaged Plato as a species of glorified Shelley in prose. Despite Mr. More's honorable sensitiveness, we must report that his view of Plato is not a balanced view; but it does much to conserve in balance our conception of Plato and Platonism. We recall Walter Pater, and we rest content.

Catholicism looms so large in any adequate conception of world literature and world thought, that no critic, dowered with depth and discernment, can consistently ignore either the

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fact or its implications. At once profound and open-minded in his attitude, and engrossed with the religious and philosophical ramifications of literature, Mr. More never seeks to evade the issue. Though by temperament and outlook unsympathetic with the Christian theory of life—he designates Christianity "mythology" in his famous "Definitions of Dualism,"[7] and elsewhere assumes, as a matter of course, the modern repudiation "of the mediæval belief in the infinite, omnipotent deity"[8]—he habitually follows the prudential promptings of his "inner check," and avoids permitting his bias to degenerate into prejudice. His serenity, his intellectual poise, and his sometimes startlingly clear insight, enable him to evaluate with truth and sanity—in essentials, at least—many of the distinctively Catholic books of the world. And often, in discussing works of general literature, he says things that the most thoroughgoing Catholic critic must endorse. Thus, in commenting on the spirit of a sadly gnarled zealot of morality, he calls attention to a truth that now and then Catholic thinkers have overlooked: "There is no joy in Tolstoy, and, lacking joy, he lacks the deepest instinct of religion."[9] That sentence is a potent reminder of the Apostle's exhortation to "rejoice in the Lord always," of the multitudinous "alleluias" which spangle the liturgy of Mother Church, of the "good tidings of great joy" whereof, one night in starlit Bethlehem, the angelic chorus sang.

Here and there, of course, throughout his essays, Mr. More falls short in his efforts to grasp the true signification of Catholic literature and Catholic philosophy. Dwelling on a famous passage from St. Paul, Mr. More remarks:

> I have not in mind to speak slightingly of the Christian faith, or of any genuine faith; I know the sources of religious conviction; but when I see the perplexity into which even St. Paul could be thrown by the fear of losing his belief in a particular miraculous event [*i. e.*, the Resurrection of Christ], I appreciate the force of Plato's boast that he alone, with his master, had the courage to rest his faith on the simple common sense of mankind. This is philosophy.[10]

[7] *The Drift of Romanticism*, p. 296.
[8] *Aristocracy and Justice*, p. 94.
[9] *Shelburne Essays*, First Series, p. 216.
[10] *Platonism*, p. 76.

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Nowhere has Mr. More given a more graphic revelation of his inherent spiritual limitations. For him religion must have no relish of the supernatural in it, it must not be that which cometh from above, it must rather be the illusory efforts of a man seeking to exalt himself by pulling valiantly at his own boot straps. This may be philosophy, indeed, philosophy of a sort; but it is not the philosophy which can fire the hearts of men and remove mountains and renew the face of the earth. But it can be, and it is, the philosophy of one upon whose study mantel stands engraved a Greek sentence, the substance of which is that things do not really matter, but the irony of life is such that we must make believe they do!

Such is the pint cup—more appositely, the Grecian urn—into which Mr. More must needs decant the wine of life; small wonder that we drink and are not sated, that sometimes we miss its pervasive and delicate bouquet. Small wonder that the intense religious practicality of Thomas à Kempis moves the essayist to gentle strictures:

> In such a work as the *Imitation* the brotherhood of man, taught by the Apostles, was quite smothered by a refined and spiritual form of egotism: nor can we imagine St. John declaring: "As often as I have gone forth among men, I have returned home less a man." [11]

The virile asceticism of the Brother of the Common Life is incomprehensible to Mr. More, for asceticism Mr. More has defined as "the attempt to attain the mystical release by violence rather than by the gradual discipline of philosophy and morality." [12] Nor does he recall that what Catholic terminology, most philosophically, designates "vocation," calls a St. John to one form of Christly life and a Thomas à Kempis to another; that the *Imitation* was written by a monk for monks, by a specialist for specialists; that in applied Christianity, as Catholicism understands it, there is room not only for the free exercise of the altruistic impulses, but likewise for the effective and salutary sublimation of the self-regarding emotions. Surely, his beloved Plato, with his threefold classification of citizens and functions in the ideal commonwealth, might have brought Mr. More a fuller understanding.

[11] *Shelburne Essays*, First Series, p. 208. [12] *The Drift of Romanticism*, p. 293.

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Small wonder, too, that Mr. More finds his own placidly philosophic personality out of harmony with the finer and more exalted poetic flights of Crashaw and Thompson: "In both there is the same breath of the prison house, something close and febrile and spiritually exacerbating." [13] The criticism flows from a fundamental disparity of both principles and temperament—the kind of criticism we might expect from a mathematician discussing the poetry of Keats or an Hegelian philosopher descanting on Mr. Chesterton's *Orthodoxy*. Yet the very narrowness of Mr. More's viewpoint and the very inadequacy of his interpretation serve, at least in a minor and negative way, to make several of his comments on Thompson apt and stimulating. Such is his exposure of a manifest inconsistency in the structure of "The Hound of Heaven," where first the soul is represented as fleeing from the pursuing Feet, and then, is affectionately reproached for having driven the Divine Love away. It is a molehill of imperfection, to be sure, but of imperfection none the less. And such is Mr. More's statement that often Thompson's "tortured language sounds like the beating on the ground of wings that cannot rise." [14] That is a true and, I think, a very beautiful figure, and it illustrates the case of more poets than Thompson; its range of application, indeed, is well-nigh as universal as literature itself.

But Thompson was undeniably a Romanticist, and that to Mr. More is very nearly the unforgivable sin. Frankly, he does not approve of Romanticism; and, also frankly, he has urged against that tendency in art and letters practically everything that can be urged. No Romantic poet will ever be honored with literary canonization if our somewhat mad and unphilosophical world will but give heed to the pleadings of this formidable *fidei defensor* of the Classical tradition. He stresses the "drift" of Romanticism, and most convincingly urges that the general fault with the movement is that it is just a drifting. It spells decadence, too, in many of its manifestations, and some of its practitioners "appear like truant boys who need to be spanked and sent again to their lessons." [15] Oscar Wilde he unequivocally damns as "sincere with the

[13] *Shelburne Essays*, Seventh Series, p. 165. [14] *Ibid.*, Seventh Series, p. 154.
[15] *Ibid.*, Tenth Series, p. 280.

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pathos of conscious insincerity."[16] Resourceful prosecutor that he is, all facts he finds grist for his mill; and in dismissing the group of men who amazed the English-speaking world in the "naughty nineties," he utilizes the *argumentum ad hominem* with deadly effect:

> It is, in fact, like a nightmare to read their lives. The hectic decay of Aubrey Beardsley is almost health in comparison with the state of most of those who gave to the movement its tone. Of the living we speak not; but there is Lionel Johnson, the best artist of them all when he grew serious, a victim of absinthe, found in the gutter with his skull crushed; there is John Davidson, with his vision of a new universe ended in mad suicide; there are Ernest Dowson and Francis Thompson, mingling their religion with the fumes of alcohol and opium; there are others whose tainted lives and early deaths need not be examined; and, above all, is the hideous tragedy in Reading Jail. These men, who appeared to be treading so fantastically in "the variant bypaths of the uncertain heart," knew also in the flesh the certain terrors of organic decay.[17]

"The variant bypaths of the uncertain heart" Mr. More traces likewise in much semi-educational and semi-sociological literature, especially in works of fiction, exploiting a vague humanitarianism and substituting ideals of social service for the older and sterner faith in God and conscience. He is more than dubious of the so-called new morality; he disapproves of it because it is nebulous and lacks stamina, because it is amorphous and is deficient in bony structure. "The whole effect of calling sympathy justice and putting it in the place of judgment is to relax the fibre of character and nourish the passions at the expense of reason and the will."[18] It is distinctly refreshing to read his strictures on that well-meaning, but alarmingly myopic, theory of civilization based on the principle of man's humanity to man. Social sympathy as a rule of conduct he judiciously mistrusts, not primarily because it is social, but because it is sympathetic. After citing a clerical preachment to the effect that "Faith's fellowship with

[16] *Shelburne Essays*, Seventh Series, p. 232. [17] *Ibid.*, Tenth Series, p. 281.
[18] *Aristocracy and Justice*, p. 211.

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Jesus is one with the realization of our fellowship in humanity," Mr. More is moved to remark:

> If such a social passion means anything, it means the reconstruction of life to the level of the gutter. It is the modern sham righteousness which would have called from Jesus the same utter scorn as that which He poured upon the Pharisaical cant of His own day. . . . In effect, the first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind," has been almost forgotten for the second, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Worship in the temple is no longer a call to contrition and repentance, but an organized flattery of our human nature, and the theological seminary is fast becoming a special school for investigating poverty and spreading agnosticism.[19]

Opposed to Romanticism in literature and to emotional humanitarianism in life, Mr. More is not less vigorously opposed to what is vaguely called the evolutionary idea in science. It is no distortion of his meaning, as conveyed in one of his delightful personal prefaces, to say that in his view *The Origin of Species* and *The Yellow Book* have met each other, that Huxley and Wilde have kissed. In both literature and science he combats "a belief that things of themselves, by a kind of natural gravity of goodness in them, move always on and on in the right direction; a confiding trust in human nature as needing no restraint and compression, but rather full liberty to follow its own impulsive desires to expand; an inclination to take sides with the emotions against the inhibitions of judgment. This is not science nor any proper philosophy of progress; but undoubtedly science, by the law of evolution, has unwittingly, sometimes wittingly, lent authority to this collapse of reason." [20]

For comfort and surcease, Mr. More turns to the classic wits of the Popean age, and invokes their satiric shades to flood the modern world with saving malice; for of wit, he holds, malice is an essential ingredient:

> I even think that nothing would be a more wholesome tonic for our modern surfeit of sentimentalism than a little

[19] *Aristocracy and Justice*, pp. 207, 208. [20] *Ibid.*, preface, pp. viii., ix.

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> of the saving grace of malice, and that amidst the welter of humanitarian optimism a proper counter-irritant might be found in Swift's great foundation of misanthropy. . . . We suffer from a murky surfeit of self-flattery and sham philanthropy, and a little of the opposite excess might help to clear the air. . . . There are several people in the world who need to be vexed.[21]

Thus firmly intrenched behind the first line defences of Classicism, Mr. More steadfastly holds fast that which is good. For one thing, he is unequivocally on the side of decency. He tells the plain truth about Congreve and Mrs. Behn and several other of the lascivious Restoration writers, and he formulates with a happy blending of discernment and good sense the all-sufficient condemnation of what in our, as in other, days has been eulogized as realism: "It is a nasty thing to take complacence in creating a nasty world, and there's an end on't." [22] Whitman he can endure, but not the Whitmaniacs. "I do not see why Americans should hesitate to accept him, with all his imperfections and incompleteness, and with all his vaunted pendantry of the pavement, as one of the most original and characteristic of their poets; but," he adds significantly, "to do this they must begin by forgetting his disciples." [23]

It is not surprising that some of the literary dabblers and philosophic parvenus, who euphoniously style themselves the Young Intellectuals—though most of them are old enough to know better and all of them appear less concerned with the human brain than with other organs—taunt Mr. More with being in manner stodgy and in matter wearisome and irrelevant. But Mr. More has the last word, for here he is on the side of the angels, and there's an end on't.

Yet there is no need to subpœna the angels. A random page or two from any of his books, read with unbiased mind and in a reasonably receptive mood, should convince even a Young Intellectual that whatever else may be his failings, Mr. More knows how to write English more than passing well. He has ideas and convictions and a superb sense of form; he is choice without being finicky in his use of words; he understands the æsthetic potency of variety and vigor and suspense; he can be epigrammatic without overdoing the thing, and he

[21] *With the Wits*, preface, pp. ix., x. [22] *Ibid.*, p. 78.
[23] *Shelburne Essays*, Fourth Series, p. 211.

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is not totally devoid of humor. True, he demands much of his readers in the way of general reading and intellectual background; but to some of us that is a virtue in him rather than a defect. In fine, as a stylist, Mr. More, though less pyrotechnic than Mr. Chesterton, less incisive than Mr. Belloc, less "popular" than Professor Phelps or Professor Sherman, and less amusingly underbred and impertinent than Mr. Mencken, has a command of the King's English that must win the favor, though perhaps not the fervor, of any normal human being intent on something more thoughtful than a jig or a tale of bawdry.

Nevertheless, to wax enthusiastic over Mr. More as a stylist is simply impossible. That truism of Buffon's never was more true! Mr. More's style is Mr. More; and it sparkles often, but rarely glows. It is a style to admire rather than to like. There is something about it, not pedantic nor petulant, nor even wholly condescending, but chill, aloof, inhibitive, something angularly ministerial, provocatively professorial, cappa-magnacally episcopal—something, in short, one never learns from Plato. We may find ourselves in accord with Mr. More oftener than we find ourselves in accord with Carlyle; but we can never love Mr. More as, with all his crochets, we love Carlyle. Robert Louis Stevenson said of his idol, Sir Walter Scott: "He makes me long to box his ears—God bless him!" [24] We should be awed at the thought of boxing Mr. More's ears, terrified at so incongruous a thing as praying for him. It would be as reasonable to box the ears of a Venetian doge or invoke a benediction on the law of gravitation.

And yet to close this fragmentary study of him on that note were to do Mr. More a serious injustice. For there are passages in his essays that stand out in memory as flawless marbles against a fleckless sky, a keen wind scouring from their polished surface the last particle of invisible dust, the brilliant sunlight mellowing their contours into semblance of throbbing life. Such is his modulated, but eloquent, plea for classical education in *Aristocracy and Justice;*[25] such are the beautifully poised concluding paragraphs of *Platonism;* such —and to quote it at length needs no apology—is that passage in his essay on Pascal, wherein is set forth a distinction of

[24] J. A. Hammerton, *Stevensoniana.*

[25] "The Paradox of Oxf- -d," p. 90, *et seq.*

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values and of principles that, irrespective of what one's personal spiritual experiences and meditations may enable one to read into it, thrills with "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls." He has quoted Pascal on the infirmities of human nature, and Voltaire's reply: "I dare to take the part of humanity against this sublime misanthrope; I dare to assert that we are neither so evil nor so wretched as he says." Whereupon, writes Mr. More:

> From the point of view of common sense, from the feelings of the man absorbed in the tumult of diversion and business, Voltaire is right, and Pascal himself admits as much. But there is another point of view, and when once the inner eye has been opened to this aspect of life, though it catch but a glimpse of that vision and close again to its own night, the words of Voltaire seem but the language of one born blind. When once the sting of eternity has entered the heart, and the desire to behold things *sub specie æternitatis*, when once the thirst of stability and repose has been felt, for that soul there is no longer content in the diversions of life, and, try as he will to conceal to himself the truth, with every pleasure and amid every distraction he tastes the cloying drop of bitterness. Henceforth, in the midst of enjoyment, he knows, with Pascal, how "horrible a thing it is to feel slip away all that one possesses;" and he cannot forget that "the last act is bloody, however fair all the rest of the comedy; in the end, we throw a little earth on the head, and it is over for ever." It is not exaggeration to say that the consciousness or unconsciousness of this dualism is the most fundamental mark of division among men. Here lies the distinction between civilizations, between faith and reason, between religion and rationalism, between piety and morality, between genius and talent.[26]

It were as unfair as it is facile to level at Mr. More the strident charge of inconsistency, to point out that his view of things, *sub specie æternitatis*, is difficult to reconcile with his implied and express skepticism, that, to use the words in which he himself criticizes St. Augustine, "one cannot read much in his works without discovering whole tracts of thought and exhortation that refuse to take their place in his dogmatic system;" that his distinction between faith and religion seems

[26] *Shelburne Essays*, Sixth Series, pp. 146, 147.

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specious and speculative, that his almost monomaniacal insistence on the theory of dualism in every department of life and thought, might aptly enough be construed into a justification of those very educational, literary, and sociological vagaries which he so learnedly combats and so profoundly deplores. It were unfair, and futile; for upon differences regarding fundamental life principles argument is fruitless.

Wiser it is to accept him for what he is worth. Mr. More is a thinker, a scholar, an essayist of pith and distinction; he has much to teach both this generation and the next. I recall a pregnant and significant thing that the late Bishop Spalding wrote of Epictetus, Seneca, and Aurelius: "To derive profit from their works . . . all that is required is an open mind and a tractable heart. What is speculative disappears in the presence of the practical worth of the truths they utter. To read them aright, we need attentive and devout spirit rather than an acute and curious intellect." [27] And so it is with Mr. More; only for the reader of the *Shelburne Essays* "an acute and curious intellect" will prove no negligible asset.

Personally, I find a hint of unconscious symbolism in the description of himself, in "The Paradox of Oxford," [28] standing one gray day in the quadrangle of Oriel College and gazing up at the windows of the rooms once occupied by John Henry Newman. In a whimsical mood, while recognizing the heterogeneity between the two men, I perceive, none the less, how much they have in common, how keen their zest for the things of the mind, how unswerving their devotion to high ideals, how intense their intellectual passion for the best in the ancient culture. And as I wonder and dream, there flashes across my mind a bit of verse, alien in spirit alike to Cardinal Newman and to Mr. More, and, therefore, in accordance with the latter's favorite dualistic theory, singularly apropos:

> When all the Temple is prepared within,
> Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?

[27] *Glimpses of Truth*, "Epictetus." [28] *Aristocracy and Justice*, p. 80.

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PROFESSOR DEWEY AND TRUTH.

BY JOSEPH T. BARRON.

PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY of Columbia University is the pundit supreme of American philosophy. He is the uncrowned king of our philosophic *intelligentsia*, the successor of the late William James, whose mantle he unassumingly wears. Any pronouncement of Mr. Dewey's on things philosophic, is therefore intriguing. Indeed, any of the output of that small but sturdy band of American seekers after truth, is of interest to us simply because it is American; but when their leader speaks, it is for us to hearken, if not to agree. Mr. Dewey has spoken to us through the pages of some fourteen volumes, the latest just off the press, and through his numerous contributions to periodicals. His writings have evoked much controversy; like all who would lead us into the promised land, he has won for himself enthusiastic support and mordant criticism. Many and telling are the shafts leveled against him. We shall content ourselves with an examination of a minor, if important, part of his system—his views on a question that has harassed the minds of thinkers from the dawn of Greek philosophy to our own day—the question of the nature of truth.

Mr. Dewey professes that species of anti-intellectualistic philosophy known as instrumentalism. The revolt against reason has assumed wide proportions in our day. The history of philosophy shows that men rebel, periodically, against an over-extravagant cult of the intellect; the Sophists and Socrates protested against the rationalism of the earlier Greek philosophers, while Rousseau embodied a similar protest after the "Enlightenment" of the eighteenth century. In our time, the worth of the intellect has been impugned because of its alleged failure as regards knowledge and as regards life. It is held that the intellect has failed in its effort to get into contact with reality, and that it had best be supplanted by the evangel of action and practicality. Agents are to be preferred to thinkers—the sons of Martha are to take precedence over

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the sons of Mary. This philosophy is the expression of the world's admiration for the pushing man of affairs, for the man who does things, as opposed to the recluse whose thoughts do not issue into practical results. The doctrinaire and academic "speculative" philosophy of our text-books is to be scrapped as useless. If philosophy has any claim to existence, it must justify that claim by becoming operative. Thus speaks anti-intellectualism. It is protean, embracing widely divergent systems of thought, and among them we may place the instrumentalism of Mr. Dewey.

Instrumentalism is so called because it regards thinking as an instrument, a tool. The intellect is not an oracle, but a practical instrument. We think solely in order that we may foresee the future, and thus act intelligently. By prevision, we acquire control over our environment and efficiency in its management—we are enabled to adapt our environment to human needs. Experience should not be undergone for its own sake; it is but a means to an end, the end being action. Theorizing divorced from action is futile; action guided by theory is the end to which thinking is the means. Thinking is first, last, and all the time for the sake of doing. The worth of the entire cognitive function is planning and purposing. To experience, in a word, is to experiment. By thus experimenting man can learn to tame his environment and make it subject to him, because by understanding a thing he is enabled to anticipate further experiences from it, and his conduct can thus be purposive. Knowing is essentially, therefore, an activity elicited by our environment, which in turn alters the environment. The working hypotheses which we form by our experience have as their end, today at least, the amelioration of social, political, and economic conditions. We should think in order to put an end to the many ills which flow from existing conditions in the economic and political orders; we should think to better society. Thus the task of philosophy "is to clarify men's ideas as to the social and moral strifes of their own day," and the instrumentalist philosopher will find his "compensation in enlightening the moral forces which move mankind, and in contributing to the aspirations of men to attain to a more ordered and intelligent happiness." [1]

[1] *Reconstruction in Philosophy*, pp. 26, 27. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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It is obvious that such a complete reorientation of the nature and burden of philosophy will demand a new theory of truth. The traditional theories of correspondence and coherence can find no place in instrumentalism. It is forced to discard the older conceptions, and to construct a theory that will be consonant with its view of the meaning of philosophy as a whole. It must even go beyond the idea of truth held by the semi-pragmatists. The latter make utility the criterion of truth; it is the norm or standard whereby we discern the false from the true. Utility is for them not the truth itself, but a sign of the truth. Accordingly, we find Mr. Dewey advancing beyond this mitigated pragmatic criterion. Where they say, utility is a test of truth, he identifies it with truth—utility is truth. In one place, he seems to make usefulness or "workability" a test of truth, when he says: "If ideas, meanings, conceptions, notions, theories, systems are instrumental to an active reorganization of the given environment, to a removal of some specific trouble and perplexity, then the test of their validity and value lies in accomplishing this work." [2] Nevertheless, the so-called Chicago school, of which he is plumed as the founder, and he himself in former writings, clearly identify truth with utility, and we have no warrant to suppose he has receded from this position.[3]

The view that verification, or the effective working out of the idea, and truth are one and the same thing, is expressed in the following passages, where he gives us a definition of truth: "Its (the claim, or pretension, or plan) active, dynamic function is the all-important thing about it, and in the quality of activity induced by it lies all its truth and falsity. The hypothesis that works is the true one; and truth is an abstract noun applied to the collection of cases, actual, foreseen, and desired, that receive confirmation in their works and consequences." [4] It would appear, then, that truth is verification, satisfaction, utility. This theory of truth we shall examine.

Mr. Dewey takes pains to forestall one of the common objections leveled against his theory of truth, viz., that it leads to crass utilitarianism and ultra-individualism. The whole pragmatic movement has been accused, because of its matter-

[2] *Reconstruction in Philosophy*, p. 156.

[3] *Influence of Darwin*, pp. 109, 139, 140; *Mind*, N. S., XVI., 1907, p. 337; *Journal of Philosophy*, IV., 1907, p. 202.

[4] *Reconstruction in Philosophy*, pp. 156, 157.

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of-fact tendency, of being but a philosophic echo of the sordid and mercenary spirit which is supposed to dominate our land. It is this view of pragmatism which has led writers of other countries to proclaim that it is an essentially American philosophy. Thus an Englishman recently wrote that pragmatism "demands a moral complacency more common in Boston than in England." [5] So, too, others explain that it is but the outcome of the money-grubbing temper of the western world.[6] But this is a misinterpretation of this movement, since it does not of itself determine a low scale of values. The instrumentalist may, and, in the present instance, does define high standards of life. The question of a raffish or exalted view of life does not depend on the doctrine that the true is the useful, but on what is held to be the aim and purpose of life. The instrumentalist may just as well seek to achieve the zenith as the nadir of existence. Mr. Dewey deprecates this estimate of his thought when he says: "So repulsive is a conception of truth which makes it a mere tool of private ambition and aggrandizement, that the wonder is that critics have attributed such a notion to sane men." [7] He explains, too, that the objection that his theory leads to ultra-individualism is wide of the mark. Truth has a social character, and utility and satisfaction must not be construed to mean utility or satisfaction to the individual alone. Satisfaction is not "a merely emotional satisfaction, a private comfort, a meeting of a purely personal end." [8] It is "a satisfaction of the needs and conditions of the problem out of which the idea, the purpose and method of action, arises. It includes subjective and objective conditions. It is not to be manipulated by whim or personal idiosyncracy." [9]

But, while he repels these charges, there are other chinks in his philosophic armor which are not quite so invulnerable. In the first place, instrumentalism in its insistence on the essential practicality of knowledge unduly circumscribes the function of the intellect and depreciates the value of speculative thought. Thinking is often a means to an end, but may it not sometimes be an end in itself? It is frequently the instrument to our realization of other values, but does its use stop

[5] P. C. Mitchell, *Evolution and the War*, p. 2.
[6] A. Schinz, *Anti-Pragmatisme;* J. Bourdeau, *Pragmatisme et Modernisme.*
[7] *Reconstruction in Philosophy*, p. 157. [8] *Ibid.*, p. 156. [9] *Ibid.*

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there? We cannot live without thought—the more the thought, the better the life—this we may admit, but a more complete concept of the value of thought indicates that it is both practical and speculative, because the enjoyment of knowledge for its own sake, is a value which enhances life.

Many hard things have been said of late about "otiose speculation" and "armchair philosophies" and "parasitic professors," and many of them are deserved, but too great a stressing of the worthlessness of speculation for speculation's sake is a sin in the other extreme. Thought, as an end in itself, may have a minor place, but, nevertheless, it has a place in life, and it should not be ejected summarily from it. Novalis' disclaimer against the narrowly utilitarian view of philosophy, "philosophy can bake no bread," is rightly rejected by the instrumentalist, but he should not forget that there is a satisfaction in the mere pursuit of the "ultimate causes of things," and a keen exhilaration in the chase; he should remember that the latter have values for a number of people and that they are not, because of this fact, to be discarded. There is a deal of truth in what the instrumentalist says of philosophers. The dilettante, who, from the shelter of his irresponsbility, shuns the problems of life, or who distorts these problems to fit the theories he has spun out of his own consciousness, the professorial fact-shapers, who defend an established order of things because they are its beneficiaries—these are not true "lovers of wisdom." The philosopher, like the average citizen, should not lose contact with society and its problems; he should not divorce his theory from practice, but to say that all philosophy is practical, to hold that the philosopher must be always the active participant in, and never the dispassionate spectator of, the world-riddle; this, it appears, is an extreme view of the function of thought. A more adequate notion would be that which admits the existence of both practical and speculative philosophy, which makes allowance for that burning desire to know which is widespread among men.

Instrumentalism, like most philosophies whose motto is action, is inseparably bound up with a deep faith in progress. Life is not a march towards a set goal, but it is a constant advance towards new goals; having captured one objective, it should proceed on to the achieving of another, simply because

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it is another. Life means progress, and it is the task of the intellect to construct new ideals towards which men must strain. In thus progressing we shall formulate more ennobling ideals and find a fuller good. But there is no guarantee that mere movement is a movement for the better, that change is always good. All progress is change, but not all change is progress; change may be retrogressive as well as progressive. The view that ideals are good, simply because they are later in time than others, is an unproved and an unprovable assumption; it is a naïve acceptance of the doubtful creed of universal evolution.

The man who enshrined his sentiments in that ancient bit of doggerel, "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way," seems to have been in the same predicament as the instrumentalist. Their position, like most of those who bow the knee to the credo of action for action's sake and change at all hazards, is but the philosophic expression of the modern cult of the recent and the novel, with its corresponding distrust of the old and traditional. Antique, venerable have become synonyms for untrue and out-of-date. If being young was a crime in the salad days of William Pitt, surely criminality has now become the exclusive prerogative of the old. We find this contempt for the past exhibited in the glib pronunciamentos of our modern illuminati, anent the drama, literature, art, and even religion. And in more fields than these, the most damning adjective that can be predicated of anything is "out-of-date." Bertrand Russell has pointed out the very evident fallacy in this rose-tinted view of the future as the harbinger of all good things, in the following words: "Somehow, without explicit statement, the assurance is slipped in that the future, though we cannot foresee it, will be better than the past or present: the reader is like the child who expects a sweet because it has been told to open its mouth and shut its eyes. . . . I make only two criticisms of it—first, that its truth does not follow from what science has rendered probable concerning the facts of evolution, and, secondly, that the motives and interests which inspire it are so exclusively practical, and the problems with which it deals are so special, that it can hardly be regarded as really touching any of the questions that, to my mind, constitute genuine philosophy. Except under the influence of desire, no one would

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admit for a moment so crude a generalization from such a tiny selection of facts." [10] Not that the instrumentalist incurs this censure to the same degree as do his more radical brethren; in practice he believes the object of philosophy is collective human happiness, but in his haziness as to what constitutes this happiness, in the principle of the value of progress which underlies his thought, as well as in his insistence on the lack of a definite end for society to attain, he leaves himself open to this criticism, in principle at least.

To come now to the discussion of truth in instrumentalism. The first objection to its theory of truth is derived from the fact that it is based on the constant evolution and ceaseless flux of things. If everything evolves, then the true and the false also evolve; standards and ideals must evolve as well. But if things which give satisfaction and which prove useful are true, then it follows that the true may become the false and the false the true. When a proposition or a system of thought ceases to be useful it is no longer true. Truth, in a word, is not fixed and immutable; it varies with times and localities and men. Once true is not always true. There is, and can be, no permanent truth; all truth is relative. This is frankly admitted by those who hold to the evolution of truth. So Schiller speaks of errors as "discarded ex-truths;" they "were 'truths' in their day." [11] And Sidgwick affirms that "all truths are pro tem truths at best, and the duration of their validity is uncertain." [12] That Mr. Dewey concurs in this view may be easily inferred from his doctrine that utility is truth, although he does not specifically state it.

Now it is only fair to test any system of thought by its own conclusions. A system which cannot stand against itself must fall. It is not unknown for philosophers to submit the truth-claim of all other philosophies to their own rigid and uncompromising demands, while they seem to fancy that their own systems are exempt from any such procedure. Kant wrote a book to prove that all the mind could attain was the phenomenon, while this very book purports to give us the real state of affairs. Others have demonstrated that all we can know is what we have sensed, and, forgetting the while that

10 *Scientific Method in Philosophy*, pp. 14-16.
11 *Studies in Humanism*, pp. 212, 213.
12 *Journal of Philosophy*, II., 1905, p. 269.

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we cannot sense this theory, have in their very assertion refuted themselves. But such a disingenuous attitude cannot be countenanced by honest thought. Physicians have been told to heal themselves, and philosophers would do well to heed similar advice. A philosophy, if nothing else, must be consistent; it must not be self-refuting.

In the first place, before we examine instrumentalism in the light of these considerations, we must note that there are a number of truths which seem to have withstood the shocks of time and the blighting touch of age as yet. Should not the instrumentalist withhold his dogmatic assertion, that they will "have their day and cease to be" until that day comes? But, apart from this, there are other questions which clamor for answer from the instrumentalist, and answered they must be before his theory can win our acceptance. Is it a changeable truth, that all truth is changeable? Or putting the question more pointedly: "Is instrumentalism to be accepted instrumentally, and is it to be interpreted in the same way?" Consistency demands that it be so received and accepted, and yet, if we do accept it because it is useful and satisfactory, then, on its own assertion, it is only relatively, and not absolutely, true.

But instrumentalists do not—no philosopher does—put forth their theory as only relatively true. They thus are impaled on the horns of a dilemma. Either truth is what they say it is, or it is not. If the latter is the case, we can dismiss them without further ado. If truth is what they say it is, then their theory, being true, is only relatively true. And if they insist that it is absolutely true, then they deny their own theory in their very affirmation of it. In point of fact, they take the position as regards their theory that truth does not rest upon its usefulness; their theory is true because what it maintains is true, *i. e.*, there is a correspondence of some kind between it and the real state of things; and because it is true, it is useful and satisfactory. Hence the presumption of instrumentalism is, that usefulness is not truth, but that it is a mark of truth. But it cannot hold even to this view, for it contravenes all other systems which are opposed to it, despite the fact that these are eminently satisfactory to their respective protagonists.

Looking at the problem from a slightly different angle, we

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may ask: "Is the instrumentalist theory one which is true only today, but which was false a century ago, and which will be false a century hence?" Here, again, we may venture to assert that this theory is put forth as a theory that was true in the past before it was known to be true, and that it will be true in the future, even though the thinkers of that time will have relegated it to the museum of philosophical antiques. Which is to say, that the supporters of this theory believe that the state of affairs which it represents has not changed and has not evolved; that which has evolved, is the knowledge of the theory. But this is tantamount to admitting that the truth of instrumentalism does not consist in its utility or satisfaction, but that it is true because it represents things as they are. In other words, it is ultimately based on the correspondence theory of truth. It is difficult to see how it can escape the vitiating charge of inconsistency.

Philosophies which adhere to the doctrine of the evolution of truth, gain plausibility from the constant parade of hypotheses and theories through the ages, each of which were held for a time by all, or at least by a considerable number of men, but which were succeeded in turn by other hypotheses and theories, the latter giving way with the passage of time to new views. None of these systems hold that all truths evolve. Historical facts do not change with time—they are stable and imperishable. The date of the birth of Julius Cæsar, the year in which Columbus discovered America, will not evolve; neither will the sum-total of home runs garnered by the titanic Mr. Ruth, nor the epic effate of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of his sister State. Facts like these, time cannot wither. But it is maintained in regard to systems of thought, both scientific and religious, that, while each of these was the vogue, it was true because it suited the particular men of that time or place. However, a modicum of reflection tells us that, while human knowledge is capable of development and change, both in content and extent, this by no means implies that the true becomes the false, or vice versa. On the contrary, the obvious reason why one hypothesis is rejected in favor of another, is because it was found to be untrue—it did not square with the facts—and not because it did not give satisfaction. Hypotheses are, of their very nature, mere conjectures. And if they be supplanted, it is not because they are

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not practical or suitable, but because they are not true, *i. e.*, they give a false account of things. Things are useful, in a word, because they are true; they are not true, because they are useful.

Utility presupposes truth already established. This may be instanced by the welter of conflicting opinions which usually exist when knowledge of what is the truth is lacking, or when knowledge is only opinionative. Witness the dispute raging today among the Brahmins, who guide our ship of state over the advisability of our joining the League of Nations. If we had positive knowledge whether or not our entrance into that august assembly would benefit us, then the controversy would be at an end—we would become members, or not. Witness, again, the dispute as to the wisdom of prohibition. If we knew it was useful and satisfactory, then the issue would be closed; but, not knowing—in part, at least—if it is useful, the debate is loud and sustained. Examples too numerous to mention could be adduced to confirm our point, viz., that, when in default of certain knowledge, we are forced to base our beliefs on utility, there is no end to disagreement; judgments about utility or value or satisfaction are as variable as likes and dislikes. Utility and satisfactoriness are inadequate for theoretical and practical purposes when it is a question of truth.

Instrumentalism is a philosophy actuated by a lofty motive. Its desire is to put philosophy to work, to drag it down from the clouds to *terra firma;* its aim is to harness the thought of the Olympians to the problems of the day. It is keenly aware of the faults of the traditional philosophies—their sterility, their endless disputes, their Frankenstein proneness to fashion objections which they cannot answer, their aridity, their want of contact with reality, their far remove from life. Believing that correction would be futile, it would revolutionize the classic idea of philosophy, and by this revolution it hopes to lead mankind to the millennium. We may admit the truth of some of its strictures against the old order of things, but the remedy it proffers is not a fit substitute, because in one of its cardinal points, the nature of truth, it lacks the jewel of consistency, a jewel which must adorn every claimant which seeks to be adopted as the perennial philosophy.

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AT EVENTIDE.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

THE shadows lengthen out
This eventide;
And, if Thou standest here,
Unglorified
In me and mine—oh, yet,
With me abide.

Here, in the evening light,
Clearer than day,
Looking behind, I see
My old life's way;
Oh, would to God, indeed,
That I could say:

"Here, Lord, I went where Thou
Hadst bid me go;
Here, where I might have strayed,
I did not so;
I took what work, what rest,
Thou wouldst bestow."

Nay, but full oft my feet
Have strayed and erred;
Full oft mine ears were deaf
To Thy dear word;
Full oft mine eyes looked out
With vision blurred.

Oh, little span of life,
That seemed so long
When the first bell was rung
For matin song,
And all Thy great love-choir
Sang sweet and strong.

Mine is no passionate grief
For love refused;
Mine is no glowing joy
For love well used;
Nor yet a heart that lies
Broken and bruised.

Thou gavest penitence,
All-healing grief;
Thou gavest pardoning love,
In dear relief;
And now I bring to Thee
A tare-spoilt sheaf.

And yet, for that I sowed
Some little wheat,
Take it, and let Thy love
The tale complete;
I lay it down before
Thy blessed feet.

Thou knowest I could have done
And did not do;
Have paid the debts of love
That still are due;
Have given fair giving meet,
In measure true.

Thou knowest how I have sinned
Oft in Thy sight;
Thou knowest I tried to do
Some little right;
Forgive the wrong, accept
The rest tonight.

O Jesus, Jesus mine,
What words are these?
Deep in my heart I say,
On bended knees,
Do with me, dearest Lord,
As Thou shalt please.

My spirit, O Lord, O Love,
I do commend
Into Thy Hands, my Judge,
Who art my Friend,
Who, loving me, wilt love
Unto the end.

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THE WORKINGMAN AND HIS WAGES.

BY JAMES F. CRONIN, C.S.P.

FOR some years past, it is plain that events have been so shaping themselves as to force even the unwilling to pay heed to industrial conditions. The interest in questions born of modern industry is almost universal, and the time has arrived, we believe, when it is neither safe nor sane for moral leaders to ignore, or minimize, the gravity of what is at stake.

In the absence of clear thinking among the masses, it must be made plain that our emphasis on the sacredness of private property does not place us in the untenable position of approving or defending the inherent or accidental faults of Capitalism. And, in condemning Socialism, we must not allow the unthinking to believe that we are committed to the approbation or toleration of the abuses and injustices of Capitalism. We, indeed, insist that in any solution offered, the inviolability of private property must be taken into consideration, and we furthermore reject and condemn the particular solution, known as Socialism, but we in nowise approve the evils of the present system. Indeed, we are, and must be, as solicitous of right and justice in industrial life as in any other department of life.

It may be well for us, also, to remember that although Socialism would usher in evils worse than the existing ones, it is, at least, an effort to meet the situation. People may believe about Socialism what many believe about Prohibition, that it is so poor a remedy for an evil that it is worse than no remedy. To condemn one or the other, however, and to offer no substitute reform, is to reject the attempt made to solve a question; it is not constructive. If we do the easy thing, we shall be satisfied with a policy of obstruction, and simply condemn the efforts of others; if we do the right thing, we shall not only point out the errors of others, we shall bring forth our own programme. Boastful *laudatores temporis acti,* who mistake a mental storehouse of prejudices and prepos-

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sessions for reason, who contribute nothing to the solution of a difficult problem except the condemnation of the efforts of others to solve the question, must be appraised at their true value; they are simply and solely offensive obstructionists. It is painful and pathetic to find Catholics taking the part of critical obstructionists, even when authoritative Catholic teachings are being applied to modern questions of industry. Our present industrial system did not come down from heaven as a divine revelation, and it is not immune from the saving grace of change and improvement.

No less an authority, indeed, than the Bishops' Programme calls for a change, a change in fact which would ultimately involve, to a great extent, the abolition of the wage system. The present method of payment of wages is, after all, a comparatively new thing, the result of a social system that came into existence gradually, did not at one time exist as we have it today; and, conceivably, the world can again get along without it.

The present wage system, moreover, has many disadvantages, not accidental, which a little charity might remove, but disadvantages inherent in the system itself, which laboring men cannot be expected to overlook. In making the contract of the wage, the employer has a distinct advantage over the one seeking a position. Equality of bargaining power is wanting. The man seeking employment must work or starve, while the employer can wait, or employ someone else. The dependence of the employee on the will and power of the employer "approaches that of the subject under a despot, and finds expression in the phrase: 'Well, you can take the job or leave it.'"[1] Employers who are so fond of boldly proclaiming that they will never submit to "dictation" from organized labor, are forever assuring us that they can, and will, "run their own business." Many of us are not concerned as to the terms employed, whether "outside interference," "dictation," or the more euphemistic "running my own business," be employed. However, we see no reason for offering special resistance to the workingmen who try, through equality of bargaining power secured through organization, to write in the wage contract the terms under which they will work, any more than we should resist the efforts of the employer to se-

[1] *Primer of Social Science.* Parkinson. London: T. S. King & Son. Page 167.

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cure the services of these men on his terms. Both parties are bargaining; one offers wages, the other offers service. The employer states his conditions, and he is simply "running his own business;" the workingman states his conditions, and he is "dictating." Which reminds us that Lincoln once asked a schoolboy: "Johnnie, if you call a dog's tail a leg, how many legs will he have?" "Five," answered Johnnie. "No," said Lincoln, "calling it a leg will not make it one, the dog will still have only four legs."

Inherent, also, to the present wage system is the disadvantage that the wage-earner labors under, of being excluded from a share in the profits. It is not at all clear to the working people why the employer should walk off with all the profits. It is very clear, on the other hand, that the laborer "has a strict right to profits in proportion to his effective coöperation in production." It is clear, furthermore, that the laboring men are not receiving these profits. Indeed, the laboring man is forced to surrender, at least implicitly, his right to these profits when he makes a wage contract, and, under the present system, he must either make the wage contract or go hungry. "Briefly," says Monsignor Parkinson, "the wage-earner in industry has abandoned his claim to a proportion of the profits. He has become a mercenary rather than a partner, a commodity rather than an artist-craftsman. He remains actually or practically at the same pay, while the employer or shareholders draw large dividends for their inactive (*i. e.*, non-effective) participation in production. He is the victim of the omnipotence of wealth, of the prejudices of station, and the social inferiority of labor."

Here and there, of course, are found employers, and many of them, who do the right thing towards their employees. The number, also, is unquestionably growing year after year. But conditions today are a sufficient warrant, nevertheless, for repeating what Pope Leo said thirty years ago: "The laboring men feel that they have been fooled by empty promises and deceived by false appearances; they cannot but perceive that their grasping employers too often treat them with the greatest inhumanity, and hardly care for them beyond the profit their labor brings;" and "with the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming

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masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than slavery itself." [2]

Again, not only is the laboring man, under the present wage system, practically forced to sign away his right to a share in the profits, but at times he cannot even secure a remuneration "sufficient to support a frugal and well-behaved wage-earner." In other words, the *minimum* of justice is denied him. Even if it were true that the great majority of workers were now receiving more than living wages (and it is not true), "there are no good reasons," says the Bishops' Programme,[3] "why rates of pay should be lowered. After all, a living wage is not necessarily the full measure of justice. All the Catholic authorities on the subject explicitly declare that that is only the *minimum* of justice. Since our industrial resources and instrumentalities are sufficient to provide more than a living wage for a very large proportion of the workers, why should we acquiesce in a theory which denies them this measure of the comforts of life? Such a policy is not only of very questionable morality, but is unsound economically." "On grounds of justice and sound economics," concludes the paragraph, "we should give our hearty support to all legitimate efforts made by labor to resist general wage reductions."

The campaign for the reduction of wages attained during the war has, however, been going on, rather merrily for some, during the last few years. The "workman's silk shirt" served as one of the allies in the holy war against the extravagances of the working classes. Of course, there wasn't any silk shirt, but that didn't matter. The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics made a detailed study of the cost of living of 12,094 families of workingmen during the fall of 1918 and the winter of 1919. The families were widely scattered about the country, and representative. "The matter of the silk shirt is illuminating. Out of the entire 12,000 families studied, only three and six-tenths per cent. possessed silk shirts. The investments of these extravagant few, if such purchases are considered extravagant, increased the average budget for the entire group only twenty-one cents, the price of a single soda during war times. Apparently, even at the time of great economic inflation the workman who could afford luxury was

[2] Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*.

[3] *Social Reconstruction*. Washington, D. C.: National Catholic Welfare Council.

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uncommon." The average expenditures of the different members of the families for clothing reveal also the "appalling extravagance" of the workingman and his family. The man clothed himself on less than six dollars a month and the woman dressed on five dollars and thirty cents a month, and this at a time when prices were at the peak. But if there were no silk shirts for the laboring men when they were "dictating" their own terms and wages, there certainly was one expenditure of which much has not been said. Churches throughout the country, almost unanimously, reported that plate collections had doubled!

The success of the Miners' Union, we hope, has put a definite stop to the campaign for a reduction of wages. Since March, last, an upward trend in wages is recorded. The average weekly earnings of factory-workers in New York State were $25.10 in August, a gain of 33 cents over July, and an increase of 85 cents over the lowest average earnings in April. The Railroad Labor Board granted an increase to 451,911 members of the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way employees and Railroad Shop Workers. Of this number, track laborers and all common laborers constitute the largest single class affected. Most of them are now receiving 35 to 36 cents an hour. They number about 112,000. The average minimum wage now ranges from 23 to 37 cents an hour. The United States Steel Corporation also voluntarily increased the wages of its employees, and it is hoped that before long the pressure, which compelled this increase in wages, will exert itself in the direction of remedying the brutal practice of employing 300,000 on a twelve-hour basis. The United States Steel Corporation might well begin by liberating its 70,000.

Among the factors accounting for the upward trend of wages, emphasis must be placed on the new three per cent. immigration law. The country's total net gain by alien immigration during the first fiscal year under the quota law was 104,326 women and 6,518 men (both figures including children). The figure of 309,556 immigrant aliens admitted to our country during this period "shrinks to nothing when it is reduced to net gain in man-power. Moreover, there has been an actual loss in net immigration in respect to most of the countries upon which we have depended recently for our supply of unskilled labor." During the fiscal year, 1921-1922,

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40,319 immigrants arrived from Italy, while during the same period 53,651 Italians left this country. Figures show that in regard to Poland, Greece, Spain, Portugal, Jugo-Slavia, and several other countries we lost more by emigration than we gained by immigration. The *Nation* points out that 400,000 skilled and unskilled workers were added annually to our working forces during the five years before the war, and that now "we have already dried up the sources of that man-power upon which for the last fifty years American industry has depended."

With this increased power thrust into the hands of labor by the new immigration law, one should consider the growth of unionism during the last decade. A glance at the new volumes of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* reveals that the growth of organized labor enrollment during the decade, 1911-1921, is three hundred and fifty per cent. for the world, from 10,835,000 to 48,000,000. In the United States the growth has been one hundred and fifty percent. during the same period, from 2,100,000 to 5,179,000. The growing scarcity of labor due to the three per cent. restrictive law and the growth of unionism, are two powerful factors which labor will not be slow to use for the enforcement of its claims.

Some of us, however, are not at all alarmed. Something—the coldness of facts we suspect—chills our enthusiasm when we try to answer the call to save our country from what Mr. Chamberlain recently called "the common foe." When we learn from our *Catechism of the Social Question* that two per cent. of the people own sixty per cent. of the wealth of the United States and that the poorest, sixty-five per cent. of the people, own only five per cent., and that four-fifths of the people own only one-tenth of the wealth, our indignation at labor's effrontery in trying to secure a fair protection of the wealth it produces, somewhat subsides, and we are led to confess that not even the waving of a silk shirt makes us panicky.

Nor shall we become desperately ill at ease if labor soon succeeds in bringing the remaining twenty million organizable workers into the ranks of unionism. Equality of bargaining power can be attained by these millions in no other way save by organization, and without this equality they are dependent for a living upon the benevolence of employers. A mere kindergarten acquaintance with the condition of unorganized

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labor in the past is sufficient in itself to make us say with Pope Leo: "We may lay it down as a general and lasting law that workingmen's associations should be so organized and governed as to furnish the best and most suitable means for attaining what is aimed at, that is to say, for helping each individual member to better his condition to the utmost in body, mind, and property." [4]

Labor Unions may, like Capital, abuse their power, and selfishly exact unfair remuneration. Labor has already, in several instances, attempted just this very thing. It is the plain duty of moralists to teach the moralities of the situation. We can distinguish between the right to organize and the abuse of a power. We can distinguish between a free contract and a fair contract. We have our Catholic principles to apply practically to all relations born of modern industry, and the time is already at hand when it is neither safe nor sane to ignore the gravity of the situation.

In our country, today, are millions and millions of wage-earners. One may hate, with all his soul, the doctrine of economic determinism and still understand that the food these people eat, the clothes they wear, the very air they breathe in their homes, are in some way conditioned by the wages they receive. Their health, their thoughts, their outlook on life, their moral and spiritual life, and their attitude towards religion and the Church are not unrelated to the size of their pay envelope. Their souls are stirred and their passions aroused, while resentment fills the hearts of many.

"As far as regards the Church," says Leo, "its assistance will never be wanting, be the time or the occasion what it may. . . . Every minister of Holy Religion must throw into the conflict all the energy of his mind, and all the strength of his endurance." And said Pope Benedict: "The clergy and people, instead of merely opposing the claims of the proletariat, ought to support them, provided that they are within the bounds of what is just and honest, as set forth in the immortal encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, of Leo XIII." (From a letter to Cardinal Lucon, 1919.)

[4] Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*.

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THE WHITE LADY.

BY W. E. WALSH.

I.

1695-1850.

LIMERICK was the end of all things. Not an Irish gentleman remains in the land. Only the Kerne is left—and his spirit is hopelessly broken. We have looked on the last of the Gael, and now the later Irish, it seems, must go. The Dutchmen—His Majesty's friends—are fighting over the spoils. Confiscations were begun before the ink was dry on the hapless Treaty.

"How long shall I be able to hold my own? The Geraldines took this land from the native Chieftains, and my people took it from them. When will my turn come? What would my father, who fought under Hugh O'Neil, have done in this affair? Hugo and I took different sides—he was in Limerick, and I outside its walls. Which of us was right? Hugo is gone to France with Sarsfield—and, Faith, I think he has the best of a bad bargain. There will be good fighting there under a Christian King. As for this country, there is a curse on it. It is crushed, and will rise no more."[1]

Doctor Lacy handed the little book, with its worn and scuffed binding, to Michael Vallancy. The two men looked at each other for a long moment. The doctor ran his fingers through his grizzled beard.

"But for the grace of God, or the prompting of the devil—which was it?—you'd not be here today."

The older man took him up with bitterness in his voice:

"And my elder son would not be a convicted felon—"

"Hold a minute, my dear Michael—a political convict is not a common felon. It's not the first time your family has bred a rebel, or a patriot, whichever you like to call him. Don't be forgetting Hugo."

"Ah, that was different. Right or wrong, there was no disgrace in fighting for the Stuarts—after all, James was our rightful King. But these Fenians—the dregs of the country—what did they want? What could they hope to do?"

1 Diary of Gilbert de Vallancie.

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"What did they want? Sure, there's an easy answer to that. They wanted what your grandfather wanted when he joined Charlemont's volunteers and voted for Grattan's Bill to make the Irish Parliament independent. Ah! that was a great moment, Michael—there was never one like it in the long history of this unhappy land. Your kind and my kind stood then for the first time shoulder to shoulder with the native people."

Michael Vallancy shook his head impatiently:

"Yes, yes," he said, "but that, too, was different. Those were men of power and substance—"

"Aye, it was different," the other interrupted. "There was this difference, that England at that time was in trouble with another set of rebels in the American Colonies, and could not afford to provoke a united Ireland with two hundred thousand Volunteers at her back; but if she had been as well prepared as she was later, in '98, your grandfather might have shared the fate of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his friends—who were likewise men of power and substance. No, no, my dear old friend, don't deceive yourself. England wasn't ready then, but when she was, she knew that she could break that union of the people and their natural leaders with the device that had never failed since the Statute of Kilkenny was enacted; and she proved it in 1800, when many of the men who had voted with Grattan to free their country from English domination, sold her back again into a worse bondage. Your own brother, my Lord Ardilaun, bears a title which came to him as part of the price of his father's convictions in that affair. Now, there's no need for you to be angry because I tell you this—for I hold my own kindred to have been no better.

"Hugh de Lacy despoiled the O'Ruaircs of the rich lands of Meath, and accepted many an honor and title afterwards to preserve the interest of an English King, and, though his descendants held them for a long time, they lost them in the end, like the Desmonds, to Elizabeth's undertakers—of whom the first of your family was one. Sure, that's the history of every one of our Anglo-Irish families—and a dirty one it is—and, faith, I'll say this—that your boy, Roger, rebel or no, is a finer gentleman than any you've had in your family, not excepting your grandfather nor your grandfather's grand-uncle, Hugo, who fought under Sarsfield at Limerick."

Michael Vallancy rose and stood by a deep-embrasured window which overlooked a noble expanse of lawn fringed with trees, through whose upper branches the tower of Castle Ardilaun was visible. The building in which he stood was known as the Dower

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House, and was changed but little since the days when a Norman Baron had built it; but the Castle had been renewed and remodeled a half century earlier with money which the doctor would have described as the price of his father's perfidy. If he lived long enough, he, too, would enjoy the advantages of that questionable transaction, for his brother had married late in life and had no issue; and one day Roger, his elder son—convicted of treason and transported to a penal settlement—would have been the fourth Baron Ardilaun. But now he would inherit neither title nor estate—and his younger brother, Gilbert, would be the richer for his fault.

Michael Vallancy turned to his friend, with the pain of that thought working in his face. He had loved this errant son—a dashing, handsome boy—more than anything else in the world.

"Perhaps you're right, Dan," he said in a lifeless tone. "And I haven't heart to be angry, whether or no. If we'd had our own Parliament these last years, I dare say we'd not have let the food go out of the country while the people were starving; that's the one thing that drove the boy to madness—and his mother with him. They're her people, you know—more than yours or mine—and though her heart is breaking for Roger, she'd not have had him different. As for me, she'll hardly look at me. I let him go without a word, and she can't forget it."

There was silence between them for a moment, and then he went on with an eager break in his voice:

"Have you heard anything, Dan—anything more at all about the report of their escape?"

"Not a word, old friend; but don't you be fretting now. There's no doubt that some of them escaped—and Roger's not the boy to sit back when a thing like that's in hand. I tell you, if any got away, your lad is among them, and by this time he's safe in America."

II.

1919.

When Gerald, sixth Baron Ardilaun, returned at the close of the war to his home, in Ireland, he told himself, with a glow of self-righteousness, that the world had been freed at last of tyranny and oppression, and that he had done his share in bringing about this desirable consummation.

If he had lived in Dublin, this comforting conviction might have lasted for a longer period—for what he would have read in the only paper patronized by his kind, would not have disturbed him greatly. To the landed gentry in Ireland, discontent was a

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perennial which flourished among those not so fortunate as to have either a sufficiency of land or a lucrative berth in His Majesty's service, and they regarded it as a mere commonplace that persuasion of a more or less forcible character should be used to keep it within bounds.

Lord Ardilaun, however, did not believe like the majority of his class, that his less fortunate fellow-countrymen were hopelessly detrimental because they refused to accept the view that their country was intended by Providence to be a sporting subdivision and recruiting ground of the larger Island. On the contrary, he was always ready to excuse, if not to justify, the disturbances which took place as a result of repeated denials of their national aspirations. He had been conscious of a sense of disappointment when the operation of the Home Rule Bill had been postponed for the period of the war, but he had been easily led to believe that this course was warranted by the attitude of the dissentient minority.

But now that the war was over, a generous measure of self-government would extend the blessings of peace, he was sure, even to his distressful country. It is true, that in his absence the Dail Eireann—a National Parliament—had been set up in Ireland without the consent of the British Crown—but this, he thought, need not be taken seriously. The people were being imposed on by agitators, but as soon as they could feel quite sure that Ulster was not going to be permitted to rule the British Islands, they would welcome a reasonable settlement.

He had not been many days at home, however, before he began to have doubts about the situation. In the first place, he was dubious of the Government's policy. Wholesale arrests were bad enough, but the show of military force, obviously intended to intimidate the people, was worse. If he had not seen it himself, he would not have believed it possible, but it happened at this time that the authorities were giving particular attention to Limerick and the adjoining counties. Machine guns, tanks, and armored cars were very much in evidence, and prohibited areas—defined by barriers of barbed wire—were the fashion. Beside the fact that he was sick of the panoply of war, there was the almost incredible evidence that government by military force still existed; and his irritation was not allayed by the further fact that his own movements were subject to restraint.

He returned from a visit to the city of Limerick in a very thoughtful mood. That night, he studied a road map of the counties south of the Shannon, and planned a tour in his car which kept him away for the best part of a week.

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He came back from that expedition burning with shame and indignation. Was this what he had been fighting for? Was it for this, countless young lives had been sacrificed? He remembered a sentence in one of Lloyd George's speeches—one that had thrilled him at the time, and often afterwards: "When this war is over, the whole world will be free; there will not be anywhere on earth a people governed against its will." And now—what? Every principle on which they prided themselves was violated.

The scenes he had witnessed with scorn and abhorrence in Belgium, were duplicated here: prescribed areas, suppression of speech, nightly raids on domiciles—with the inevitable accompaniment of insult and outrage, imprisonment without accusation or trial—if these meant anything, they meant deliberate and systematic provocation. He had protested here and there to an officer in command, and had been told that these people were in sympathy with Sinn Fein. And this was the way they were to be taught to love British rule! It was sheer madness! He had refused to believe stories that were told about the treatment of prisoners in Mountjoy and Belfast, but now—anything was possible.

Something must be done. He knew the Chief Secretary—knew him very well. A decent sort, but too saturated with Downing Street methods to be the right man at a time like this. Would Englishmen never learn that Irishmen cannot be intimidated—that coercion merely spreads the disaffection?

Something must be done. It was more than likely that his effort would be wasted—but, at any rate, he must try. He would go up to Dublin at once.

III.

Lord Ardilaun's journey was nearly ended, and already his mind was busy with the agreeable task of selecting food and wine for the dinner at his club, when adventure thrust itself into his path.

It was almost dusk, and his car was traveling smoothly and silently at the rate of a good thirty-five Irish miles, when a short, sharp "honk" behind him broke the stillness, and he looked back to find another car bearing down on him with amazing swiftness. He gave way instantly, diminishing his speed as he did so, and a powerful, low-bodied machine shot past him. It was going so fast that he had hardly more than time to anathematize the folly of such reckless driving before it had disappeared around a bend of the road. Almost at the same moment a series of startling

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sounds disturbed the serene and peaceful evening. First, there was a grinding crash for which, he thought with a sinking heart, there could be but one explanation. Then, after a momentary silence, a man's voice cried out, and the report of a pistol shot followed. Then another, and another.

Lord Ardilaun saw a man running towards him in the dusk, holding a smoking revolver in his hand. Three other men appeared at the curve of the road with leveled weapons. Another report, and the one who ran stumbled and fell. He tried to rise, lurched forward a pace, and lay prone again.

Lord Ardilaun brought his car to a stop and leaped down beside the fallen man. As he put his hand on him, the fellow turned over suddenly and looked up at him with a tense, questioning look:

"They got me, I guess," he said with an effort, "but you don't look like a friend of theirs, and perhaps we can beat them yet. Quick—lean over—take this; if you get clear of these blackguards, deliver it at the Castle. It's important, you understand—very important."

Lord Ardilaun, still bending and screening the operation, thrust a letter-case into the left hand pocket of his motor coat as a voice called out behind him:

"Stand clear there! Look sharp! No harm will come to you if you do as you're told. First, put up your hands in the air—quick! That's right. See that you keep them up."

Hands upraised, he watched the proceedings with a curious sense of detachment. The situation was familiar. These men were Irish—Sinn Feiners, no doubt—but, save that they wore no uniform, they might have been French or British soldiers running down a German spy. What part was he to play? At present, there seemed to be no choice. Even if, by a sudden dash, he had been able to get away, he could not go forward. If that desperate fellow, willing to take any risk, had not been able to get through, the road must be well blocked.

Two of the attacking party were kneeling, searching the wounded man. The leader called to them impatiently:

"Hurry, boys, hurry! We've no time to lose."

One of the men looked up.

"It's not here, sir. He must have got rid of it—or maybe it's in the car."

"Nonsense! He'd not have left it in the car—but did he throw it away along the . . . Stop!" His gaze fell on Lord Ardilaun. "Ah! perhaps you have been kind enough to undertake its delivery. Come here, Sean. Keep your hands well up,

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sir. I am sorry—but I must ask you to allow us to search you—unless, indeed, you would prefer to save us the trouble—"

There was nothing else to be done. Lord Ardilaun yielded gracefully.

"In my coat pocket," he said. "Shall I hand it to you?"

"One moment, if you please. Sean, see if he has a weapon. Very good, sir. Now, will you kindly hand it to Sean. Thank you very much, indeed."

The speaker took the leather case from the hand of his subordinate and, having glanced at its contents, placed it in his breast pocket.

"Now, sir," he said, "I am afraid we shall have to ask a greater favor of you. We need your car. Mine is hardly more than a junk heap, as a result of the recklessness of our injured friend here, and his is not much better. In the first place, we must put him where he will be cared for, and then we must get away ourselves. You cannot very well walk to Dublin, so I suppose you had better go with us. You will miss a good dinner, but I promise you that you shall not starve. I am sorry, but it cannot be helped. After all, it is for the good of your country—perhaps that will console you."

He gazed at his lordship with a half-cynical, but not unfriendly, smile and, as the latter made no reply, shrugged his shoulders and walked over to the car.

"Will you get in, sir—the far seat, if you please, I shall drive myself. Ah! Rolls-Royce—a beautiful car." He turned to his companions, who stood respectfully by: "Sean, yourself and Michael will lift the wounded man into the tonneau. Steady! handle him gently—so! You, Michael, will hold him in a comfortable position, and Sean will be on the lookout for trouble."

As he seated himself and turned the ignition switch, he leaned towards his guest:

"Sean was my sergeant during the late war," he said, significantly, "and I can assure you that he is very reliable in an emergency.

Lord Ardilaun's silence must not be misunderstood. He was far from feeling anger or chagrin. On the contrary, the situation intrigued him greatly. He was sorry to go without his dinner—but it looked as if there might be compensations. He had seen the working-methods of the Government; here was an opportunity to learn something about these dreamers who dared to defy the might of the British Empire. Decidedly—it might be very interesting.

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IV.

If Fate had intended to cast about Lord Ardilaun's adventure a glamour of romantic interest, the setting and *dramatis personæ* were well chosen. When, after a night of sleep, he found himself, within the crumbling walls of an ancient ruin, sitting at breakfast face to face with a lady who had sat opposite, or beside him, many a time at a dinner table in Dublin, he felt inclined to pinch himself to see if he were really awake. The fact that the lady was the sister of one of the highest officials of the "Castle," did not serve to lessen the sense of unreality which possessed him.

"It is strange," she was saying, "that you had never met Alan Trench. Alan is, or was, one of the most popular men in Dublin. You see, he has all the essentials—good looks, good connections, and a large estate. But I suppose you were hardly going about much in his time. He had been away in America for a year when the war broke out, and he returned post-haste and was off again in no time with the Fusileers. He went through the Gallipoli fiasco, and was invalided home in very bad shape.

The war made a tremendous change in Alan. When he could get around, and had his discharge, he went to Walter and told him what he thought of the condition of things here. I fancy you can guess the rest. Walter is my brother, and—well, the fact that I am here shows what I think of his principles—but he has one virtue, at least: he is absolutely honest. He is not like the politicians—he doesn't preach what he won't practice. He doesn't care whether it's right or wrong. It's better to break Ireland, he says, than to break up the Empire. Rotten, isn't it? A good German principle! That's what Alan thought. My word! Alan was immense! He gave it to him straight. 'The boys that died in the Dardanelles,' he said—'and I guess it was the same everywhere—thought they were fighting for an Empire that believed in what it preached. If these Prussian methods in Ireland are not dropped,' he said, 'I'm going to pitch my lot with Sinn Fein.' 'All right,' said Walter, 'it might be a good thing if they had one or two gentlemen among them.' And that's all. I backed up Alan, and told Walter I was going with him. He only laughed. 'You'll not like it in gaol, Molly,' he said. 'They'll not let you take your breakfast in bed.' That was like Walter—he makes a joke of everything—but, anyhow, you see I'm not getting my breakfast in bed now—and I never felt so well in my life."

Lord Ardilaun looked and listened with a somewhat dazed consciousness. This lady—one of his own sort—was virtually his gaoler. Major Trench, his captor of the night before, after

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more polite apologies, had again borrowed his car and departed. The only other person who might possibly interfere with his movements was the man, Michael, who had prepared the breakfast. Sean had apparently gone with the major.

There was, however, nothing to tempt him in the prospect of flight. His car was gone, and he knew nothing of his whereabouts, save that he was on the summit of a hill overlooking, he thought, the pasture lands of Meath—where human beings were as scarce as cattle were plentiful. Besides, he would not be satisfied to go without learning something of the hopes and aims of these people. He wanted more than anything else to have a quiet talk with Major Trench.

But he gazed with increasing wonder at his companion. By what miracle of moral transformation had this young and charming woman, who belonged, by tradition and training, to the ascendant class, been ranged on the side of the despised masses in so hopeless a struggle?

His face must have betrayed the direction of his thoughts, for she interrupted them with an amused smile:

"My dear Gerald, please don't look at me as if the last prayer had just been said over my dead body. You will be surprised to learn how many of us there are in this movement. There's hardly a Unionist family outside Ulster but has at least one son or daughter, actively or passively, in sympathy with it."

"But, dear Molly," said his lordship, very gravely, "what good, what possible good, can come of it?"

"Dear friend," she rejoined, "can you imagine the good of being honest for the first time in your life? While you were away fighting German aggression in Flanders, we have been fighting British aggression here. You were spared the edifying spectacle of a Government preaching freedom for small nations in Europe, and putting it down by military force at home. But now you are here and you must face the situation; and if you are honest, you will not count the cost before you choose. That is just what we have always done: we have stood aside and cheated ourselves with lies and sophistries. You have only to look around you to see the result. These people are *our* people. We have always had a monopoly of the wealth and culture—and how have we used it? Not *for* them—not to guide and lead them—but against them. Every concession they have won in local government reform, has been won in spite of our opposition.

"I used to sneer," she went on after a pause, "like others of my kind. I hated the endless talk, the rhetoric—the everlasting pleading at Westminster, while English members sat back and

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listened with a patronizing smile. When Carson put through the gun-running and, lining up his Covenanters, defied the power of the United Kingdom, I said: 'There are people who *do* things!' Of course, I didn't stop to think that Carson couldn't have done it if he had not had the Tory Aristocracy of England behind him. The gun-running at Howth followed. The troops which were sent to intercept the landing, retreated before the determined stand of the Volunteers—but they made no objection to firing a volley into an unarmed crowd in Dublin. Perhaps this incident set me thinking—and the promotion of Carson to the Cabinet may have helped the process; I don't really know. But the Easter Rising, which came like a sudden earthquake, turned the world upside down for me—and for many others.

"I remember the fierce, unreasoning joy which thrilled me as I realized that these men had at last taken guns in their hands and were fighting and dying—instead of talking—for Ireland. A Nation was reborn—and baptized in its blood! I said this over and over—and laughed to think that it was *I* who said it. Then came the aftermath—the shooting without trial of Pearse and his comrades.

"There was, at first, a sense of stupefaction—the stunning effect of an incredible blow. This was succeeded by a spreading flame of resentment, more deadly because it did not blaze into wild anger. I think the Irish people realized their position more clearly then than ever before. If these men had been English, they'd have been tried by their own countrymen; if they had been Germans, they'd have been treated as prisoners of war. But being Irish, they were outside the pale of civilized law, and were shot like dogs without a trial.

"To me, there was a special sense of loss in the death of Pearse. If only he could have been spared to the great work that he was doing! Once, when they were giving some plays at St. Enda's, Walter was, of course, invited, and took me with him. I spoke to Pearse, and he told me of his work—of his ambition to see Irish boys and girls brought up, at last, with a knowledge of their language and their history. Over the entrance to the school there was a picture of the Hero, Cuchulainn, and under it the inscription, quoted from the Saga: 'I care not if my life be but the span of a night and a day, so that my name be remembered by the Men of Eirinn.' . . . Gentle teacher and dreamer! He is surely entitled to share this epitaph with his great prototype of the heroic period."

There were tears in the eyes of the Honorable Mary Nevill as she finished her recital, and Lord Ardilaun stretched his hand

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across the table in sympathy. He had set his face against the sentimental aspects of this problem, but she had moved him in spite of himself. She held his hand for a moment, and smiled at him through her tears.

"I have told you only," she said, "of the events that induced me to give up the traditions of my caste—but you know the rest of the story as well as I do. You have asked me what good can come of this movement, and I tell you now that great good has already come. Our people whine and cringe no longer; they do not beg for relief from a Congested Districts Board; they are cultivating self-respect and self-reliance—these are good things, are they not? We have a Parliament, chosen by ourselves, and while we remain united as we are now, no power on earth can force us to recognize another. If there is ever agreement between England and Ireland, it will be an agreement of equals, sanctioned by the free people of both countries."

V.

Gerald, the sixth Baron, sat in the library at Castle Ardilaun. More than a week had passed since his return, and his mind was still seething with doubt and perplexity. His thoughts moved in a circle, endlessly, bringing him back invariably to the point where he had begun. It was not that the moral issue was clouded—he had no doubt at all about that; if Ireland were subject to Germany, every statesman in Britain would have championed her cause. But now that England's liberty was no longer threatened, those who governed her were setting a higher value on the Empire's material greatness than on the Nation's word. That was what he had to face! Could anything be gained for Ireland by resistance?

Only yesterday he had further proof that the policy of Dublin Castle was one of deliberate terrorism. An old man—one he knew well, the most harmless of creatures—had been killed by the soldiers in a revolting and cold-blooded manner. The old fellow was teaching a Gaelic class in the town, when the hall was raided by the military. An order was given to clear the room, and the teacher, with an instinct to see his pupils go first, was not quick enough in leaving, and received a bayonet thrust in the back. He died three hours later.

This incident settled his lordship's mind on one point. He was Deputy-Lieutenant for his county, and a Justice of the Peace. Since the military were to rule, these honors must be resigned at once. He would write to the Lord Chancellor, and give his reasons fully.

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Lord Ardilaun was in the act of writing this letter, when Martin O'Gara appeared at the library door. Martin was the oldest person on the estate, and his lordship had something of the feeling for him that he had for the family pictures. The old man had come to him, just as those inanimate things had come, out of the twilight of other days. He belonged to a generation that was almost forgotten. He had known Ardilaun's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. If he had lived in a more romantic age, he would have been the family Bard, or Seanachie; but as it was, he was only a sort of superior groom and gamekeeper. But whether as gamekeeper, or—as he was in the lifetime of the late Lord Ardilaun—in the more important office of trainer of a racing stable, Martin was always a person to be considered, and from Mrs. Delany, the housekeeper, down to the humblest scullery maid, he was treated by all with the greatest respect. As one who had shared in the family greatness for four generations, he was inclined to be jealous of his dignity, and this feeling was deferred to by none more than by the master himself. His lordship could never forget the hours he had spent as a boy at the feet of this little old man who told such interesting stories of the past—of his grandfather, and of the grand-uncle who had rebelled and been transported, and of the mother who grieved so deeply for him that when she died her spirit remained to haunt the ancient Dower House—and who still haunted it, it was said, to this very day.

The old man stood before him now with a troubled look in the watery eyes that were so blue against the pink of his wrinkled countenance.

"What bad news is it that's fretting you, Martin?"

"It's bad news, sure enough, Master Gerald, for your beautiful car is gone."

"The car—the motor, you mean?" Lord Ardilaun was incredulous.

"No less than that, y'r honor; and sure, it's a genteel way they have with them—bad luck to their impudence!—for here's a letter they left for you, asking your honor's pardon, no doubt, for making so free with your property."

His lordship took the missive that was handed to him. When he had read its contents, he sat for a while looking absently out of the window. The old man watched him with eager, curious eyes.

"It's all right, Martin. The car will be returned in a few days."

He smiled at the undisguised disappointment on Martin's

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face. He rose and laid his hand affectionately on the old fellow's shoulder.

"I can't tell you any more just now, *'a cara*—these are strange times, and strange things are happening around us."

Martin's face brightened at the kindness of his tone and gesture.

"It's truth you're speaking, sir—and it's only God knows what the end will be. But there's something else I ought to be telling you, sir. The White Lady is come again."

"The White Lady! Ah, now, Martin, you've been listening to the maids again."

"I have not, sir. I saw her with my own eyes."

"Come, now—are you quite sure of that?"

"I give you my word, sir—did I ever tell you a lie? Do you think I'd be worrying y'r honor if there was any doubt at all? Listen, Master Gerald—it was last evening, when those divils were ravagin' your car. I heard the sound of the motor, and thought to bate them to the gates by takin' the short cut past the Dower House. I was runnin' as fast as me old legs would carry me, when I saw her. She was in the winda', and I saw her as plain as I'm seein' you this minute. Glory be to God! It was herself as sure as I hope to go to Heaven."

Lord Ardilaun took a turn or two up and down the floor. He was not convinced that Martin had seen the White Lady, but he was an Irishman and, in spite of reason and common sense, he could not rid himself of a certain uneasiness. He knew the story, of course—always before some important event—a birth or a death, usually—the White Lady appeared. He stopped and faced the old man with a whimsical smile on his lips.

"Well, what do you make of it, Martin? Why has she come back now?"

Martin O'Gara's old face was twisted in an expression of anxious embarrassment. He shifted nervously from one foot to the other.

"God save us, sir, I don't like to be thinking of it. I'd not have said a word about it but for the fear that is on me. There's only yourself left of the long line I've known. Sure, I remember herself—a lovely, livin' woman—the time they took her boy from her, as fine and brave a lad as ever lived. Master Gerald, sir, I'm a very old man, and I've been hopin' to see you married and with a son to succeed you before I go. And now, I don't know what to do or say at all. If you would stay at home, sir, till all this trouble is over. It's not safe to be drivin' about the country these times. God help us! I'm afraid to think of what may happen."

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Lord Ardilaun was more moved by this evidence of affection and loyalty than he cared to show. He comforted his faithful retainer, and sent him away with an assurance that he would go about no more for a time. When he had finished the interrupted letter, he sat pondering again the disquieting facts of the situation. There was no comfort in it anywhere. The thought of passive acceptance was intolerable—and, on the other hand, resistance was hopeless. Yet, hopeless or not, he must face the issue.

The White Lady had not counted the cost: she had given willingly the life that was dearer to her than her own. And now, she had come, it seemed, to claim his. What nonsense he was thinking. The dead cannot return—not even in Ireland. Yet, Martin was very positive. Well, if the old man was right, he would give the White Lady a chance to show herself, and to tell him where his duty lay.

VI.

Lord Ardilaun had not crossed the threshold of the Dower House for many years; and the fact that it was believed to be haunted, kept others away. It was built like the later structure, on a point of land which had been originally an island. The name in its Gaelic form indicates this fact: Ard-Ilan—high island. In the course of time, the narrow channel separating it from the mainland—and spanned, no doubt, by a drawbridge—had been filled in and was now part of a driveway bordered by stately trees. The Dower House stood on a hill on the right of the driveway, which curved in a wide half-circle to the Castle, for which, in less warlike times, a site more suitable for the necessary lawns and garden had been chosen. The rear of the Dower House overlooked the upper reaches of the Shannon, and a flight of rude steps, cut into the declivity, led down to the water's edge.

His lordship required no keys to enter; there were no locked doors. In rural Ireland, under normal conditions, the rights of property are universally respected. He expected to find the interior damp and musty, and was surprised that the air was quite fresh. The reason was not far to seek: a window of the drawing-room was wide open. He chuckled softly. The White Lady, it seemed, was a believer in the virtue of fresh air.

His pulses quickened with a pleasurable sense of excitement. Who was it Martin had seen? He thought of Mary Nevill. "We shall call upon you soon," she had said at parting. The promise

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had been kept. They had called and taken his car. Martin had seen Miss Nevill at the window—his superstitious imagination had done the rest. But what was she doing in the house?

While he stood thus, speculating, a distant sound caught his ears—the exhaust of a motor boat. He found himself listening intently, with a sense of expectancy, and he smiled at the absurdity of it. The situation was getting on his nerves. He was scenting adventure in the most trifling things.

The pulsing rhythm ceased. A launch, white as a swan, swam softly around the curve of the shore and approached the decrepit landing. A woman leaped lightly ashore. She stooped, a few words were spoken in low tones, and the craft resumed its flight, its slim prow lifted, like a huge bird trailing its feet in the stream.

Lord Ardilaun watched, crouching at the window. The White Lady. Yes! As she climbed the steps, through the opening of a long motor coat, he caught glimpses of a garment, not white, but a pale saffron, which would look like white in the gloom of evening. But who could she be? Not Miss Nevill—nor anyone he had ever laid eyes on.

Long, heavy draperies hung by the deep embrasured window. He hid himself in their ample folds. A footstep sounded on the threshold—advanced softly into the room. A breathless silence followed. When he could bear it no longer he looked out. She was standing before a picture—a portrait of Roger Vallancy's mother—she who was known as the White Lady. The golden light from the window fell on her face. Heavens! It might have been her own portrait she was gazing at.

She heard the sudden catching of his breath. She turned, and they faced each other for a moment without words. A mad thought went through his bewildered mind. The White Lady was alive—had been reincarnated by some miracle. The woman was the first to regain composure. She smiled at him.

"Well, cousin," she said coolly, "you have spoiled my little game."

He stared blankly. "Cousin!" he echoed.

A smile rippled again about her mouth.

"Cousin," she repeated.

"Who are you?" he said, catching his breath again.

"I have told you twice," she said. "Have you never heard of Roger Vallancy?"

"Roger Vallancy! By Jove, yes! You look like his mother."

She burst into a peal of laughter. The music of it echoed strangely, almost weirdly, in that dim, old room.

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"Heavens! Do I look as old as that? I am his granddaughter, if you please."

Lord Ardilaun was silent, dazed, his mind grappling with this strange disclosure; but the girl was quite at her ease. She regarded him with a whimsical expression.

"Oh, I *am* glad you are dark. I was so worried about it."

"Dark!" He looked so puzzled and bewildered that she broke into laughter again.

"Ah, it's a shame to be teasing you like this. But have you never heard of the dark Vallancies and the fair Vallancies? No, it is evident that you have not. Well, I will tell you. From the time of Hugo and Gilbert, all the dark Vallancies have loved Ireland, and the fair ones have loved themselves, and their goods and chattels. My grandfather was dark, and yours was fair. Mine gave up everything for Ireland, and yours accepted a title which was the price for which his country had been betrayed."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE SOWING.

BY JOHN R. MORELAND.

I CAST a handful of small sins
Like thorn-plant seed among life's wheat,
And then forgot them every one,
Youth was so sweet.

But had I kown my bleeding hands
Must reap the grain for autumn's need,
I would have planted in life's field
Some nobler seed.

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The Ball and the Cross.

The BALL AND THE CROSS *is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, the* WORLD AND THE FAITH. *It is our intention to publish monthly in this department two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

THE REVIVAL OF CATHOLICISM AMONG THE INTELLECTUALS OF FRANCE.

THOSE who have had an opportunity of coming in touch with the intellectual élite of France during the last fifteen years, have been deeply impressed by the mentality of the rising generation. One of its leaders spoke of it most exactly, when he said: "We must return to the faith of our ancestors and take their part against our fathers." The young men who came to manhood about the year 1890 were altogether different from those of the preceding generation, who had seen the defeat of 1871, and had retained what has come to be known as the "mentality of the vanquished." The skepticism of Ernest Renan, and the so-called scientism of the positivists, did not satisfy the developing minds of the new generation.

The change of religious ideas among the intellectuals began in earnest when Brunetière published the famous articles in which he proclaimed the need of returning to the Catholic Church. With Brunetière, or after him, Blondel, Ollé Laprune, Paul Bourget, and Maurice Barrès led the way back to the Catholic Church.

The young men who were to sacrifice their lives for their country in the World War, gave the next, and greatest, impulse to the Catholic movement. "To be truly French, we must be Catholics," was the conclusion of the famous "Inquiry," made in 1910 by Massis, under the pen-name of Agaton. It would seem that these young men had a presentiment of what was going to take place. *"Nous sommes une génération sacrifice,"* said one of them, a representative of the Catholic revival among the intellectuals, sometime before the war broke out. And never was an heroic presentment more strikingly realized. The supreme sacrifice made by many in defense of country has brought forth wonderful results. Let us look at France today and study the fruits of their effort.

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Leaving out of consideration Paris and Alsace-Lorraine, for which no statistics have as yet been made, there are in France ten million fervent Catholics in a population of thirty-four millions. By fervent Catholics, I mean those who perform regularly all their religious duties and receive Communion at least four times a year. Seventeen million more have been baptized, and attend church more or less regularly. Thus only seven million are indifferent, and among them very few are bigoted. It is in the large cities that the return to Catholicism is most evident. Of Paris much that is derogatory has been said, but, to be fair, we must also say much that is complimentary. There are four hundred thousand strangers in Paris, many of them are not particularly inclined to piety, yet six million Holy Communions are distributed annually to a population of four million people. The contributions of Catholics to their parishes amount annually to three million francs. In 1905, there were in Paris and its suburbs one hundred and fifty-three churches and chapels; in the first months of 1922 there were two hundred and two.

In the entire country, there are at present twelve thousand Catholic schools, employing twenty-nine thousand teachers, and giving instruction to a million children. We should also recall that last year France gave five million francs to the Propagation of the Faith, the total amount contributed by the Catholics of the whole world being twenty-three million. According to the latest statistics, France is still giving two-thirds of the Catholic missionaries of the world. This proves conclusively that the Freemasons, during the fifty years of their supremacy, even if they did de-Christianize the land to some extent by means of their laicized school system, were ultimately unsuccessful, since most of the population remains Catholic.

The revival of Catholicism is at present most conspicuous among the educated classes. The influence of the intellectual élite upon the public is perhaps greater in France than in any other country of the world, the French nation as a whole being influenced more by ideas than by facts. To strengthen my statement, I shall give statistics. In the "Normal Supérieure," a State school in which the scholars who intend to become university professors receive their classical training, the movement toward the traditional faith started some years before the war under the leadership of a young man called Pierre Payet. So well did he and his companions succeed in the work of conversion, that two-thirds of the students of the school are now fervent Catholics.

The Polytéchnique ranks highest among the scientific institu-

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tions of the State. Like the Normal Supérieure, it admits only those students who have shown themselves of remarkable ability; consequently, its scholarship is very high, and the men it trains have great influence upon the affairs of the country. Marshal Foch and Fayolle took their courses in mathematics and engineering there. Just twenty years ago, the spirit of the school was most anti-Catholic, for Catholicism was considered unscientific. The change in the attitude of the students and authorities is, therefore, of some interest.

As early as 1910, some of the scholars made up their minds to become better acquainted with the Church. They formed a club and invited a distinguished Sulpician, l'Abbé Labouche, to lecture to them every week on Catholic dogma. The following statement which they made to him bespeaks their attitude: "We do not wish you to prove to us that the Catholic religion is the true one, for of that we are all certain; she alone can answer the important problems of life and give peace to society. But we desire to become acquainted with her moral teachings."

At present, there is no opposition against Catholicism at that great centre of learning; the military authorities who rule the school have shown themselves very liberal, and the majority of its students have a sympathetic understanding of Catholicism. The Catholics have organized themselves into an association which attends Mass in a body every Sunday in the Church of St. Etienne, which is situated next to the school. The average attendance is two hundred. In the same church, the Catholic "Polytechnicians" and the graduates make their Easter duty each year. In 1912, there were five hundred and fifty; in 1922, nine hundred. Retreats have also been held for the students; the one given last year was attended by two hundred and four. Lastly, of every normal graduation class of from two hundred and sixty to three hundred, ten are Jews, ten Protestants, and sixty are very good Catholics. Nearly three-fifths of the total number of students make their Easter duty.

American artists are well acquainted with the "Académie des Beaux-Arts" of Paris. Perhaps they will be surprised to learn that at present one-third of its students are Catholics, and that they have a society of their own, "L'Arche," which exists for the purpose of promoting the Catholic conception of art.

But the fact which manifests best the revival of the old faith in France is the remarkable increase in vocations since the war. I do not say that the number of vocations is sufficient to satisfy the needs of the people, for many priests were killed in the war, and there is a need of many parishes and schools. Many men who

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occupied prominent positions in the world before the war, have given them up to work for the glory of God. Among them, we find lawyers, engineers, physicians, men who have been married, and young students. Most of them are more than thirty-five years old. We count among them a converted Socialist, three members of the Socialist Labor Federation, sixty-four army officers, including a general and a staff colonel, and several navy officers, who had distinguished themselves before the war. Most of these men are now in the famous seminary of Issy, under the guidance of the Sulpicians.

I do not say that all France is returning to the Church. I do not lose sight of the fact that there is a great danger in France due to birth control, but this is not true of France alone, but also of many other countries. What I have endeavored to show is simply that there is a marvelous revival of the Faith among the intellectual élite of France. And this, of course, means much for the revival of the Faith throughout the world.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF A PAGAN.

FOR those who are worried about the "infiltrations" of paganism into Christianity, it may be consoling to know that the process of osmosis works both ways, and that there are infiltrations from Christianity into paganism.

The Christian religion is always in danger of being, to a degree, paganized. But our religion is sufficiently vital to influence, at least slightly, the various forms of paganism with which it comes in contact. In places where the Christian religion has not utterly converted a pagan people, it has at least made some impression upon their own worship.

Dr. Joseph McGlinchey, in his recent volume on *The Conversion of the Pagan World*, reminds us that modern Hinduism has borrowed from Buddhism, from Mohammedanism, and even from Christianity.

Perhaps, the most remarkable recent instance of the influence of a Christian idea upon a great mass of pagans is the episode of the "non-resistance" revolution in India under Mahatma Ghandi. The "revolution" is squelched. Ghandi is in jail. The episode is closed. I trust, therefore, that we may consider the moral value of his adventure, quite apart from its political bearing.

It may be an exaggeration to say that, from the beginning of the Swaraj movement, until his incarceration, Ghandi conducted himself invariably in a Christ-like way. But his statements and

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his actions, in the crisis, were not unworthy of being compared with those of the One Who first preached and practised non-resistance. And Ghandi claims that Christ was his inspiration.

"I remember," he said to his biographer,[1] "how one verse of a Gujarati poem, which, as a child, I learned in school, clung to me. In substance, it was this: 'If a man gives you a drink of water, and you give him a drink in return, that is nothing; real beauty consists of doing good against evil.' As a child, this verse had a powerful influence over me, and I tried to carry it into practice. Then came the 'Sermon on the Mount.' "

"But," said the biographer, "surely, the Bhagavad Gita came first?"

"No," he replied, "of course, I knew the Bhagavad Gita in Sanskrit tolerably well, but I had not made its teaching in that particular a study. It was the New Testament which really awakened me to the rightness and value of passive resistance. When I read, in the 'Sermon on the Mount,' such passages as: 'Resist not him that is evil, but whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek turn to him the other also,' and 'Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you, that ye may be the sons of your Father Who is in Heaven,' I was simply overjoyed, and found my own opinion confirmed where I least expected it."

Having read the Sermon on the Mount, he absorbed it thoroughly. Where can we find a more penetrating exegesis of the gospel of non-resistance than in these words:

"Literally speaking, Ahimsa means non-killing." (We may permit him to use the Hindu word. The idea is the idea of Christ.) "But to me it has a world of meaning, and takes me into realms much higher, infinitely higher, than the realm to which I would go if I merely understood by Ahimsa non-killing. Ahimsa really means that you may not offend anybody; you may not harbor an uncharitable thought even in connection with one who may consider himself to be your enemy. Pray notice the guarded nature of this thought: I do not say 'whom you consider to be your enemy,' but 'who may consider himself to be your enemy.' For one who follows the doctrine of Ahimsa there is no room for an enemy; he denies the existence of an enemy. But there are people who consider themselves to be his enemies, and he cannot help that circumstance. So it is held that we may not harbor an evil thought even in connection with such persons. If we return blow for blow, we depart from the doctrine of Ahimsa. But I go further. If we resent a friend's action, or the so-called enemies' action, we still fall short of this doctrine. But

[1] *Current History*, February, 1922, p. 746.

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when I say we should not resent, I do not say that we should acquiesce; but by resenting I mean wishing that some harm should be done to that enemy, or that he should be put out of the way, even by the action of somebody else, or, say, by divine agency. If we harbor even this thought we depart from the doctrine of Ahimsa."

There may be those who scoff at the "misguided fanatic." There may be others who, because of their political convictions, have been unable to recognize the nobility of the attitude of Ghandi when he was brought to trial. But, ignoring the futility of his aims and eliminating from our minds all prejudice against a "mere pagan," it is difficult not to see in him a dignity and a self-possession that are reminiscent of Christ before Pilate.

Directly addressing the judge, he said: "I have felt this morning that I would be failing in my duty if I did not say all that I said here just now. I wanted to avoid violence. Non-violence is the first article of my faith. It is the last article of my faith. . . . And I am here to submit, not to a light penalty, but to the highest penalty. I do not ask for mercy. I do not plead any extenuating act. I am here, therefore, to invite, and submit to the highest penalty that can be inflicted upon me for what in law is a deliberate crime, and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen.

"The only course open to you, Mr. Judge, is, as I am just going to say in my statement, either to resign your post or to inflict on me the severest penalty. If you believe that the system and law you are assisting to administer are good for the people, I do not expect that kind of conversion. But, by the time I have finished with my statement, you will, perhaps, have a glimpse of what is raging within my breast to run this maddest risk which a sane man can run."

The judge, replying, said: "The law is no respecter of persons, but it is impossible to ignore the fact that you are in a different category from any person I have ever tried, or am likely to have to try. It is also impossible to ignore the fact, that in the eyes of millions of your countrymen you are a great patriot and a great leader. Even those who differ from you in politics look upon you as a man of high ideals and of noble and saintly life."

If Pilate had not been, by race and by temperament, laconic, he might have said something like that to Our Saviour. Perhaps he did say something like it. He may have expanded upon his own brief word: "I see no cause of death in this just man."

Pilate was loath to punish Christ. The British judge in

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India was loath to punish Ghandi. "There are probably few people in India," he continued, "who do not sincerely regret that you should have made it impossible for any government to leave you at liberty. But it is so. I am trying to balance what is due to you against what appears to me to be necessary, in the interest of the public."

After many more deprecatory remarks, the judge sentenced Ghandi to six years imprisonment, closing with the statement: "I should like to say, in doing so, that if the course of events in India should make it possible for the Government to release you, no one will be better pleased than I."

Truly, that trial was one of the strangest episodes in all the history, either of politics or of jurisprudence. A prophet of non-resistance on trial for treason, asking the heaviest penalty—and the judge, with many protestations of friendship, and even of reverence, hardly doling out the minimum of punishment, even though the "crime" was one that might have resulted in the dismemberment of an Empire.

How far we dare go with Ghandi, when he interprets the Sermon on the Mount as non-patriotic, is a problem. "There is no room for any violence," he says, *"even for the sake of your country,* and even for guarding the honor of precious ones that may be under your charge. After all, that would be a poor defense of honor. This doctrine tells us that we may guard the honor of those who are under our charge by delivering ourselves into the hands of the man who would commit the sacrilege. And that requires far greater physical and mental courage than the delivering of blows. You may have some degree of physical power—I do not say courage—and you may use that power. But after that is expended, what happens? The other man is filled with wrath and indignation, and you have made him more angry by matching your violence against his; and when he has done you to death, the rest of his violence is delivered against your charge. But if you do not retaliate, but stand your ground between your charge and the opponent, simply receiving the blows without retaliating, what happens? Under this plan of life, there is no conception of patriotism which justifies war."

We Christians are wont to repeat that warfare can never be abolished until Christ's idea shall prevail. Is there any other record in history, since the Roman persecutions, of an attempt upon a large scale to demonstrate the wisdom and the practicability of the Sermon on the Mount as a basis for the arbitrament of international or interracial controversies?

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New Books.

ART AND RELIGION. By Von Ogden Vogt. New Haven: Yale University Press. $5.00.

The aim of this book is to show that artistic externals of worship may be made a powerful instrument for reuniting, reforming, and perfecting the divided Christian Churches of today into an ideal church of the future.

The church of the future, according to the author, will differ from the historic modes of Christianity, "accomplished largely out of the pressures of practical life." It will be constructed "self-consciously and deliberately." "With the modern scientific and analytical studies of religion behind us," the author proposes to transform the academic survey of the psychology of religion into applied psychology of religion, "to marry naïve popular religions with critical rationalized experience," "to weld the components of historic faith with seething, aspiring, naturalistic humanism." The church as thus seen will utilize the good in the historic phases of Christianity and discard their limitations. The "creedalism" of the Protestant churches, their fear of art and symbols, and "the dualistic view of human nature, which affords no legitimate basis for the fleshly appeal of art" must go. Wesleyans are to forego "emotionalism;" Catholics must renounce "legalism," their opposition to a new liberal theology, their habit of viewing morality as an end rather than a means. Miss Evelyn Underhill in *The Mystic Way*, Mr. Stanton Colt in *Social Worship*, and others are quoted as pointing the path.

Present-day Protestantism, as a whole, makes little use of forms of worship with a strong physical appeal: the Catholic Church still possesses forms of great variety, beauty, and power, capable of stirring religious emotions. These forms, or rather something as good or better, must be incorporated into the Church of the Future. Here Mr. Vogt is not upon untrodden ground. Ralph Adams Cram, A. K. Porter, and others have preceded him, and blazed a trail of appreciation for mediæval forms of art and culture through a wilderness of ignorance, misunderstanding, and misinterpretation. Mr. Vogt, a Congregational clergyman, views that trail fearlessly, and proclaims openly that the Pre-Reformation Church possessed many excellencies of form and content which could be adopted profitably by Protestantism. Modern Americans have lost interest in creeds. They come to church

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chiefly for "emotional lifts," experiences of religion. Might not the experience of beauty kindle within them the experience of worship? Why not make Art the stepping-stone to Religion? Why not make apprehension of beauty lead to apprehension of God, if, indeed, æsthetic appreciation and worship are experiences essentially alike?

No doubt, many, like Mr. Vogt, seldom read the Nicene Creed or the Heidelberg Catechism, yet frequently derive pleasure and benefit from some masterpiece of art; but can habits of this emotional sort be bent towards the ultimate perfection of Christendom? Will they actually lead to union, when, according to the author, the morality of the law, as typified in the Catholic Church, and the intellectuality of creeds, typified in Protestantism, have never accomplished anything but division?

Elaborate plans for inducing Art and Religion to live peacefully together and complement each other, would have seemed grotesque and foolish in ancient and mediæval times, when practically all the great masterpieces of art were created in the service of religion. But what was true then is not true now in America. The iconoclasts of the sixteenth century, who decreed the separation of art and religion, have held spiritual sway in this land. Generations of men have been deprived of healthy, soul-inspiring, æsthetic experiences, wherein their Pre-Reformation forefathers could legitimately revel. Signs are not wanting of an extensive revolt against that separation-act. Mr. Vogt is one of the revolters.

As to Mr. Vogt's "modern" view of worship, we should say, that there is another view more firmly grounded in real life, and which does not concede to art an essential, but a subsidiary, place in the "experience of worship." While art has always flourished best in times of peace and secular prosperity, religion has often reached its greatest vitality during times of persecution, when it was deprived of every secular advantage. Mr. Vogt, incidentally, upbraids the Catholic Church in America with having brought to this new nation during her past history, until recently, "no artistic intelligence and culture," and with having built the ugliest of church buildings. We plead guilty, but refuse apologies. Catholic immigrants, the poorest of the poor, began their churches with money begged abroad. They lacked the means and the culture to carry on the artistic traditions of the ancient Church. They built to provide the immediate essentials of religion, with little thought of permanence and beauty. But this admission argues for, not against, the power and vitality of the religion housed in ugly Catholic churches. Power and vitality are not the

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essential products of æsthetic culture, but rather of that definiteness of thought and definiteness of moral purpose, which Mr. Vogt decries as sources of discord.

Catholics reading this book will find in its pages a number of familiar straw men, that bear no real resemblance to their supposed counterparts. "Catholic legal morality," "the Church's aversions to the functions of the prophetic office," "the antiquated nature of the Church's devotional life" are among them. But we are at one with the author's main purpose: to revive a greater interest in and appreciation of the beautiful in church and services.

EARLY CIVILIZATION. An Introduction to Anthropology. By Alexander A. Goldenweiser. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00 net.

There is no subject about which more undependable rubbish —the expression may seem to be harsh, but it is justifiable—is written today than that of Anthropology, especially that section which deals with the early days of mankind and, above all, with the early phases of religion. The late Andrew Lang, an acute critic and a deep reader in the subject under notice, in a criticism of one of Frazer's works (which contain enough loose argument to cast a serious blemish on his great collection of facts) quotes a sentence from Sir Alfred Lyall: "One effect of the accumulation of materials has been to encourage speculative generalizations, because it has provided a repertory, out of which one may make arbitrary selection of examples and precedents to suit any theory." This was written about forty years ago, and is truer today than when it was written.

It is a pleasure to welcome a book as free from this prevalent fallacy of selection, which has shaken off the bondage of the evolutionary hypothesis in Anthropology, as the one under review. Not that the author doubts the evolution of man. Unproved though it is, that belief must necessarily be affirmed, we suppose, in all books of this kind. But he does see that the older scheme of arranging all customs in an ascending or descending scale and linking one step with another, will no more work in actual practice than a similar color arrangement will work in connection with sweet peas, as Bateson has shown us to be the case, when the test of actual and incontrovertible facts is applied. We are particularly interested in the discussion of the problem of diffusion versus independent discovery, which is so much debated today, and find ourselves very largely in unison with the writer. Particularly, we agree that Elliot Smith's "key to all the mythologies" is no more likely to be successful than was that of the late Mr. Casaubon, in *Middle-*

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march. The discussion on magic and religion is also excellent, and the writer sees that Lang and Father Schmidt are correct when they urge that, so far from being the parent of religion as Frazer would have us believe, magic is a disease of religion, and requires a pre-existent religion to grow upon as the mistletoe must have a tree to act as its host. "Prayer and the belief in the other world," the author tells us, "are well-nigh universal," yet neither of these could arise out of the magical system, which some have thought, and even think to be, the seed from which all religion grew. We have not room to deal fully with this book, but we can recommend it to those who wish to obtain a good idea of the present position of sane anthropology.

SOUTH AMERICA FROM A SURGEON'S POINT OF VIEW. By Franklin H. Martin, C.M.S., M.D., F.A.C.S. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $3.00.

Dr. Martin, who is Director-General of the American College of Surgeons, has had the collaboration of three eminent physicians in the preparation of this work—William J. Mayo, Thomas J. Watkins, and Francis P. Corrigan. These authors find so little to condemn and so much to praise in their study of South America, that Dr. Mayo feels impelled to explain this position, so contrary to the common concept. His explanation is so sane and timely that it will bear quotation:

> I have been asked a number of times: "Do you mean to say that all the surgeons of South America are of this high grade you speak of?" I can only answer that all the work I saw was high-grade, but I saw only the best men, and not by any means all the best men. Relatively, the comparison with other countries is a fair one (page 202).

To the young lady who, a short time ago, asked a young South American if he did not find it awkward to wear shoes, and to other Americans whose ideas of South America are quite as crude, another passage on page 104 will seem incredible:

> One of the objects of our trip was to obtain a bird's-eye view of the hospitals in the cities we visited. We passed through, very hurriedly of course, a number of the principal hospitals in each of the capitals, Valparaiso, and a few other cities. With only minor exceptions, they all had suitable buildings and interiors, and opened onto extensive and attractive gardens or patios. Without exception, I believe all of them had a system of case records, and the average of completeness in this respect was above that found in the United States. Everywhere working laboratories, including X-ray outfits, were in evidence, and were

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pointed to with pride. The operating rooms, with but few exceptions, were modern, and contained the most approved sterilizing apparatus. Conveniences for diagnostic purposes and instruments for operating rooms were in abundance. Nearly all had provision for post-mortems and up-to-date morgues. The provision for graduate internes seemed to be adequate, especially in those hospitals connected with teaching institutions. Mostly all of the large hospitals had rather complete out-door dispensary departments. Some were deficient in modern plumbing, but a large percentage of the important hospitals were elaborately equipped with these conveniences. Some had the most approved hydrotherapeutic departments, and modern laundries and kitchens were in evidence in nearly all of the larger institutions.

The book may be described as a surgeon's *Baedeker* of South America. It contains a thread of narrative which interlaces accounts of three different voyages around South America. Its *raison d'être* is a discussion of South American medical practice, hospital facilities, hygienic measures, and its appendix, nearly one-half the size of the rest of the volume, contains a "Summary of Facts," a Spanish-English and Portuguese-English "vocabulary and phrases," and a full index. As may be surmised from this analysis, the book is distracting in its make-up. This fact may deter placid souls from its reading. Nevertheless, it is a very welcome addition to our South Americana, and should be in the hands of every apologist of our much-maligned cousins of the South. We welcome it as an antidote to such works as Franck's *Vagabonding Down the Andes.*

THE WORKS OF ARISTOTLE TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH— *De Cælo; De Generatione et Corruptione.* By J. L. Stocks and H. H. Joachim. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.35.

Even good Latinists do not hesitate to keep on their shelves the translation of St. Thomas, which the English Dominicans are now issuing to the great comfort of those to whom Latin is not a second tongue. And the far smaller body of philosophers whose Greek is fluent, will not grudge their less favored and much more numerous brethren a really good translation of the works of Aristotle, on which depend the whole of Scholastic Philosophy. Nor will they despise a translation with really adequate notes, such as this carries, of two treatises containing such fundamental portions of Aristotle's philosophy.

The second is, perhaps, the more interesting to us today, for it deals with "the coming-to-be and the passing-away," and thus

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attacks problems, such as that of "becoming," full of actuality, in spite of our changed ideas as to the "elements," and in spite of the centuries which have rolled away since the author of these works discussed the utterances of Empedokles, Anaxagoras, and Leukippos. We welcome this translation, and hope it may be followed by other volumes until we have a really complete and scholarly edition of the Stagirite in English.

THE MERCY OF ALLAH. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.

Hilaire Belloc is nothing if not many-sided. He can dash off a volume of history that is sound and provocative, criticism of military tactics, criticism of literature, fiction, and biography. The present volume is a brilliant satire, cast into a mold made immortal by LeSage in *Gil Blas*. Mahmoud, a Persian merchant, recounts his adventures to his nephews, beginning with his expulsion from home by his father, and concluding with the golden day when, having carved out his fortune, he became a captain of industry, and sits himself down in self-complacent leisure with a wife, a beautiful mansion, a fat income, and delectable memories of his successes in the great game of high finance. Belloc's irony is delicious. And as you follow Mahmoud through his brilliant strokes of fortune and his heart-breaking reverses, you see in every line a biting satire on present-day capitalists. Bagdad is New York, Paris, London, Berlin. Mahmoud—but one must beware of libel suits. The reader can insert for himself the names of a dozen of our present-day millionaires.

In handling this satire as he does, Belloc proves that he has learned the tricks of Montesquieu, in his *Lettres Persannes*, and of Goldsmith, in his *Chinese Letters*. The *Mercy of Allah* is bound to rank high among Belloc's best work.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY SINCE 1800. *A Critical Survey.* By Arthur Kenyon Rogers. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

Those conversant with Mr. Rogers' work in the field of history of philosophy, will welcome this volume. It is no easy task to elucidate the muddled and tortuous ways of philosophers, especially those of the past few years. To succeed, one must be gifted with a clarity of thought and expression that is only too rare, both among thinkers and the chroniclers of thought. The author has this gift in a preëminent degree. The survey he gives us is not only expository, but critical. His own view of philosophy is that it should justify the fundamental beliefs that are implied in

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human life, and he uses this view as the criterion whereby to evaluate the worth of each school. Much that he tells us is, of course, not new, especially in the historical part of the book, but the tenets of the various schools are set forth in a fashion both detached and objective—they are invariably viewed with a sympathetic and an understanding eye. The critical part, while acute, is distinguished by its dispassionateness and by its truly philosophical temper.

Perhaps, the most intriguing section of the work is that devoted to contemporary philosophies. The protean forms of modern idealism, panpsychism, and pragmatism, are delineated, their basic assumptions and fallacies are pointed out, while the numerous protagonists of the now popular epistemological realism are the subjects of a searching examination.

As might be expected, Catholic philosophy is not given prominent notice. Newman receives a few pages, St. George Mivart is mentioned, while "Howard" Joyce and "Lester" J. Walker, with four others, are alluded to in a footnote. However, he concedes that neo-Scholasticism " is a significant philosophical tendency."

THE SEVENFOLD GIFT. A Study of the Seven Sacraments. By William F. Robison, S.J., Ph.D. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder Book Co. $1.50 net.

The Seven Sacraments of the Catholic Church are seven most precious gifts bestowed on her by her Divine Founder, Jesus Christ. They were intended to be channels of Divine Grace to all mankind. Of their own power, they produce their graces in the human soul. Nevertheless, most of them for their full efficacy depend on the dispositions of the soul that receives them. Part of this disposition lies in a realization of the meaning and effects of these sacraments. This volume by Doctor Robison, consisting of seven sermons originally delivered in St. Francis Xavier's Church, will help the reader to a deeper understanding of the meaning and effects of the sacraments.

CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00 net.

The protagonist of Mrs. Norris' novel is not an individual, but a family. There is no plot; but in the varied lives and circumstances of her people, there is abundance of incidents, seldom other than such as fall to the ordinary lot, yet holding the attention so satisfyingly that we deprecate, as out of proportion, the introduction of an event as sensational as the suicide of Victoria's lover. Continuity is sustained throughout. To a really remark-

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able extent, the author keeps control of the many threads of interest, allowing none to become detached from the central point, the rise and decline of the Crabtree fortune. Nor does she digress into too much description of the changing conditions of the growing city. She contents herself with vivid touches that form a colorful background for her signally successful and elaborately detailed delineation of an average non-Catholic, American family, in the seventies and eighties.

This is the best of all Mrs. Norris' productions, a serious work, with strong, distinctive features. She has achieved a very striking effect in her pictures of the relations of parents to their children, an attitude so definitely characteristic of that era as to be essential to any faithful transcription. In particular, she treats of the deliberate reserve maintained by mothers to their daughters concerning precisely those experiences of life which they believed to be the most desirable for all women; a delicate subject, which she handles at considerable length with frankness, and judgment, also, needless to say; even so, the book is not for readers of all ages.

Its literary merit is great. For the most part, the author stands aside, as it were, while her people speak, revealing themselves most convincingly real and human. It is, indeed, by this means that she accomplishes some telling satire, especially in the last chapter, where, in connection with Reuben's death, she makes ruthless exhibition of the strange, almost universal, screen woven of conventional phrases and outward observances, in which people indistinguishingly blend the true and the false. Disconcertingly keen are the shafts of ironic humor that increase the appeal of the scene with which a sound artistic instinct has led Mrs. Norris to close her novel.

JOCK, JACK, AND THE CORPORAL. By C. C. Martindale. Chicago: Matre & Co. $1.50 net.

Jock, a Catholic soldier of singular innocence of life, lies fatally injured in an English hospital. His hopeless suffering and dereliction, made vicarious by a Catholic mysticism, leads to the regeneration of his comrades. His nobility of character becomes for them a seal of the truth of the Faith he so ardently practises. Jack, the sergeant, takes instructions from the chaplain, who gradually introduces him to the world of the supernatural, and to the mysteries of the Catholic religion. This process of instruction, which forms the staple of the book, becomes, in the hands of Father Martindale, a revelation of the beauty and truth of the spiritual teaching of the Church. Every detail of Catholic belief

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and practice is made relevant to the exigencies of human existence as God has provided for them in His divine economy. It is not too much to say that one closes this novel with a new realization of the immediacy of the things of the spirit to the secular affairs of every-day life, and of the inwardness of the faith that one lightly professes.

Father Martindale knows the language of his soldiers, and he understands thoroughly their psychology. For instance, his sketch of the Corporal, the wag of the regiment, is an admirable piece of portraiture. The story is so vivid and realistic that it must surely have been *vécu*. The chapters on Christmas at the hospital, and on the death of Jock, reach a lyric intensity, and have their place among the memorable things of fiction.

DISCOURSES AND ESSAYS. By John Ayscough. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $1.25 net.

This volume consists, for the most part, of occasional discursive papers on Catholic faith and practice, written by Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew against the assailants of the Church. In vindicating the claims of Catholicity, John Ayscough proves himself a witty and incisive polemic, who deftly unmasks the prejudice that underlies the specious rationality of its opponents. He unbares, for instance, the real motives that in the past prompted the denial of miracles, as also the bad faith that would gainsay all manifestations of the supernatural, or cavil at the Church's spiritual ministry on the grounds of laxity. He pierces the Anglican pretensions to continuity with the shafts of his fleering humor. The essay on "Taste and Tolerance" contains some wholesome comments on preaching. Other papers have the purely personal interest of an apologia for the methods of a Catholic novelist. In scope and substance, the book differs widely from *Levia Pondera*, and has not quite the same engaging quality.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN. An Introduction to the Anthropology of the New World. By Clark Wissler. Second Edition. New York: Oxford University Press. $5.00.

The generally received opinion about the aborigines of this Continent is that they came from Northern Asia by the land bridge, then connecting it with Alaska, and that they came in comparatively recent times. For the learned Professor Hrdlicka has come to the conclusion, after an exhaustive study of the question, that all the skulls cited in evidence of a greater antiquity than that of Neolithic days, including the celebrated Calaveras specimen, cannot establish the point that America was inhabited in

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earlier days than those just named. Bearing this in mind, it is amazing that there should be such variety in forms of culture and in speech as actually exist, or have existed, from the regions of high culture, such as the Incas and Nahuas, to the degraded races along the stormy waters of the Straits of Magellan.

Any intelligent person living on this side of the Atlantic must be of singularly unimaginative disposition if he is indifferent to the kind of people who inhabited it in pre-Columbian days, and from whom his forerunners, though not often ancestors, annexed it by force. In this matter, there can be no safer guide than the erudite Curator of Anthropology in the Natural History Museum of New York, who has written this book, already well received in its first edition and largely re-written in this. The immense number of facts to be considered makes the book a rather close study. Hardly a point in the life of the American aborigines is left untouched, and an excellent series of maps is a further aid towards studying the extent of different schemes of clothing, kinds of food, of transport, and so on.

It seems to be now what the lawyers call "common form" to assume the evolution of man's physical part from some lower animal, and of course we find that assumption here, although we are still awaiting any convincing demonstration of this theory. The experienced reader has by this time no doubt learned to discount this and to await "scientific" demonstration of the origin of man. What we are concerned with here is the excellence and accuracy of the account of his doings when he had appeared, and after he had made his way to what we now call the New World.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF ARCHPRIEST JOHN JOSEPH THERRY. By Rev. Eris M. O'Brien. Sydney, Australia: Angus & Robertson, Ltd. 25 *s.* net.

The history of this pioneer priest in Australia sets forth the record of one man's superhuman struggle against overwhelming odds to preserve the Catholic faith of the settlers in this far-off island Continent. Most of the Catholics were Irish political exiles; they were treated as convicts, they were ruled by English military governors, and they were forced to attend English Church services on Sunday.

Father Therry was a native of Cork. His life work was decided upon one day when he saw a band of his fellow-countrymen being taken off to the convict colony. There had been priests there before; three had served terms as "convicts," a fourth had volunteered his services, but, after a short ministry, the author-

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ities had forced him out. Upon his return to his native land, this priest started a campaign of enlightenment. As a result, the British Government voted an allowance for two Catholic chaplains for the colonies. Fathers Philip Connolly and John Therry accepted the chaplaincies. The two missionaries arrived in Sydney in 1820, but soon after Father Connolly departed for Van Dieman's Land. The building of a church presented a problem which consumed most of Father Therry's career. A large part of this long biography is devoted to the history of this church, the financial, civil, and, finally, ecclesiastical difficulties, in which Father Therry found himself as a result of his well-intentioned efforts.

When, through disagreement with the Government, this valiant priest was deprived of his chaplaincy, he continued to labor without compensation. For ten years he continued his ministry practically alone, constantly battling against the bigotry of officials. Then four other priests were sent out, Sydney was made first a bishopric, and then an archbishopric, and the Church started on more prosperous times. The author does not spare his hero; he paints in the shadows as well as the high lights; it is an inspiring record, nevertheless. Father O'Brien has performed his task well; original documents are quoted on almost every page. But there is one thing lacking: a map to show the location and the spread of the early missions.

SHORT SERMONS ON THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS. By Rev. F. P. Hickey, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00 net.

A new volume of sermons by Dom Hickey is a welcome addition to our pulpit literature, especially now, when the demand for *short* sermons seems to be on the increase. Father Hickey's sermons are short, and they are practical. There is one sermon for each Sunday and Holy Day, either on the Gospel or the Epistle. There is a uniformity in the arrangement of the discourses: the title of the Sunday, the subject to be treated, four or five topical sentences, then the sermon. While sermon books are helpful chiefly to priests, the laity can find much profit in the carefully planned sermons of Father Hickey.

BIRTH CONTROL. A Statement of Christian Doctrine Against the Neo-Malthusians. By Halliday G. Sutherland, M.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.75 net.

One of the most pernicious, and perhaps most prevalent practices of this pleasure-seeking and luxury-loving age is studied in this little volume of one hundred and fifty pages with a skill and refinement of touch possible only to a man who is an expert in

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medical science and of devout and well-informed Catholic faith. Dr. Sutherland, not content with emphasizing the immoral and sinful character of artificial birth control, reveals, by ample evidence from history and medical authorities, the inherent viciousness of an unholy practice entailing many evil consequences. While the Malthusian advocates and propagandists pose as the friends and protectors of the home and as champions of the welfare of the race, the author proves that their immoral methods produce the very opposite results from those intended.

The fear that urged Malthus to suggest the practice, viz., that men would multiply beyond earth's power to furnish sustenance, is shown to be groundless. Equally fallacious is the theory that poverty and hardships are due to an excessive birth rate; and that diminution of quantity means improved quality. Artificial birth control entails evils, physical and moral, of the gravest kind for the parties concerned. Dr. Sutherland, in clear and forcible language, yet free from exaggeration, presents such an array of facts as must convince the reader that all who would derive from wedded life such happiness as God and nature intend, and who have at heart their own health and domestic bliss, and the well-being of the State, must eschew artificial birth control. The thesis of this volume is that Malthusianism is not only immoral, but pragmatically unjustifiable. The book deserves the widest circulation as an antidote to vicious propaganda.

FINDING A SOUL. A Spiritual Autobiography. By E. E. Everest. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

There are many roads to Rome. Men and women have traveled from all points of the compass to the Eternal City set upon a Hill. Here is the story of a soul attracted by the music of Beethoven. The author gives a graphic picture of her childhood, in a motherless home ruled by a father who was an avowed atheist. But he was a devoted admirer of Beethoven, and the child imbibed a love for the great master. At a convent school, she learned Beethoven was a Catholic, and gained a deeper appreciation of his music. The influence of convent life did the rest, and in spite of violent opposition by her father, as soon as she became of age she entered the Church.

ABBE PIERRE. By Jay William Hudson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.

Under the still softly murmuring flow of this idyll of "sunny Gascony," we sense the deep current of the "invisible." The author, treading Gascony with the wise old Abbé Pierre and ex-

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quisite Germaine, has penetrated the deeper things of Catholic faith and life—the "sublime virtues" of the "sublime silences." That he is not a Catholic is evident from the inadequate description of the Mass, and certain *tournures de phrase* unsuited to a Catholic tongue, yet what Catholic has drawn a more beautiful portrait of a priest.

The Abbé Pierre is of those who turn all dross to gold, finding even in the Gascon philosopher, Montaigne, a stimulant to faith; who, when he "talks about people," "talks about their virtues."

Mr. Hudson has achieved a work of art. Never to be forgotten are the pages on "The Great Question," the picture of "Moonrise in Gascony," and the flaming tongues of St. John's eve, and that sum of human tragedy in one short page: "Have Pity, O God."

We can wish our readers no greater pleasure than to see with the Abbé Pierre the undulating tapestry "of the Gascon landscape," the "brave, indomitable roads," the Pyrenees—"the wall of the world"—the spire topped hills, the "homes that hug the church so close" they "seem like happy children gathered round their ancient mother," the moonlight on the "wide-stretched arms" of the Man of Sorrows "that reach out over those who sleep beneath the long grasses;" and, with him, to hearken to the "sweet-toned bells that speak across the valleys."

We suspect that the author, himself, has "looked at the crucifix for a moment with his heart in his eyes," and may yet come to the Church "as to the Mother of all souls that seek Thy rest."

A LIFE'S OBLATION—*The Biography of Geneviève Hennet de Goutel*, by Marthe Alambert. Translated from the French by L. M. Leggatt. (New York: Benziger Brothers. Cloth, $2.00.) The biography of Geneviève Hennet de Goutel is already well known in the French, and the English translation of the biography of this noble woman, one of the first of the French hospital workers to fall on Rumanian soil, will be read with the greatest interest.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY STUDIES—Nos. 48, 49, 50. No. 48: *"Index Verborum de Covarruvias Orozco: Tesoro de la Lengua Castellana o Espanola. Madrid, 1673–1674,"* by Professor John M. Hill. Professor Hill, appreciating the rarity of this *Tesoro* of the Spanish of the seventeenth century and the increasing need of the work, has reprinted the edition of 1673-1674 for the use of students. The editors of the first edition of the *Diccionario de la Lengua Espanola* (Madrid, 1726-1739) recognized the high value of Covarruvias' *Index*, and based their work upon his researches. It is, therefore, formative and authoritative in

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every respect, and specialists in philology must award Professor Hill their sincere thanks.

No. 49: "Juvenile Delinquency and Adult Crime. Certain Associations of Juvenile Delinquency and Adult Crime in Gary, Ind., with Special Reference to the Immigrant Population," by Edna Hatfield Edmondson, Ph.D., a study to determine the reliability of the prevalent idea that juvenile delinquency and adult crime are more frequently associated with the foreign-born than with the native-born population. The conclusion reached is that juvenile delinquency and petty adult crime is determined, not by the race or nationality group, but by the social and economic class to which these races or nationalities belong. Perhaps, the most valuable feature of the work is the bibliography, which is very extensive and pertinent.

No. 50: "William De Morgan and the Greater Early Victorians," by Professor Will T. Hale, Ph.D., gives an optimistic comparison between the author of *Joseph Vance* and his illustrious predecessors—Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. The citations are of considerable value.

A SISTER'S POEMS, by Sister Margaret Mary (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.50), of the Sisters of Mercy, appears at a time when interest in conventual life runs particularly high. Sister Margaret Mary replies to the challenge with verses which give the world a much keener understanding of the religious mind. Her verse forms, however, and also her methods of expression, are not altogether worthy of her inspiration.

LATIN GRAMMAR MADE CLEAR, with exercises and vocabulary, from the original French of Professor H. Petitmangin, adapted into English by H. Petitmangin and John A. Fitzgerald, A.B., with the collaboration of Ernest Dimnet (Paris: J. De Gigord. $1.50), is the result of a painstaking and intelligent effort to provide a text-book which, with the aid of a teacher, will eliminate from the study of Latin those difficulties which are not inherent in the subject. It is based upon the theory that there is "no royal road to learning," and that only the earnest, industrious student will ever attain to a mastery of the classics. But for the student who is willing to contribute his share, the book will, we think, be found to provide very valuable assistance. It is the translation, or rather the adaptation, of a text that has long served a useful purpose in French schools. Its logical order is of the excellence that might be expected from a Frenchman. The pedagogical principles upon which it is based are those which experienced teachers readily acknowledge to be valid. No doubt, in the course of time, this book will obtain, in America, something like the same high degree of popularity it has long enjoyed in France.

THE GHOST GIRL, by Edgar Saltus. (New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.) Nellie Chilton, the heroine of this peculiar story, is killed in an auto accident the very day of her marriage to Bradish, the New

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York millionaire. She has scarcely been laid in the family vault, when she appears "in all her ghostly loveliness" to her husband and his chum. Time and time again, they see her, but she vanishes at once into nothingness. The author amuses himself at our expense for some two hundred and fifty pages, making us guess at a possible solution of these mysterious appearances. He suggests a perfect double of "the incomparable Nellie," and then talks about the magic of Thibet, the phenomena of Spiritism, astral bodies, hallucination, and insanity. He even goes so far as to describe an orgy of Satanic magic the better to confuse us. Finally, with his tongue in his cheek, he calmly solves the riddle, and makes us ask ourselves why we wasted our time over his book.

THE CITY OF FIRE, by Grace Livingston Hill. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.00.) Mrs. Hill's latest novel—her seventeenth—centres about the murder trial of a very unattractive, although innocent, hero. The author draws a good portrait of a minister's daughter, who remains true to her sweetheart despite all appearances against him. Lynn has a very happy faculty of converting everyone she meets. A word from her, and heartless millionaires begin to interest themselves in the lives of the tenement poor, and evil-lived women die in the odor of sanctity. The story is well written, although rather ultra-pious.

ASCENT, by Frances Rumsey. (New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.) This is a cleverly written psychological study of a cold-blooded American girl, educated by a cynical, atheistic grandfather on principles of utter selfishness and irreligion. She craves for life and adventure, and is satisfied almost to the point of becoming a wanton. The Paulist Fathers, who received her into the Church, made a big mistake—she remains a sentimental, ignorant pagan to the end.

AMERICA FACES THE FUTURE, by Durant Drake, Ph.D. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.) In this book a professor of philosophy in Vassar College undertakes to tell America what is wrong in our politics and industry, and to point out the ways we should tread. His purpose, as disclosed in the preface, is to "consider in these pages what our priceless heritage of American ideals actually is, and how far we are being faithful to our inheritance."

The result is neither helpful nor interesting. The author attempts to cover a multitude of subjects, and does it in a way that will leave those who are not with him in the beginning, still unconvinced at the end. Obviously, the author has not a thorough knowledge of the fields through which he offers himself as a guide. The range of topics he attempts to cover is so wide that this is not to be wondered at. It is not through books of this kind that an intelligent grasp of the perplexing problems that confront us is to be broadcasted or the solution of them along sound lines furthered.

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THE September issue of *The Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science is devoted to the study of "Industrial Relations and the Churches." For each volume of this publication, specially qualified editors are selected. The editors of the present issue are Dr. John A. Ryan, Director Department of Social Action, National Catholic Welfare Council, and Dr. F. Ernest Johnson, Research Secretary, Federal Council of the Churches. The issue carries articles by Dr. Ryan, Dr. Kerby, Rev. R. A. McGowan, and Rev. Edwin O'Hara. We recommend it to the attention of those interested in this very vital topic.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The Catholic Truth Society (London) has a budget of new pamphlets of exceptional interest: Rev. John Morris, S.J., provides the Catholic pilgrim and tourist with *Canterbury*, a detailed and interesting guide book of convenient size; *The Church in England in 1922*, by Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P., summarizes past history, indicates telling influences, and dwells in detail on the *status quo*, pleading, finally, for "national action" by Catholics, to meet effectively "the splendid prospect" for the Church in England; *Lister Drummond*, by Robert E. Noble, tells the virile story of a convert lay apostle who headed the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom and paved the way for the Catholic Evidence Guild; Dom Norbert Birt, O.S.B., contributes a sketch of Father De Smet, *The Apostle of the Rocky Mountains; The Doctrine of Self-Discipline*, by Dom Justin McCann, presents the case for self-discipline in so attractive and reasonable a fashion as to force its claim, even upon modern youth; *The Real Presence*, by Rev. F. Mangan, S.J., presents clearly and succinctly the "Fact" and the "Fulfillment" of Our Lord's promise and gift; *Maxims of Mary Ward* introduces the pithy spiritual maxims of this remarkable foundress with a sketch of her life; Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., leaves the reader no doubt as to *What Cranmer Meant to Do and Did* in robbing the English Church of the Holy Sacrifice; *Confession and Communion Prayers for Little Children* is an admirable little prayer book, well orientated and exquisitely childlike; a story of the days of persecution in England, by a nun of Tyburn Convent, is entitled *Trumpeter's Rock*.

The International Catholic Truth Society has a study of *Transubstantiation and the Real Presence*, short and clear and effective, by Rev. J. F. Splaine, S.J. *The Printed Message*, by Rev. George Thomas Daly, C.SS.R., is a strong appeal to put Catholic truth to the fore in the "revaluation, readjustment, and reconstruction" of the world's thought (Catholic Truth Society of Canada).

The Catholic Mind for August 8th contains a study of "The Cult of Psychoanalysis," by Rev. William J. McGucken, S.J., reprinted from the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, which is lucid and judicial, and quite final in its conclusions; and an address by Rev. John E. Wickham, LL.D., on "Catholicism and Culture."

In answer to many inquirers, Rev. Ernest Hull, S.J., has made a full and careful presentation of *Adventist Doctrines*, in a pamphlet published by the Bombay Examiner Press.

International Conciliation (407 West 117th Street, New York City), brought out, in August, "Impressions of Berlin in 1922," by Professor Henri Lichtenberger of the Sorbonne. And, in September, contributions concerning Cuba's relations to the Court of International Justice and the League of Nations.

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Recent Events.

Greece.

The Greek military disaster at the hands of the Turkish Nationalists, early in September, spread out during the last thirty days into a number of effects, military, political, and dynastic, the whole surrounded by a thick atmosphere of Inter-Allied accusation and diplomatic intrigue. The first important event following the capture of Smyrna by the Turks, was the Allied prohibition of a Nationalist advance against the neutral zones of Ismid and the Dardanelles, a prohibition backed up by the dispatch of British military and naval forces. A week later—on September 23d—the Allies invited Mustapha Kemal, leader of the Nationalists, to a conference, which began at Mudania on October 3d, the Turks in the interval suspending all military operations.

Meanwhile, numerous conferences were held at Paris and elsewhere between British, French, and Italian governmental representatives, at which considerable differences of opinion became apparent, the French for the most part, influenced by their secret treaty with the Angora Government negotiated last spring, supported the Nationalists, being backed, to some extent, by Italy, and Great Britain insisting that under no conditions must Constantinople be allowed to fall into the Nationalist's hands. Finally, however, the Allies succeeded in presenting a united front at Mudania, where, on October 10th, an armistice convention was signed by representatives of all the Allied Powers and by the Nationalist delegate.

This convention specifies, among other things, that the Greeks shall evacuate Thrace within fifteen days, that Greek civil authorities shall leave as soon as possible, and that, as the Greeks leave, they shall hand over affairs to Allied authorities, who, in turn, will transmit them to the Turks within thirty days after the Greek evacuation.

In addition, plans are now being prepared for two conferences to bring about a definite peace in the Near East, one, to fix general Near Eastern peace terms, and, another, to provide for neutralization of the straits of the Dardanelles. Preparation for both conferences are now being made by the various governments who are to attend, as the settlements reached at the first conference must necessarily affect the second. It is believed that the first conference will be held early in November, with the second

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general conference sitting early in December, and possibly concluding the entire settlement by Christmas.

As a result of the Greek defeat, a revolutionary movement broke out in the Greek army and navy, gathering such impetus that, on September 27th, the abdication of King Constantine was forced. Crown Prince George was named as successor and, with the approval of the revolutionists, was immediately sworn in as the new King. The British, Italian, and Belgian diplomatic representatives have since virtually recognized the new monarch, forecasting Entente recognition of the new régime. Ex-King Constantine has departed for Italy, and the revolutionary committee is in complete control, pending general elections on November 13th to constitute a new Parliament to succeed that deposed by the revolution.

Various reports have also been received of the abdication of Mohammed VI., Sultan of Turkey and head of the Government at Constantinople, from which the Angora Republic of the victorious Mustapha Kemal had broken away. These rumors, however, have been unconfirmed. The heir-apparent to the Turkish throne is Prince Abdul Medjid, a cousin of the present Sultan, and it is probable that if the succession has not yet devolved on him, it soon will.

Over 250,000 persons are reported to have evacuated Smyrna and neighboring ports since the Turks captured and set fire to the city. Relief measures have been instituted by various countries, but the problem is gigantic. It is estimated that half a million people require succor at the present time. President Harding has appointed a Near East Relief Committee, with former Postmaster-General Hays as Chairman, and has called on all the principal charitable organizations of the country to aid in a national campaign for relief funds. The Executive Committee of the American Red Cross has been authorized by that organization to expend the full amount now in its Treasury, some $20,000,000, in aid of the Near East sufferers.

France.

The Third Assembly of the League of Nations, meeting in Geneva for over a month, held its final sessions on the thirtieth of September. Two outstanding decisions were made by the Assembly—one, the adoption of Lord Robert Cecil's plan for world peace and the other, the extension of definite aid to Austria.

The Cecil plan, which has been called an "international company assurance against war," contemplates continental peace compacts between the various countries of Europe, South Africa, Asia,

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and so forth. On its face, the system is a modification of Article X. of the League Covenant, but, in reality, it would mean giving specific guarantees instead of the generalities of Article X.: the various nations pledging themselves definitely to take action against any aggressor and to make it impossible for him to obtain victory.

The scheme for Austrian relief is set forth in three documents. The first, is a declaration by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia, the principal guarantors of the loan which will be made to Austria, that they will respect the territorial integrity, independence, and sovereignty of Austria, and will seek no special or exclusive financial or economic advantages that would compromise Austria's independence. The other two documents, authorize Austria to issue for sale bonds sufficient to produce the equivalent of a maximum of 650,000,000 gold crowns, and provide for the guarantee of interest on the sinking fund by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia of eighty per cent. of that sum. Austria, on her part, pledges for the payment of interest on the bonds her customs receipts and the tobacco monopoly, and agrees to undertake reforms necessary to balance her budget. This action of the League is expected to put Austria on a footing of solvency within two years, and definitely disposes of the possibility of her annexation to, or union with, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, or Germany, which had been contemplated.

Other important events connected with this year's Assembly were the admission of Hungary as a member of the League, the announcement by the French delegation that it would oppose the admission of Germany as a member at this time, the resignation of Bolivia from the League, following the similar action by Peru, due, it is thought, to the election of the Chilean, Augustin Edwards, as President of the League, and the election of the six non-permanent members of the Council of the League, as follows: Brazil, Spain, Uruguay, Belgium, Sweden, and China.

Several crises over German reparations payments threatened to come to a head since these notes last appeared, but were finally and definitely averted, on the nineteenth of September, as the result of an agreement between Germany and Belgium, whereby the latter accepted Germany's guarantee for payment. A few days later, the German Government handed to the Reparations Commission two bills, one for 47,400,000 gold marks and the other for 48,600,000 gold marks, in payment of the two instalments for reparations due August 15th and September 15th last. Meanwhile, plans have been made for a conference on the Inter-Allied debts and the Germany indemnity, to be held in Brussels, the date

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being tentatively set for December 1st. During the month, Louis Dubois, the French member and President of the Commission on Reparations, resigned, and Louis Barthou, Minister of Justice in the Poincaré Cabinet, was appointed his successor.

During the month, various French ports were troubled with strikes of seamen and port workers, notably Havre, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, called in protest against a Governmental decree modifying the eight-hour law on French vessels, in order to meet foreign competition. The strike of the seamen at Bordeaux ended on October 9th, but the dock workers and coal handlers at Marseilles have tentatively voted in favor of a sympathetic strike movement in that port. This is expected to intensify the tie-up there, where the strike is at its worst.

The figures of the French 1923 budget, made public by the Finance Committee of the Chamber of Deputies, show that the ordinary French budget will have a deficit of about 4,000,000,000 francs paper. In addition, provision is made for advancing 10,000,000,000 francs for reconstruction work, to be charged against Germany, and to balance which, no revenue is provided. That means that the French Finance Ministry must borrow some 14,000,000,000 francs for next year, less what can be realized from German cash payments. Belgium has a priority claim on Germany's cash payments this year, and although France will get most of the cash payments which Germany may make next year, still 1,000,000,000 marks gold is probably a favorable estimate of what France will actually get in cash. A billion marks gold is equal to about 3,000,000,000 francs paper, which means that the French Government must borrow more than 10,000,000,000 francs for the new budget. This will be effected by interior loans, the first of which will be floated in November or the end of December.

Important private commercial agreements, designed primarily in the interest of the occupied regions, but broadly for the purpose of aiding French industries in general, are expected to result from the visit, some time in October, of a delegation representing leading business interests in Germany, which has been invited to visit the devastated areas. The French Government has approved of the visit, which is an outgrowth of the accord reached last month by Herr Stinnes and the Marquis de Lubersac for the delivery of materials to rebuild the devastated regions.

Expectations that the Washington naval treaty would be ratified by the Chamber of Deputies this year, seem doomed to disappointment, and it is probable that the treaty will never be ratified so long as the present Poincaré Government retains office. There exists in the Chamber only a weak faction favoring ratifica-

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tion of the treaty as it stands, and even those who favor it, demand important changes. The chief demand is that the capital ship ratio of 5-5-3-1.75 for the United States, Great Britain, Japan, and France and Italy respectively, be changed to give France at least a ratio of 2.50 to Italy's 1.75. Meanwhile, even those countries which have ratified the agreement, including the United States, have suspended further scrapping of war vessels in view of the threatening aspect of affairs in Asia Minor.

The recent letter, to his adherents, of Joseph Caillaux, former Premier, who was thoroughly discredited during the war and later tried for treasonable correspondence with the enemy, is considered to be a preliminary step towards his reëntry into the political arena. The letter in question declares the clericalists are installing themselves in the very establishments which they were obliged to quit, in complete violation of the law and under the eyes of the authorities. He also charges that an organized effort is under way to suppress the non-sectarian public schools in favor of independent schools. The letter urges true republicans to be on guard, and, while proclaiming their respect for all beliefs, to affirm their resolve not only to maintain, but to complete, strengthen, and develop anti-clerical laws.

Germany.

An event of great importance in German internal politics occurred toward the end of September, when the Independent Socialist Party and the Social Democratic Party, after six years of embittered internecine warfare, jointly decided on a formal reunion. This decision was a direct result of the pressure of events growing out of the economic and political post-war situation in Germany. The original break between the two factions occurred in September, 1916, over the question of voting war credits and other policies with which the Socialist Party was confronted, by reason of the World War. The demand for fusion has been accelerated, on the one hand, by the menace of Communism, towards which both divisions of the Party are inimical, and, on the other, by the aggressiveness of German industrialism and big finance. By pooling its mandates, the reunited party will command 169 out of 469 seats in the Reichstag. Defection on the part of former Left Wing Independents may possibly reduce this total by ten. Both wings of the party have a paying membership totalling 250,000, but this does not indicate the voting strength, as it is merely viewed as the political section of German organized labor, which has an enrollment of more than 10,000,000.

Germany's first popular Presidential election is scheduled to

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take place on December 3d. The Reichstag, re-convening in the middle of October for a short session, is expected to pass, by a large majority, a law regarding the Presidential election framed by the Wirth Government, although it is possible that a plan may be adopted to amend the Constitution in order to avoid a Presidential election until 1925. President Ebert, who was elected Provisional President by the first German National Assembly at Weimar, in January, 1919, and has held office as such ever since, will undoubtedly become the first Constitutional President of the Republic.

On September 24th, the ex-Kaiser, from his retreat at Doorn, Holland, officially announced his engagement to the Princess Schoenaich-Carolath, a member of one of the minor German royal houses. The Princess is thirty-five years of age, a widow, and the mother of five children. The wedding has been tentatively fixed for November 5th. The approaching marriage has some political significance, being considered in many quarters as a sign that the ex-Kaiser has, finally and forever, given up all hope of regaining his throne.

Lloyd's Bank of London has published a study of the German industrial and banking situation, based on a report from its German correspondent. The statement of the case, which has attracted great interest in London, is: "The seeming prosperity of this country deceives the rest of the world, and it is scarcely yet realized, even in England, how greatly Germany has been impoverished in the last eight years." The report goes on to say that "reparations payments have been made, and the population fed since the armistice to a large extent at the cost of the speculator in marks, and by the financial extinction of the old middle class." The conclusion is reached that "if the most favorable treatment possible is accorded to Germany by the Allies, the paper mark can only be made stable (or be redeemed by a new currency secured by gold values) at something approaching its present low value (or the lowest value it may subsequently reach) in gold." As a result of the serious depreciation in the value of the mark, barter is, at present, replacing money in various parts of Germany.

A new and powerful so-called "vertical trustification," a combination rivaling the famous Stinnes concern, was recently engineered by a German industrialist, Otto Wolff, head of a large iron merchant's firm of Cologne. Economic and financial pressure welded the new concern together out of mutually dependent or mutually interested parts. It divides logically into two allied groups, the coal and iron group and the electrical group, with Herr Wolff at the common apex. The capital is 684,000,000 marks,

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which is shortly to be increased to 984,000,000. The capitalization of the Stinnes "Rhein-Elbe-Siemens-Schuckert Union" is 1,138,000,000 marks. The new trust is significant as marking another step in the concentration policy of German economics, and is also hailed as "forming a new front against foreign competition."

Serious differences have arisen over the contract entered into last spring between the Russian Soviet Government and the Krupp Corporation, whereby the latter was granted a concession of a tract of territory in South Russia, comprising 56,000 acres, which the Krupps agreed to cultivate, bringing in for the purpose large quantities of agricultural implements of all kinds. The Krupps are now said to have withdrawn from the agreement, on the ground of financial inability to carry out the compact. The Soviet authorities, however, suspect that the withdrawal is due to political reasons, possibly French pressure, for the German Government is understood to have approved cordially the agreement when it was concluded. Leonid Krassin, the Soviet Minister of Trade and Commerce, will probably bring action in the German courts to compel fulfillment of the contract.

In September, several sporadic local railroad strikes threw the whole body of German railroad workers into renewed unrest, preliminary to a new demand for an increase in wages, which will again add many billions to Germany's deficit. To meet partially the deficit from operation of the State railroads, passenger rates will be trebled and freight rates nearly trebled from November 1st. An idea of German railroad finances may be gathered from the fact that in April expenditures were quoted at the rate of 100,000,000,000 marks annually, and today it is estimated that expenditures have risen to a rate of nearly 400,000,000,000 marks annually.

Poland's promise to the Allies to give home rule to Silesia was realized on September 30th, when the first elections for the Silesian Diet were held. The Poles secured thirty-four seats and the Germans fourteen. The German representation is only twenty-nine per cent. of the total, despite the fact that the German vote in the March plebiscite ran to forty per cent. The opening session of the Diet was held on October 10th.

Late in September, the closing performance of the world-famous Passion Play at Oberammergau was given. Some 315,000 visitors came to see the Passion Play this season, the gross receipts of the play amounted to 20,000,000 marks, and the sale of books and photographs netted a further 4,000,000. Altogether, sixty-six performances were given this year since the dress rehearsal on May 9th. Beginning on May 14th, there were thirty-

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one scheduled presentations, besides thirty-three extra public performances given on account of the heavy demand for seats, and two special play days for Catholic organizations. In 1910, only fifty-seven performances were given, and the attendance was far less, the seating capacity at that time being considerably smaller. Figures are not yet available to show the season's attendance by nationalities, but up to the end of August, 18,000 Americans had visited the play. Various offers for permission to film the play, running, in some cases, it is reported, as high as $1,000,000, and even proposals to reproduce the actual play in London and elsewhere, met with definite rejection by the villagers.

Russia. Negotiations between Japan, the Far-Eastern Republic, and the Soviet Government of Moscow, resumed early in September at Chang Chun, Manchuria, again ended in failure on September 25th. Japan refused to meet the Russian demand for the evacuation of the northern half of the island of Saghalien, off the Siberian coast, which she is holding until she is indemnified for the massacre of six hundred Japanese at Nikolaievsk in 1920. On the other hand, Japan has since begun the evacuation of Siberia and Vladivostok, and expects to have her troops completely withdrawn by the end of October.

As the evacuation of Siberia is being carried out, fighting has become more and more frequent between Soviet forces and troops of the White, or Vladivostok anti-Soviet, Government. In this connection, a considerable scandal has broken out in Japan, where accusations have been made to the effect that, as the evacuation proceeded, great quantities of arms were handed over by Japanese officers to General Dieterichs, in command at Vladivostok, who, in turn, is said to have sold part of the arms to Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian military leader, the purpose of the Japanese militarists being to establish an anti-Soviet buffer state in conjunction with General Dieterichs and Chang Tso-lin. A further complication in the affair is that the arms in question belonged to the Czecho-Slovak troops, who evacuated Siberia two years ago. The Czecho-Slovakian Government has entered a formal protest and claim for eight hundred and sixty thousand kronen with the Japanese Government, and the Tokio Cabinet has decided to take drastic action against those responsible for disposing of the arms.

On September 30th, the Moscow Government issued a decree reëstablishing military service on the pre-war scale. Henceforth, all male citizens are liable to service between the ages of twenty and forty. It is learned from well-informed military circles,

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however, that unless international complications arise, it is not intended to put the law in full effect before next fall. At the same time, the decree has significance, as showing that the Soviet Government, like its Tsarist predecessor, is able and ready to train a million youngsters every year for war service. It is significant, too, that the Russian Baltic fleet, towards the end of September, began holding regular maneuvers, the first since the revolution.

Early in September, a formal agreement was signed by Leonid Krassin, Soviet Minister of Foreign Trade and Commerce, and Leslie Urquhart, of London, providing for the complete restoration of the title rights for ninety-nine years of the pre-war holdings of the Russian-Asiatic Corporation, Ltd., amounting to over £56,000-000. This action aroused considerable comment throughout the world as forecasting a more favorable attitude on the part of the Soviet authorities towards property rights, but these conclusions proved erroneous when, on October 6th, the Soviet Government, through Premier Lenine, as President of the Council of Commissars, rejected the agreement, on the ground that "recent actions of the British Government are not regarded as indicative of a sufficiently friendly attitude to admit the signature of a contract of such magnitude." There is reason to suppose, however, that the real reason for rejection was because of internal opposition to the agreement, because it was not wholly in accord with the principles of Socialist Government.

Equally valueless, seems the reported grant to the Sinclair Oil Company, an American concern, of the right to prospect and develop the northern half of the island of Saghalien for a period of five years, since this territory, although nominally Russian, is now under the control of the Japanese Government, with no early prospect of surrender.

Despite the fact that the United States Government was said to have dropped the project of an American investigation committee in Russia, the Soviet Government still seems to have hopes of some sort of mutually satisfactory arrangement. Replying to the original unofficial inquiry of the United States, the Moscow Government, in September, dispatched a note which, while objecting to the proposed investigation, suggested a parley looking towards the establishment of official relations. This counter-proposal has met the fate of all its predecessors at the hands of the Washington Government, whose object in sending a mission to Russia was purely economic, and wholly outside of any political relations.

On the general subject of Russian trade, recently published

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statistics show that Russia's imports during the first half of 1922 amounted to 80,285,000 gold rubles, and its exports 20,743,294, these totals being reckoned on the basis of 1913 gold prices. Of the imports, 46,174,000 rubles were for food. During the first quarter of 1922, 46.9 per cent. of Russia's imports came from the United States, 15.5 from England, and 11.8 from Germany; but Germany preponderated overwhelmingly in manufactured imports, supplying 67.4 per cent. of metal wares and machines, and 79 per cent. of textiles. In August, Germany delivered 198 locomotives to Russia, and will deliver another 150 before the closing of navigation to Petrograd.

Late in September, the Soviet authorities issued a veto against books and pamphlets of a theosophic or similar esoteric character, for which there has been a considerable demand, particularly in theatrical and literary circles. The official prohibition extends to the "sale or publication of literature advancing abstract philosophies opposed to concrete economic ideas." The reason for the veto is the objection of the Government to anything in the nature of secret societies or initiate groups with passwords and the like, such as are formed among Theosophists, Rosicrucians, "New Cagliostrists," and so forth, on the ground that they might easily become centres of counter-revolutionary activity.

Italy.

The most important event of the last two months, in Italy, was the definite cleavage, and therefore the probable collapse, as a political power, of the Socialist Party, which, in a convention at Rome, on October 3d, split into two sections: the Communists with a following of something over 32,000 members, who wish to pursue an out-and-out revolutionary policy, and the Collaborationists, having about 30,000 followers, who are in favor of a policy of peaceful penetration and of sharing the responsibilities of government. Two years ago the Socialists were the strongest party in Italy, and even up to a few months ago, in spite of internal differences, they always managed to present a united front against their opponents. The rise of the Fascisti, however, together with the liberal policy of the new Popular, or Catholic, Party, drained their strength, and brought to a head the deep-seated opposition between the extreme and moderate factions. On October 4th, the two branches met in separate halls, the Maximalists, or extreme Socialists, deciding to adhere to the Third Internationale, on condition that that body would not interfere in the domestic affairs of their party, and the Collaborationists, under the leadership of Turati, deciding to participate in govern-

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mental activities whenever opportunity afforded, and to retain the name of Socialist.

Although some semblance of order has been introduced by the new Minister of the Interior, Taddei, in the last two months isolated outbreaks of the Fascisti still continued to occur. Their latest activity was the military occupation, on October 4th, of Trent and Bolzano, former Austrian territories, which since their acquirement by Italy, as a result of the World War, have been treated, according to the Fascisti, with too much leniency by the various Italian Governments. On the following day, the military authorities took charge of the situation, and the Fascisti, 5,000 strong, temporarily retired.

In the field of politics, the Fascisti have recently demanded, through their leader, Benito Mussolini, that the party receiving a majority of the votes in a parliamentary election, be granted three-fifths of the parliamentary seats. The Fascisti also informed Premier Facta, that general elections must be held this year. The Fascisti leaders are of the opinion that they will receive a majority of the votes in the next Chamber, and if their demand for three-fifths of the seats be granted, they will have 321 places against 214 for all the other parties. At present, they have but 46 seats.

During August, a number of great forest fires occurred in several of the provinces, particularly in Messina, and partial estimates of the losses caused thereby have been estimated, by the Ministry of Agriculture, as high as $10,000,000. Troops were called out to prevent the spreading of the fires.

On September 28th, the powder magazine of Falconara Fort, near Spezia, was struck by lightning and one hundred and forty-four persons killed in the explosion that followed. The entire top of the hill, on which the fort was located, was blown away, and great damage was caused within a radius of ten miles.

The statement of the Bank of Italy, for the latest date in August on which returns have been received, shows a decrease in the outstanding paper circulation of 179,078,000 lire during the preceding ten-day period, and a decrease of 1,086,215,000 lire since the end of last December. As compared with the final statement of 1921, gold and silver holdings of the bank have increased 17,253,000 lire, and foreign exchange held, plus balances in foreign markets, have increased 22,585,000 lire.

October 13, 1922.

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Editorial Comment.

WE have been accused of optimism—which is another way of saying that we have been called a fool. For there are various ways of imputing folly without directly violating the Scripture injunction. One way is to "deny a man's major." Another is to concede that he "means well." Still another is to say, "he is young yet." But if he is no longer young, the most subtle and effective way of saying that he is a fool, is to call him an "optimist." Does not the adage say: "A pessimist before forty is a freak. An optimist after forty is a fool?" And we are over forty!

The imputation carries with it the added charge of shallow thinking. "All deep thought is sombre thought," says Canon Sheehan. "The world's greatest literature is tinged with melancholy. Cheerfulness and philosophy won't go hand in hand. The moment you think, you begin to sink. We can only bear 'the weight and burden of all this unintelligible world' by not thinking of it. The 'intellectually throned' must suffer."

THEREFORE, we presume, anyone who cherishes a happy and hopeful outlook upon the world is not "intellectually throned." We hope that the good Canon—peace to his soul—does not mean that the optimist's intellect is *de*throned. To be reckoned a fool is enough. To be reckoned a madman is too heavy a penalty to pay for one's optimism.

IT must be confessed that many of the great thinkers have been pessimistic. "Dante gnashed his teeth at the world." "The genius of Shakespeare is best manifested in such a succession of horrors as are depicted in Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Lear. The same note obtains in all the pages of Tennyson, and permeates all the poetry of Matthew Arnold, the truest interpreter of the modern weariness of life."

"The *modern* weariness of life!" Must the emphasis be placed on the word *modern?* Sheehan says that "the *Welt Schmerz,* dreary, hopeless pessimism, has sunk like a thunder cloud on the minds of all the *modern* thinkers, and blackens every page of *modern* literature."

WE said last month, in our foolish, optimistic way, that we desire to be modern. But if we would be modern, must we "blacken every page" of THE CATHOLIC WORLD with the *Welt*

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Schmerz? Even then, someone may remind us, our pages would not necessarily be "literature." But will they never be literature until they are pessimistic? Must we make a beginning by affecting to be blasé, world-weary, cynical?

There, we imagine, is the secret of the pessimism of many modern thinkers and writers. They *affect* pessimism. They are not genuine pessimists. We have heard that one of the most successful of recent actors of Hamlet, shuns society, lives aloof from the metropolis on his country estate, wears black, reads only "heavy"—and presumably pessimistic—literature, and, in general, tries to *live* Hamlet off the stage as well as on. We wonder if our modern literary cynics do likewise. Do H. L. Mencken, Joseph Hergesheimer, Theodore Dreiser, and John Galsworthy go about with the haggard, long-drawn, woe-begone visage of Dante? When Henri Barbusse passes along the boulevards, do the urchins back off the sidewalk, whispering to one another: "There goes the man who has been in hell?" We think not. The photographs of these, and other up-to-the-moment pessimists show them to be, generally speaking, well groomed and well fed, even rotund, jolly, comfortable creatures, not at all like the melancholy Dane, nor yet like the "lean and hungry Cassius." They sleep well o' nights. They are not breaking their hearts over the condition of mankind; they sweat no blood in a midnight vigil, worrying over the sins of the world. Their pessimism is only a literary affectation. They are more like Goethe than like Hamlet. "The Sorrows of Werther" started an epidemic of suicide in Europe, while Goethe, the original of Werther, continued his wining and dining and his *liaisons.*

NOTICE that we have not conceded that pessimism is exclusively or even peculiarly a modern vice. It is older than Job, more ancient than the Kings of Israel. To quote Canon Sheehan again: "What a low, sad wail seems to moan all through the historical books and psalms of the Old Testament, until it culminates in the woes and desolation of Isaias. And then, at its culmination, it passes on to the terrors of Ezechiel, and the threnodies of Jeremias, and seems to die away in the burden of the weeping of the wind in the minor prophecies of Amos and Aggæus. Even in the New Testament, the testament of love and mercy, the same sadness predominates. The thunders of John the Baptist, subside to the 'soft wailings of infinite pity' of Him of Whom he was precursor and prophet, until they, too, grow and swell into that terrible *crescendo* that startled the darkness of Golgotha, and broke into the final cry of desolation, *'Eloi, Eloi,*

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lamma sabacthani.' So, too, in the Epistles of St. Paul, if we meet, here and there, with a *'Gaudete, iterum dico gaudete,'* somehow it seems forced by the pity and charity of the great saint for his followers. The truer expression of his habitual sentiments would be *'Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo.'"*

WE think that to be about the strongest case that can be made for pessimism in the Bible. We have quoted it entire because of its eloquence, and in order to be fair. But we do not altogether agree with Canon Sheehan. We think that in his paragraphs on pessimism, he overstates the case and misleads the unwary reader. We say this with infinite diffidence, for we reverence Sheehan "as much as man may, this side of idolatry," and we consider the book from which we have been quoting *(Under the Cedars and Stars)*, as almost incomparably wise. But just here, the master does not entirely convince us.

We will not contend against him on the question of pessimism in the Old Testament. But when he gives the impression that even the gospels are predominantly sad, we protest; and when he says that St. Paul's *"cupio dissolvi"* is more characteristic than his *"Gaudete,"* we think that he radically misunderstands the valiant apostle.

The *"Eloi, Eloi,"* was indeed the "final cry of desolation," but it was not the final cry. The seventh and last word on the cross was *"In manus tuas Domine."* The Crucifixion is not the last scene. It is a climax, but not a conclusion. Sadness and sorrow run through the gospels like a *leitmotif*, but the predominating note is *joy;* "I bring you good tidings of great joy."

AND here we reveal the heart of our own argument for optimism. Jesus Christ was an optimist. And He was no fool. "He knew what was in man; He needed not that any man should tell Him." Unlike our comfortable pseudo-pessimists, He did sweat blood over the sins of mankind. Yet He believed in man. "He who thought most seriously of the disease held it to be curable. Those who thought less seriously of it, held it to be incurable," says the author of *Ecce Homo*. Someone has defined a true friend as "one who knows all about you and yet likes you." Our Saviour knows all about us, and yet He loves us. And, even more, He believes in us.

THERE is the solution of the entire optimism versus pessimism controversy. Optimism is Christianity. Pessimism is paganism. And whether pessimism is ancient or modern, Oriental

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or Greco-Roman, Scandinavian, or Russian, or Prussian, it is always pagan. But genuine pagans are rare. There are few, if any, English pessimists. There may be an occasional Irish pessimist. There are no American pessimists. Ours are only playing at pessimism, as the parlor Bolsheviki are playing at Communism. They have read Ibsen and Maxim Gorky as their grandfathers may have read Werther and Byron. Their pessimism is a romantic attitude, not the hard reality. In other words, they are not convinced pagans. Most of them have still in their make-up some of the elements of Puritanism. The affectation of paganism, like the affectation of pessimism, gives their writings a vogue, and provides their readers with a thrill as something naughty. If they were genuine pagans, they would loathe paganism. If they were genuine pessimists, they would stop whining and commit suicide. When a Japanese or a Chinese feels as these men say they feel, he cuts his throat, or commits hari-kari. That's the genuine article of paganism and of pessimism.

No Christian is a pessimist. "Confidence in the value of existence, and in the intrinsic victory of virtue, is not optimism, but religion," says Chesterton. By "religion," he means Christian religion. A Buddhist with his Nirvana may be a pessimist, so may a Shintoist or a Taoist or a Confucian, but we who believe in Christ, believe in the "value of existence," and the "victory of virtue."

BEFORE we drop this little dissertation, let us record the curious fact that some famous wits and humorists have been deeply pessimistic. And still more curious is the fact that their pessimism took the form of hating the human race. "I hate the common horde" *(Odi profanum vulgus)*, said the sweetest-tempered of the Roman poets, the most genial and gentle of Roman humorists. It is a far cry from Horace to Dean Swift, both in time and in spirit. Horace was a courtly gentleman. Swift was a crabbed cynic. But they agree in their estimate of the *"profanum vulgus."* "The most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth," is the Dean's definition of the human race. And he adds: "I heartily hate and detest that animal called man." A certain critic, Laurence Mason, remarks: "In the last analysis, his loathing for human vileness differs only in its appalling sincerity from the professed creeds of many great religions, philosophies, and poesies the world over."

We have said that there is no American pessimist. Perhaps we must make an exception. Mark Twain was, for a good part

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of his life, privately a pessimist. His philosophy of life finally became public in one of his last books, *The Mysterious Stranger*. His amazing thesis is that God and the Devil are identical, and that the Power behind the Universe is both malicious and beneficent. This is the *ne plus ultra* of blasphemy. Even the Persians separated Ormuzd, the good god, from Ahriman, the bad god. Mark Twain combines them. Or, if you read him differently, he makes God neither good nor bad. But this, too, is blasphemy. It is also a curiosity, not only of literature, but of psychology, that a man could carry a theory like that in his head and yet have an international reputation as a joker, always brimming over with irresistible fun. It reminds one of the old legend of the clown who received a note announcing the death of his child just before he goes out to his nightly task of buffoonery, who yet compels himself to be funnier than ever. Even that legend has been, to a degree, verified by a newspaper reporter who interviewed Charley Chaplin and found him a serious-minded philosopher, puzzling over the riddle of existence!

THE advocates of the public school are becoming a bit discouraged. It seems that the system is not working out very well. Many Americans are losing confidence in the public schools, for one reason or other. In an article by Dallas Lore Sharp, in the October *Harper's*, we read that a New York attorney, who is a member of the Board of Education in a suburban community in Westchester County, writes to ex-President Eliot of Harvard: "I have been amazed to see how strong the sentiment is against public education above the eighth grade, and how the college men in our community who came through the private schools are so completely out of touch as to be entirely unconcerned with the equipment for public education." Even men who were themselves educated in the public schools refuse to send their own children to them. "I used to think the American public school a good thing," said an eminent college president the other day, "until I had children of my own." "There speak a million American parents," says Mr. Sharp. Another college president says: "My children have never gone to a public school, and never shall go. The thing I hate about the public school—" That abrupt dash is irritating. We wish that Mr. Sharp had let the college president continue. We Catholics, while we do not *hate* the public schools, have some criticisms to pass upon them. But we should like to know why non-Catholic Americans go further and *hate* the system.

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MR. SHARP had another and more painful experience. He was addressing the Harvard and Radcliffe Teachers' Association, and had occasion to remark that "Harvard did not believe in the public school; that so far as I could find out, only one professor on the Harvard faculty had a child in the Cambridge public schools." Thereupon arose a storm. The college president of whom he had spoken, says Mr. Sharp, "called me a foreigner, and told me that I was ignorant of democracy. He proceeded to say that no father would send his son to the Boston Latin School, if he could afford to send that son to a private school. He (the president) had gone to that school as a boy, but 'at that time it was a good school, because it was a homogeneous school,' homogeneity, and hence virtue being constituted it would seem, of Bradstreets, Wigglesworths, Mathers, Lodges, Cabots, Eliots. 'Now,' he went on to say, 'it is a heterogeneous school, *i. e.*, made up of odds and ends, from the Ahamovites to the Zweigenbaums, and so it is no longer a good school.'"

So, "the cat is out of the bag." When the public school was founded, it was "strictly native and national, and instinct with the inmost soul of democracy." But the democrats who were trained in the public school, it seems, have become aristocrats. And the public schools are about to be abandoned to the children of foreigners and to the poorer native Americans.

THE Boston Latin School, of which Mr. Sharp speaks, has existed since 1635. The public school system as a national institution has existed since the days of Horace Mann, nearly a hundren years ago. Its aim professedly was not only to educate, but to democratize the American people. It is "instinct with the inmost soul of democracy." "It is the hope, the strength, the beauty of democracy; its way, and truth, and life."

But as such, after a hundred years—or three hundred years—it has failed. It has not made its graduates democratic. Mr. Sharp goes even further. He says: "We have never had a democracy. There have never been enough of us who want one in America. Each of us in America wants his theocracy, his plutocracy, his aristocracy, and insists on getting it."

We fear that Mr. Sharp's experiences with the Harvard teachers and the college president have gotten on his nerves. But there is truth in what he says. In proportion as the American people add to their wealth and improve their social standing, they lose devotion to the public school, precisely because it is public. When America was "homogeneous" (blessed word), that is, when it was Anglo-Saxon, it had no chance to demonstrate its democracy. All

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students were of the same race, and all were of the same caste. But when the chance came to show a sincere belief in democratic principle, by permitting the mingling of races and castes in the public school, then the original Americans withdrew. Democracy had not gotten very deeply into their blood.

IT is difficult to see how, in any wise, the Catholics are to blame for this collapse of the experiment in democracy. Mr. Sharp's quarrel would seem to be with his own kind. But, in the same article, he turns upon us Catholics and beats us with the usual rod. "One of the most mistaken institutions in America," he says, "is the parochial school. Why, in the fundamental process of making Americans, cannot the Catholic Church accept the historic, the established, the fundamental institution for that purpose?" Taking a cue from Mr. Sharp himself, we might reply that the public schools were not successful in teaching democracy, so we built some schools in which there would be true democracy, with no invidious distinction between rich and poor, race and race, caste and caste.

But he might think that only a clever answer. So we will tell him, if he really cares to know, that the reason we Catholics cannot approve of the public school, is that it never has lived up, and by its nature never can live up, to its primary purpose. That primary purpose we will give in Mr. Sharp's own words, or rather the words he quotes from the Ordinance of the thirteenth of July, 1787, when, as he says, "the nation went on record, uttering its educational creed in the famous words: 'Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged.'" There is the fundamental principle which brought the parochial schools into being. *"Religion, morality,* and knowledge are necessary to good government."

Democracy is good. Religion and morality are better. The three combined are excellent. The public schools cannot combine the three. The parochial schools do combine the three. The parochial schools are, therefore, the only true public schools of the original pattern.

It is amusing to hear Mr. Sharp declaiming against those who are undemocratic. He evidently thinks them snobs. But is he not something of a snob himself? "Come, now," he says fervently, "let *us* reason together. Surely in 54,800,000 of traditional Anglo-Saxon stock, out of our total of 105,000,000, the Lord of Hosts hath left *us* something of a remnant." And again: *"We* speak the English tongue. *We* brought it with *us*, and *we* brought what

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is still the grander part of English literature with *us*. *We* have Americanized the language. *We* have added a priceless portion to the literature, and this English-American language is what *we* were and are and shall be." Whom does he mean when he so constantly reiterates "we" and "us." He means the Americans of English origin. If he can only succeed in so far broadening his own democracy as to say "we," and "us," and mean all Americans without exception, he will be a democrat indeed, and then he may properly try to make the people democratic.

A GREAT deal of comment has been made upon the statement of President Hopkins of Dartmouth College, that "too many men are going to college." "It is a curious turn of fate," says the New York *Times*, "that the college of which Daniel Webster said, 'It is a small college, but there are those who love it,' should now be advertised as being too large and loved by too many."

"Several thousand applicants for admission have been refused," we read. The conditions at the "big" colleges are even worse. It seems that the classrooms are cluttered with scholars who are not mentally equipped to take advantage of the higher education. The United States Bureau of Education, after a survey of a large number of colleges and universities, found that whereas 39.3 per cent. of the total enrollment in the average college are freshmen, 25.7 per cent. are sophomores, 19.3 per cent. are juniors, and only 15.7 per cent. are seniors. Economic conditions may account partially for the gradual elimination of students through the four years' course. But we are given to understand that a large number of students are not "educable." They fall by the wayside because of deficiency of intelligence.

However, the statement, "too many men are going to college," is probably untrue. During the draft for the war, it was estimated that about 4½ per cent. of the young men examined had the "ability to make a superior record at college," and 9 per cent. more were thought to be capable of making an "average" record. Upon that basis, it is estimated that there might well be in college about one million men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three. But in all the colleges, universities, and professional schools in the United States, there are less than a quarter of a million men students (223,841 according to the *World Almanac*).

Meanwhile, let it be remembered that there is plenty of room in the Catholic colleges. We have not more than 22,000 men students in all the Catholic colleges and universities of the country.

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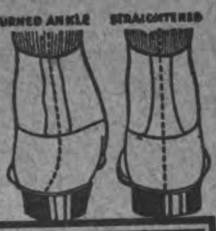
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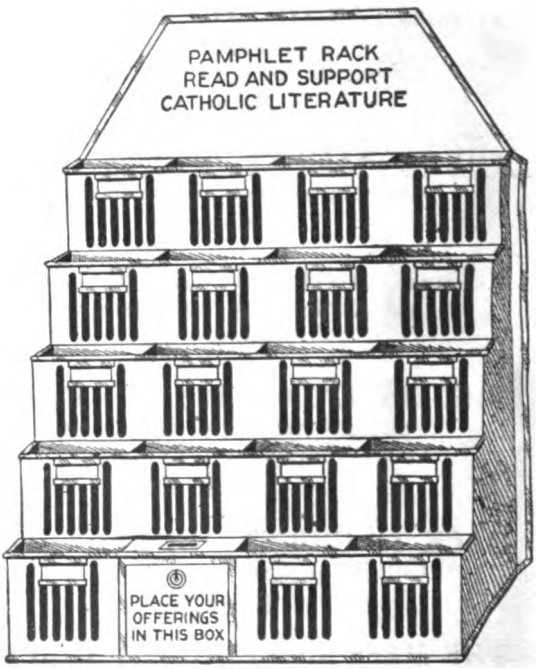
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THE

Catholic World

VOL. CXVI. DECEMBER, 1922. No. 693.

Christmas

BY EMILY HICKEY.



ING, bells, ring, and tell the story afresh
Of the Word Made Flesh:
Tell of Infinitude taking the room of a span—
God Made Man.

Tell of a helpless Babe, Who in cradle mean will sleep:
Tell of His power on the scaleless height, in the fathomless deep.

Tell of a Child Who takes from a mortal breast His food:
Tell of the One Who feedeth creation's amplitude.

Tell of the baby cries, the baby laughter sweet:
Tell how the heaven of heavens is lying under His feet.

Tell of the low estate, of the little humble shed:
Tell of all wisdom and might and glory in that small bed.

Tell of His mother's joy, beholding His lovely face:
Tell how creation lives by this her Creator's grace.

Ring, bells, ring, and tell the story afresh
Of the Word Made Flesh:
Tell of Infinitude taking the room of a span—
God Made Man.

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ON GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY JOHN BUNKER.

 OU are, let us suppose, of the metropolitan horde, a human unit in the multitudinous heap, a subwayite, a flat-dweller, a diner-out, a whirling atomy amid roaring millions, divorced from all the kindly associations, the ancient simplicities of neighborhood . . . one of the great dispossessed, in other words, a typical New Yorker. Or, if not a New Yorker, then a Bostonian, a Chicagoan, a St. Louisan. At all events, you are a stranger in a strange town, rolled about in the whelming tides of urban existence and doing such work as it has been given you to do—a clerk, a banker, a writer, a salesman, a merchant, or one learned in the law. But whatever your occupation or place of sojourn, each year towards the December solstice, you shake off the incubus of habit and determine to be, for once at least out of the three hundred and sixty-five days, no more a mere banker or supernumerary clerk, isolated and lost amid numbers, but a human being with a human background and definite human relationships, a recognized member of a group, a gens, a tribe, a family. In short, you decide to go home for Christmas.

Consider that pleasant custom which annually, every twenty-fifth of December or thereabout, sends scurrying homeward some tens of thousands of people all over this broad land of ours. A gracious phenomenon and one full of rich significance. For this home-coming, this gathering of the clans, is no mere transference of the human machine from one point on the earth's surface to another, nor yet, as our scientific friends might affirm, simply another instance of the herd instinct, a primeval impulse harking back to the days of the caveman and the dark dangers of the wild. No, it is

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something far higher than these things—a spiritual act, a sacramental participation.

But we grow too general and philosophic, whereas the experience is special and individual and particular; and it is to you, Reader, that we mean to address our remarks. Whatever your departing-point, then, you decide, we have supposed, to go home for the holidays—with what heart-warming anticipations let memory declare. You board the train, and after a certain number of miles, you reach the city (the mid-western city, say), whence, years ago, you started out on your wanderings.

At last, you find yourself before the paternal door, you ring, you enter, and there, standing with outstretched arms in a gesture you have long pre-visualized, is your mother—and a little behind her, perhaps, your father, beaming upon you with a proud, affectionate, half-quizzical gaze. You advance, you gather *her* into your arms—but over that scene, if you please, we shall draw a veil. Suffice it to say, that for one high, miraculous moment you are no longer a man, a woman; in that instant the years shrivel up and drop off from you like a shed garment; custom, habit, and all the mental and spiritual impedimenta with which you have laden your maturity vanish at a touch, and you are back again in the days of knickerbockers and pinafores. Whatever face you put upon the matter elsewhere and at other seasons, now you are simply a child, her boy, her girl, drawn in once more from the storms of the world and sheltered beneath her protective influence.

Then the good talk begins. First, of course, come your adventures, your tales, your experiences, which, though flat and unprofitable enough when they occurred, take on now, in retrospect and in this sympathetic atmosphere, a strange and romantic glamour. The hills far away are always green, and stimulated by maternal wonder and appreciation, you rise to unusual eloquence, enthralling interest.

And your auditors, also, have their story to tell: family news, neighborhood gossip; births and deaths, arrivals and departures, marriages and giving in marriage, romance, love, children, school—all the homely details of homely existence. "Much," your mother observes, "may happen in a year." Much, indeed! And, truly, in the presence of these loving

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informers, things now begin to fall into their right perspective. For, after all, what are wars or the fate of empires or the far-off rumors of crumbling nations in comparison with this simple and intimate recital? Here, indeed, you have "all life in a life;" the whole of existence contracted to a span, and you the centre of the universe. This is the true microcosm; your hand is on the pulse of the world.

The present occasion, however, is not only a home-coming, the welcoming back of a far traveler. It is something more, and on the morrow dawns the day, the most joyful of the entire year, for

> This is the month, and this the happy morn
> Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
> Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
> Our great redemption from above did bring.

And, with the coming of that day, do you quite realize the stupendous mystery of which it is the celebration? Are you penetrated with a sense of the sublime dispensation of which you and all the other children of Adam are the beneficiaries and inheritors? Probably not. The shackles of the world are not so easily unloosed. And of what, then, are you thinking as you wend your way along snowy or wind-swept streets to Mass—or rather to the three Masses which, by old family custom, you hear every Christmas for the good of your soul and the honor of the Holy Trinity? Perhaps of the weather, perhaps of the old acquaintance you meet on the way, usually no doubt of the gifts you are going to give and the loved ones who are going to receive them.

And you enter the church, where there are priests before the several altars and rich vestments and incense and festooned evergreens and the glow of innumerable candles and a choir singing "*Adeste Fideles*," and other simple immemorial hymns, which, simple though they are, have an unaccountable power to stir you. And so you dispose yourself to devotion and join your hands in prayer, and, bowing your head, you think of a tiny Babe Who—unfathomable manifestation of Divine Love!—was born in a stable and wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. And, thinking of these things, your heart is filled with praise and gratitude and awe and unspeakable adoration—

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It is, then, Christmas. And so you return home, where other business is toward—not the artificial revel of metropolitan gaiety, dancing, and garish music and glittering electroliers and obsequious servitors; nor yet the dry fare and meagre circumstance of restaurant or boarding-house. Ah, no; far otherwise is the day celebrated in all these countless homes of the mid-western country.

The feast is spread; the clans arrive. It reminds you of a stanza out of "John Gilpin:"

> My sister and my sister's child,
> Myself and children three
> Will fill the—

table, and there the parallel breaks down, for you are the honored guest, and so are not required to "ride on horseback after we," though, perhaps, you have a tight squeeze for it, what with brothers and their wives, and sisters with their husbands, and gouty uncles, and maiden aunts, and stout cousins, and children bobbing about, and, in general, insinuating their small persons into all sorts of impossible places.

My, what a chatter and stir! The steaming dishes, the aroma of food, laughter and talk, banter and gossip, the rattle of plates, the faint sub-tinkle of plied cutlery, the musical ring of authentic cut glass—was ever such a confused uproar heard outside the regions of chaos and the reign of old Night? Nevertheless, it strikes upon your ear like the chiming of the spheres—a culinary symphony, a gastronomic orchestration.

Duly the courses pass before you, not without their levied toll, and then, after the first edge of appetite has been removed, you take time to look around you and observe. You glance at Tom, that younger brother of yours, whom, only a short while back, as it now seems, you were cuffing about and ruling with the iron hand of three years' seniority. How pert and frivolous he used to be—and how irritating! and yet what can surpass his dignity now as he sits there beside his wife of a twelvemonth with all the gravity of conscious young-husbandhood? Not Destiny herself could look more solemn and

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severe, and you who have known married men of ten, twenty, thirty years' standing, wonder, in your simple bachelor's way, when the young prig will come off his perch and consent to be human again.

But you must not neglect your dinner-partner. At your side sits your doting maiden-aunt, your mother's sister, that fond and lovable creature who has watched over you from the days of infancy, through boyhood and adolescence, and up to the point of manhood and beyond. She, good, innocent soul, is busy with reminiscence. She inquires if you remember the day when, at the age of five, you tumbled down the cellar-steps and threw the household into consternation—or the sanguinary combat you had with Willy Rathburne. Willy is dead now these many years. Alas, poor Willy. She recalls your first day at school, your fevers, your measles, your mumps, and all the various ills that juvenile flesh is heir to. To all these, you nod assent as to things dimly remembered; and you remember, too, if dimly, at all events gratefully, other matters to which she does not refer—how, when you were sick, she stole into your room at odd moments, smuggling in forbidden delicacies, or to read you a story, or simply to place her cool hand on your fevered forehead.

Meanwhile, talk is not still in other quarters. Your Uncle Ned, a whilom drummer-boy of '61, says, with emphasis, that he is certainly glad the war is over; and Aunt Emily replies that it has indeed been a terrible strain. And as you sit listening to the ancient pair, you presently discover that despite recent events, England is as distant to them as Spain under Isabella, and the France they are thinking of is, for the most part, the France of Lafayette and 1776.

Family, business, and war: discussion is in full swing all around the board—all around the board, that is, except just opposite you, where sits that pretty young cousin of yours, just turned twenty, whom you last beheld as a chattering miss with carroty hair and innumerable freckles. Really, you discover with surprise, she has blossomed out adorably—a veritable flower. And, like a flower, too, she droops the pensive head and has nothing to say. Though corporeally present, spiritually, it is clear, she is far away; nor are roguish intimations wanting as to the cause of her reverie. Wrapt in sweet dreams and fair musings, she is on a plane inexpressibly re-

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moved from mundane concerns; she, at least, is not one of you.

The guests arise; the tree is lit, and there is a general swarming about its mystic splendor. Insensibly, you are drawn into the magic circle of childhood and share the fresh raptures of nieces and nephews. Or, putting on a clownish mood, you tumble about on the floor careless of clothes and the restraints of sophistication.

But lo, there is another attraction, for now is brought forward for admiring inspection Tom's three-months-old baby, warm from its nesting-place and blinking in the unaccustomed glare. Or no, not blinking—what infant ever blinked?—but with eyes as bright as beads or dollars, and as round. But who can describe a baby? There it lies huddled in its mother's arms, a tiny mass of pink and white, swathed in voluminous garments. How is one to act in this presence? You whistle, you chuck it under the chin, you wave your arms and go through other absurd antics, and it only stares at you with a solemnity, profound, abysmal, unearthly, before which knowledge is abashed and wisdom bows the head. You proffer it a tentative finger, and it is in half-a-mind whether to cry or be silent. And, finally, you make the crucial move and ask, as the phrase is, to "take it."

Why is it that mothers—at least, young mothers—are with bachelors so chary of their infants? One would think that you intended to swing it about your head or dangle it out the window. Did a blundering male on some prehistoric occasion drop the baby—or inadvertently pinch it?—and is this reluctance a survival of primitive instinct? At any rate, you have asked whether you may hold it, whereupon ensues, in the mother's soul, a terrible struggle between nature and grace, between constitutional misgiving and the claims of politeness. But, after all, however hard she may find it to credit the fact, you are Tom's brother, and so she hands over the precious bundle—though the look in her eye says plainly enough that all bachelors are clumsy brutes, and certainly you are far from an exception. Orthodoxly, you grasp the infant firmly under the arms and lift it on high. And then—wonder of wonders!—it smiles, it gurgles, it coos. You are a made man. The mother is your friend for life. Henceforth, do what you will, rob, murder, pillage, sink to the lowest degradation, there

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will always be one at least to discover and proclaim in you high virtue and the possession of a noble soul.

Meanwhile, during this parley, all about you the revelry goes on—laughter and music and song and childish merriment. And then, imperceptibly, the tumult decreases. The parting-hour has come, there is a bustle and scurry for wraps, and, one by one, the guests depart, till, at last, you are left by the fire, alone once more with those two who are dearer to you than all the world beside. You kiss your mother good-night and go up to your old prescriptive room, haunt of boyish memories, whose least detail is as present, to your mind, as if you had left it but yesterday. You stretch out luxuriously in the ample bed, your ears yet ringing with jocund voices and innocent mirth. And then, insensibly, you float off into the region of dreams, peopled with friendly faces and familiar forms, and, above all, shining down upon you with a tender and holy light, the face of her who, through all change and vicissitude, has loved you with a constant and an unwearying love.

Hushed now are all the harsh noises of the world; far, far away are its brutal contacts, its blundering cruelties, its mean ambitions, its strange sorrows, and all the burdening mystery of life. A great peace descends upon you. You are asleep once more under your father's roof.

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LOUIS PASTEUR.[1]

December 27, 1822–September 28, 1895.

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

"Pour célébrer Louis Pasteur tous les mots ont déjà été employés dans toutes les langues."[2]

THREE centenaries of scientific luminaries, in this year of grace, 1922, give a decisive answer to Huxley's ignorant jibe, that the Church is the "implacable enemy" of science: the centenary of Johan Gregor Mendel, the inaugurator of a new biological era; the centenary of Abbé Häuy, who placed the science of crystallography on unshakable foundations, and the centenary of Pasteur, greatest of them all, since he embraced all science as his kingdom.

At that famous nursery of great men, the Ecole Normale de Paris, Pasteur pursued a course of studies intended to fit him as a professional chemist. Curiously enough, his thesis for the Degree of Doctor of Science was devoted to crystallography, of which the founder, Abbé Häuy, had died the very year of Pasteur's birth. Pasteur had now attained his twenty-fifth year.

When Pasteur obtained his doctorate, in 1847, he was apparently a mere child among scientists. A then unexplained mystery in crystallography was the known fact that some crystals have the optical property of rotating the plane of polarization to the right, others to the left. This problem confronted Pasteur and others of his day. The others wondered, Pasteur explained. So startling was his discovery, his brother scientists met it with skepticism, and controversy raged over his proposition. The matter was referred to Biot. After full investigation of Pasteur's experiments and findings, this distinguished man pronounced in his favor, saying: "My

[1] *Pasteur and His Work*, by L. Descour, translated from the French by A. F. and B. H. Wedd, M.D. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.), is a recent accurate and readable book, in which, however, Pasteur's Catholicity receives only passing notice.

[2] "Language has been exhausted to pay tribute to Louis Pasteur." The President of the Académie des Sciences at the Jubilee Celebration of Pasteur.

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dear boy, I have so loved science all my life long that this discovery of yours makes my heart throb with joy."

Pasteur's discovery was the germ of a mighty tree—the science of stereo-chemistry, so assiduously cultivated since by Le Bel and Van't Hoff. Here, for the first time, a glimpse was afforded into the molecular architecture of chemical substances; of their arrangement in the three dimensions of space. This science has grown rapidly since its initiation by Pasteur, and, of late, by the discovery of the process of X-ray spectroscopy, it gives promise of solving questions of vast scientific —and philosophic interest. Such a discovery marked Pasteur as a man of the first rank, and the Government of France, more enlightened than some, soon found a place for him as Professor of Chemistry in the University of Strasbourg—then, as now, a French possession. At Strasbourg, he met and, eventually, married Marie, daughter of M. Laurent, the President of the University. She became his devoted helper in his future investigations.

The great scientific struggle over the origin of life was then raging. For centuries, the doctrine of Spontaneous Generation had been held even by such men as St. Thomas Aquinas. Redi, in 1698, was the first to subject it to criticism. He found that, if meat were kept away from flies, no maggots developed in it. Thus stood revealed, though distant, the promised land of sterilization. A century later ensued a strenuous contest between Needham, an Englishman—the first priest to be made an F. R. S.—and Spallanzani, an Italian priest, who took the side of Biogenesis, as opposed to Spontaneous Generation. Still a century later, in 1858, Pouchet, a Frenchman and a Catholic, asserted the existence of Spontaneous Generation. Then Pasteur set to work on the subject. His procedure was that of Redi and of Spallanzani: sterilize the substance and exclude from it all but perfectly pure air, and no life will appear in it. To name but one practical result, the whole "canning" trade depends upon the truth of this observation.

Pasteur, however, did not, as is sometimes foolishly insisted, disprove the existence, still less the possibility, of Spontaneous Generation. That process may be going on around us without our knowing it, and invisible to our eyes. It may be the Creator's method of producing lowly organisms,

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as it may have been His method of starting life in the beginnings of the world—we do not know. What Pasteur *did* show was that the experiments hitherto relied on to prove Spontaneous Generation were fallacious. It is hardly too much to say that no single discovery has ever had such remarkable and beneficial effects for the human race.

Each fermentation is the product of the development of a special microbe; this, Pasteur's first great discovery, laid the foundation for the vast and wholly beneficent science of bacteriology. Pasteur found that, in connection with fermentation, there were beneficent and maleficent, or "wild," organisms. All of these can be killed by heating the fluids containing them to a sufficient temperature and for a sufficient time, thus completely sterilizing them. Most of the "wild" organisms can be killed at a lower temperature, which does not interfere with the useful properties in a fluid such as milk. This is, in fact, the process known as "Pasteurization," to which our morning milk is subjected in well-regulated cities.

Starting from this point, Pasteur engaged in a series of investigations, all based on the fundamental principle just laid down, and all of vast importance to the human race. The first was in connection with the silk-worm disease (1865), which raged in the south of France. Pasteur proved that this disease, of dual character, part bacterial, part protozoal (part vegetable, part animal), was preventable. He was equally successful in finding the cause and cure of the so-called chicken cholera, which ravaged rural France; and of anthrax, so rampant and deadly in the herds of many countries, which, in 1891, had destroyed forty per cent. of the 106,260,000 sheep on the runs of Australia. In each case, Pasteur successfully isolated the germ responsible for the condition, and laid the foundation of his second great discovery: *Each infectious malady is produced by the development in the organism of a special microbe.* His third, and most amazing, discovery developed from his investigation of chicken cholera: *The microbe of an infectious malady, if cultivated under suitable conditions, ceases to be noxious and, becoming attenuated in its operation, is a valuable remedy and preventative: instead of a virus, it is a vaccine.*

The narrative of this last discovery must be briefly given. In investigating chicken cholera, and like conditions, Pasteur,

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like the bacteriologist of today, made what are called "cultures," or growths of the organisms under observation, in *bouillon* or some organic jelly or fluid. With the products of these cultures, he inoculated living things, such as guinea-pigs, in order to observe the results. Vivisection, no doubt: without that process, Pasteur could not have discovered any of the facts which have saved millions of human lives, as valuable, we hope, as the lives he was obliged to sacrifice; to say nothing of the millions of animals he saved from pain and death by the same experiments. Pasteur went off for a holiday, and while he was away his cultures of chicken cholera were not renewed. On his return, he found, to his great surprise, the old cultures would no longer cause the disease, when injected into fowls. "In the field of observation, chance favors only the trained mind"—a profound saying. An ordinary man would have abused the culture for "going bad," and thrown it away, but Pasteur was no ordinary man. The fact set him thinking: the result of his thought was the initiation of the vast method of vaccino-therapy. Jenner, in England, years before, caught a glimpse of this truth, but the time was not ripe for its discovery. He had not then the instruments of precision which were at Pasteur's disposal; still less those we have in our laboratories today. Jenner found that cowpox, a common disease in those days, inoculated the chapped hands of the dairy-maids employed in milking the cows, and that these maids seldom caught the smallpox, or, if they did, had the disease in a very mild form.

In Jenner's discovery lay the germ of Pasteur's monumental one: find the bacillus of the disease, cultivate it in the proper media until it has been sufficiently attenuated; if inoculated into an organism affected with the disease, it will cure it: if into an organism unaffected with the disease, but in danger of infection, it will prevent it. Here we have the principle of the so-called autogenous vaccines, so much and so beneficially employed today. In the case of boils, for instance, the surgeon ascertains by bacteriological methods that a staphylococcus, *i. e.*, a lowly bacterial organism, is at the bottom of the trouble. He makes a culture from the patient's own bacteria. It is treated so as to become a vaccine, and injected into the patient in proper doses, usually with success. That is the cure of a disease *in esse*. The very word

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"immune" was almost unknown in the present sense, and certainly quite uncomprehended, until the time of Pasteur. Everybody knew that a person marked with smallpox was less likely to catch that disease than another who had never had it, and persons were even, like Lady Mary Wortley Montague, inoculated from mild cases so that, if they had the disease, it might be in a mild form, but the real reason for these undoubted facts was unknown until Pasteur discovered it. It is too long a matter to take up here, but it is one of the most interesting and beautiful discoveries of the last hundred years.

So far, the observations made concerned chiefly the lower rungs of animal life: silkworms, chickens, sheep. Later, the applicability of the facts to man became evident. Yet, even from the business point of view, Pasteur's discoveries were of enormous importance. Huxley said, after they had been in operation but a few years, that they had already saved more than would pay the war indemnity demanded by Germany from France. We must now speak of Pasteur's achievements, which have brought such amelioration to the sufferings of humanity. Of primary importance is his discovery of a cure for the horrible disease of Rabies or Hydrophobia. From the days of Dioscorides, centuries past, there had been no cure known, but the usually inadequate one of cutting out the wound and cauterizing it. Sometimes, this was effectual; where it was not, the victim was doomed to an end of indescribable horror. For this terrible malady, Pasteur sought, and found a cure.

The great difficulty of investigation arose from the fact that the organism, or venom, of hydrophobia was not, and is not, discoverable where one would expect, namely, in the mucous saliva flowing from the mouth. Pasteur, naturally, selected this saliva for his first experiments, obtaining what he required from a little child who died of rabies, after twenty-four hours of the most excruciating agony, in one of the Paris hospitals. He found a bacterium in the sputum, and naturally thought it was the organism of hydrophobia. But it failed to produce the disease in a dog. It was a bacterium, no doubt, but not the specific organism he was seeking. It would be tedious to the general reader to detail Pasteur's experiments; his suspicion that the poison must lurk in the regions of the brain; his desperate and dangerous struggles with animals

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suffering from the disease; the proof that his suspicion was correct, and, finally, his discovery of the antidote.

In 1885, Pasteur first tried his remedy on a human being, an Alsatian peasant child bitten in fourteen places by a certainly rabid dog. No surgeon being available, the cautery was not applied until twelve hours after the bites had been inflicted—too late even for the faint hope afforded by that procedure—and, for some reason, the cauterization was only attempted with carbolic acid, a very ineffective agent in hydrophobia. The boy was brought to Paris. Pasteur debated, anxiously, whether he ought to risk a treatment never before employed. His medical colleagues believed the attempt should be made. The child must shortly die a horrible death if nothing were done; at the worst, the inoculation would only precipitate the inevitable. The decision was made, and the child inoculated with the vaccine prepared from the material obtained by Pasteur. Day by day, Pasteur administered stronger and stronger doses of the injection, and night after night he lay awake, in agony as to the result. Day by day, rabbits were inoculated with the same cords with which the boy was treated, in order to test the virulence. On the twelfth day, the boy was treated with the deadly virus capable of producing hydrophobia, but impotent—*ex-hypothesi*—to affect those prepared for it by accurately increased doses of less violent nature from day to day. The moment was one of supreme anxiety. The same virus was inoculated into unprepared rabbits. They all fell victims to hydrophobia, but the boy, Joseph Meister, remained perfectly well. Pasteur's experiments were justified: the cure for this dread disease was found. "My turquoise," exclaimed Shylock, "I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." And one may feel sure that Meister's parents would as little regard the sacrificed rabbits which had helped to snatch their child from the grave and—far worse—from a death of exquisite torture.

But we must turn to another direction, where Pasteur's labors have had wider, though not more beneficent, effect, namely, prophylactic inoculations. In hydrophobia, the injections were only given after the patient had been bitten. Naturally—for, after all, a bite from a rabid animal is not a thing one need expect, nor prepare for by prophylaxis. The same is true of tetanus. But there are conditions where it is

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wise for every person to guard against some evil he is sure to encounter, do what he will—typhoid or enteric fever, for example.

This treacherous and deadly disease was bad enough in private life, but worse, far worse, when it dogged the footsteps of armies in the field. In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871, nearly ten per cent. of the entire German Army were victims of typhoid fever, and eleven and three-tenths per cent. of those affected died. Twenty years later, in the Boer War, the number of men actually killed by the Boers was 7,781; the number of men attacked with typhoid, in fly-infested South Africa, was 57,684, of whom 8,022 died. "Bacteria were more deadly than bullets," as the late Sir William Osler remarked. Nothing was more remarkable in the late war than the small number of cases and still smaller percentage of deaths from typhoid fever. The difference was due to the protective inoculations of anti-typhoid serum (denounced by ignorant fanatics as "pouring dirt into men's systems"), to which every combatant or non-combatant going to the front was required to submit. How many thousand lives were saved by these inoculations, it is impossible to say, but they all go down in the great ledger to the credit of Pasteur.

A similar story, by the way, not of protective, but *ex post facto*, treatment, might be told about tetanus. The anti-tetanic serum used in the late war, another of the remedies dependent on Pasteur's lines of investigation, was most successful in combating this very fatal disease.

No story is more sickening than that of hospital surgery, yet there is none more full of hope and encouragement. In the time of Ambroise Parè when two, three, or more patients, suffering from any miscellaneous collection of diseases were bundled into the same hospital bed; when there were no anæsthetics and no antiseptics, unless hot irons deserve that name, it is no wonder that people perished in thousands. But let us, for a moment, study conditions nearer our own times that we may comprehend humanity's debt to Pasteur. In 1867, the late Sir James Y. Simpson, of Edinburgh, published a paper on "Hospitalism," which is the standard authority for the subject. A very few figures may be given from this. Taking all amputations, except those of a minor character and those through joints, of 2,089 performed in hospitals, 855, or

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forty-one per cent., died, whilst of 2,098 performed in country practice, 222, or ten and eight-tenths per cent., died. This was certainly not due to the greater skill of the country practitioner: it was due to hospital gangrene and other septic diseases less likely to occur in isolation outside, than inside the crowded hospital. Simpson collected, also, a vast number of statistics on childbirth, so closely related to surgery, and he found that of 888,302 women delivered in hospitals, 30,394 died—1 in every 29. Of 934,781 delivered at home, 4,045 died —1 in 212.

A striking difference this, and one due entirely to the greater amount of sepsis and consequent puerperal fever in the hospitals. One of the first to take action in this matter, to his honor be it said, was the late Oliver Wendell Holmes (better known as a charming writer than as a medical man), in 1843, but not until Pasteur, in 1879, showed its bacteriological cause was the danger overcome. What are the resulting statistics? Home cases have been reduced to a percentage mortality of 0.15 from the 0.47 of Simpson's day—a very substantial gain. But far more remarkable is the change in the hospital figures. In the maternity hospitals of today, where a large number of cases are of a grave character, the percentage is even lower than in private practice. Only God knows how many homes, now tenanted by smiling mothers and children, would have been desolate but for Pasteur.

Pasteur's influence in the field of surgery was indirect, for he was not a medical man. He was made a member of the French Académie de Médecine, it is true, and the University of Bonn, prior to 1870, made him an Honorary Doctor of Medicine,[3] but he had no medical training, and even his more important vivisections, such as the trephinings necessary in the investigations of hydrophobia, were performed for him by medical assistants. Yet it can fairly be said that, by the improvements in medical and surgical practice due to him, he has saved more human lives than a whole college of physicians and surgeons. This was largely due to the appreciation of his work by the late Lord Lister and to the methods based on it, which he devised. For right up to Lister's time, the hospital conditions, already alluded to, continued.

[3] The story of this diploma and the return thereof after the war, with the correspondence between Pasteur and the University, is one of the few things in his life on which it is impossible to dwell with any satisfaction.

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How are things now? When I entered upon medical study the new order was just coming in—bitterly contested and sneered at by many old practitioners even in the United States where, as in England and Scotland, Listerism, as it was called, had a very up-hill battle to fight. I have seen surgeons operate in filthy old coats, with the carbolic spray blowing vigorously on their backs, and then wonder why their patients did not do as well as those of X, who was, in their opinion and very likely in fact, no better operator. Above all, I may refer to operations for ovariotomy, just coming into vogue in my student days, and regarded as of such gravity as to warrant not only a special night nurse to each patient, but a special senior student to sit up all night with her. I can remember doing it myself, and how the surgeon felicitated himself if his patient eventually recovered. Well—the Mayos—a glory, if a medical man not belonging to the United States may respectfully say so—to the profession of that part of the world, from 1905 to 1914, reported six hundred and nine cases of ovariotomy with only five deaths—that is eight-tenths of one per cent. Antisepticism or asepticism are due to Pasteur and his fundamental discoveries, and the greatness of Pasteur is only imperfectly understood unless one grasps the greatness of the surgical revolution produced by Lister, working on Pasteurian lines. At Pasteur's jubilee celebration, Lister said: "Truly, there does not exist in the entire world any individual to whom the medical sciences owe more than they do to you. . . . Thanks to you, surgery has undergone a complete revolution, which has deprived it of its terrors and has extended, almost without limit, its efficacious power." On another occasion, Lister told his audience that Pasteur had pointed out a path in which he had done his best to walk.

An extraordinary *canard*, let loose in the United States not many years after Pasteur's death, stated that he had never been really a Catholic; never more than a fairly convinced deist, believing in a future life, as indeed he had proclaimed on more than one occasion. Who let fly this amazing *canard*, or where it was fledged, I cannot say: it went from paper to paper, reached England and was widely disseminated throughout the United States. Not the slightest credence was attached to the story on the other side of the Atlantic: people

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there were too close to Pasteur, too accustomed to hearing of him as a Catholic—"A devout Catholic," says Chambers' *Biographical Dictionary.* Nor, of course, could it be believed in France, where all that is mortal of Pasteur lies in a chapel where Mass is offered for his soul. Some French unbelievers shook their heads over what one of them called Pasteur's "ingrained enmity to the critical spirit" (superfatuous statement about a man whose critical spirit was superlative). Others wailed, with Le Dantec, a leader of materialism in France: "He was a believer before he was Pasteur, and that he has remained, although he is Pasteur." The story of Pasteur's own utterance as to his faith and the faith of the Breton peasant and the Breton peasant's wife, is too well known to be repeated here.

The credence given the tale in the United States that Pasteur was not a practical Catholic, happily induced Monsignor Guillot to look into the matter and to publish the result of his inquiry. A few facts from his statement settle the question.[4] Pasteur, at his busiest, never failed to visit Arboy, the little village where he was reared, to assist at the Corpus Christi procession, and in the autumn, at the blessing of the first ripe grapes at the vintage festival. His statement as to the Breton peasant, which won such wide publicity, was made at the Distribution of Diplomas at Dôle College. The year of his death, 1895, he made his Easter Communion, with his wife, in the parish church of Dôle, and on Friday, September 25th, received the Last Sacraments of the Church from one of the assistant priests. To forestall any possible statement that he was unconscious at the time and could not prevent his pious wife from having her will, he had a long conversation, after the ceremony, with Père Boulanger, O.P., who was his regular confessor.

Pasteur was a great discoverer; a great benefactor of the human race; he was also a faithful child of the Holy Church, which is Catholic and Roman, and not one of the least of her glories.

[4] I am indebted for the following data to the footnote on page 32 of Father Husslein's very interesting book, *Evolution and Social Progress* (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 1920).

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THE HOLY SEE AND THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT OF MOSCOW.

BY AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A., D.D., PH.D.

THE Holy See has never ceased to look to Russia as an important field for fruitful apostleship. Russia drifted into the Eastern schism, not comprehending its significance, and because of geographical position. It was a great nation, separated from contact with Western Christianity. Thus isolated, Russia could not feel the beneficent influence of the "foremost see of the Christian world," to quote an expression of the most ancient historians of the Church.

Therefore, the Catholic Church has ever been animated with real affection for unfortunate Russia. One need only peruse the first volume of A. Boudon's latest work, *Le Saint-Siège et la Russie*,[1] to find ample and convincing proof of the Popes' paternal reasonableness towards the national aspirations of tsaristic Russia, and of their desire to spread among Russians the idea of true ecclesiastical unity.

Benedict XV. took a keen interest in the fate of the Russian Church under the Bolshevist régime. He suffered and wept with the Russian hierarchy. He appreciated the martyrdom of the Russian clergy, and when a letter came to him from far Siberia, signed by three Russian bishops, asking for help, he did what was humanly possible to alleviate the trials of Russia. The allegation that only the Anglican clergy of London have cared for the bleeding Church of Russia, is wholly inaccurate. The late Pope exerted his influence in every way to mitigate the persecutions of the Russian clergy by the Bolsheviki. To be sure, his efforts were not crowned with success. The red tyranny of Russia, which erects statues in honor of Judas in Russian cities, has no respect for institutions or personalities. The Pope fulfilled his duty as Supreme Pastor of Christianity, when he sent large sums of money for the relief of Russian refugees.

Pius XI. has admirably continued the work of his prede-

[1] Paris, 1922.

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cessor. He looks upon wounded Russia with the compassion of the good Samaritan. The press of certain countries has stated, more than once, that the Pope aims only to take advantage of the calamities of Russia, to extend his authority, and to proselytize the Orthodox Russians. The truth is, the Pope, at the present time, is only anxious to save human lives from the terrors of famine. Through the initiative of Pius XI., a mission has been sent to Russia, of priests of different nationalities, for relief work in the famished provinces. The purpose of this mission is not religious propaganda. In spite of limited resources, the Pope has appropriated the sum of 2,500,000 lire (approximately $100,000 at present exchange rates) for the Russian provinces devastated by famine.

These apostles of charity, sent by the Roman See, have begun their work in the Crimea. At present, the Holy See is endeavoring to have them sent into the Volga region, where the ravages of famine are beyond all imagination. The mission hopes to extend its beneficent work within the starving Ukrainia, where a considerable number of ex-uniates long for reunion with Rome. But it has been ascertained that the commissaries of the Soviets are holding, for the red army, food intended for starving civilians, and, therefore, the Pope is forced, most reluctantly, to leave the Ukrainians to their dreadful fate. For the honor of America, it may be said that the practical chief of the mission is an American priest, Father Edmund Walsh, S.J., and that the most difficult work of the mission is being accomplished with the active coöperation of the American Red Cross.

Russians are fully aware of the beneficent purpose of the Holy See. But, on the occasion of the Conference of Genoa, a large number of them, especially those who are working for the reëstablishment of the Russian autocracy, pretended to be shocked by the alleged friendship of the Vatican with the Bolshevist chiefs. Certain Russian, Greek, Serbian, and even Anglican papers have slandered the Catholic Church for her would-be "philobolshevism."

This hostile press found a pretext for anger in the Pope's letter to the Most Reverend Archbishop Signori of Genoa (April 7, 1922), urging prayers for the success of the Conference there, and his letter to Cardinal Gasparri (April 29, 1922), expressing his earnest desire for a new era of peace and jus-

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tice. Moreover, Monsignor Pizzardo's mission to Genoa, with a memorandum on the religious conditions of Russia, and the Catholic interests in that country, has aroused the critics. It was alleged that Archbishop Signori went out of his way to show courtesies to Tchitcherin, the chief of the Russian delegation.

In order to answer these charges, it is well to quote some of the most important Orthodox documents concerning the relations between the Holy See and the Russian Soviets. First of all, we have an appeal to His Holiness from Demetrius Merezhkovsky, well known as one of the most brilliant novelists and literary critics in Russia, although he cannot be said to merit our gratitude as Christians for his book, *Julian, the Apostate.* Merezhkovsky is one of the leaders of that modern Russian mysticism which aims to abolish or set aside Christian dogma as "unfit for our age," and to await a new revelation by the Holy Ghost.

In his appeal, dated May 4, 1922, and published in the Russian paper of Paris, *Latest News (Posliednyia Novosti)*, of May 10th, the Russian novelist writes as follows: "On the sacred soil of Italy, some priests of the Western Church, with the same hands which touch the most blessed particle, touch also the bloody hands of the executioners. Do they know what they are doing? Do they know that it is the very same moment when the churches in Russia are desecrated and pillaged, and the faithful gathered around their sacred buildings to defend them are shot down, and the sacred vessels are confiscated and melted into gold and silver bullion, and sent to the foreign countries for the expense of the Bolshevist propaganda, or sold in one lump? . . . Do they know that their words and speeches are addressed to the violators of all laws, who, as soon as they have the supreme power in their hands, will desecrate the Catholic Church as they have desecrated their own? . . . Holy Father! In this fatal hour, when not only Eastern Christianity, but all Christian mankind are in danger, we appeal to you! The reunion of churches has long since been the yearning of the prophetic spirits of Russia, who had foreseen the catastrophe which has already occurred in Russia, and which threatens the whole world. The universal Church, the one pastor, the one flock—this is our hope, our faith, our love. But the reunion of the churches is also

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a great act of love, a great sacrifice. The Spirit of the Lord is wherever love is, and wherever love is, there freedom is to be found. But, will the work of love ever be achieved by the hands of men who preach the murder of their brothers and civil war as the only means of social action? . . . To alienate the Western Church not only from the Eastern, but from all the Russian people, to excite hatred against all churches as instruments of slavery, there is no better method than to conclude an alliance of the Holy See with the worst enemies of Russia. We love Russia, and we are intimately convinced that the hour is coming when her horrible chains will be broken. But free Russia will never forget those who took advantage of her past weakness in order to charge her with still heavier serfdom. No! Russia will never forget either in the present generation or in the future. If that takes place—which we cannot believe—namely, a concordat between the Holy See and the international gang, who call themselves the Soviets of Russia, the work of reunion would be ruined for all time."

Still harsher is the style of the *Rul*, a widely circulated Russian paper of Berlin: "The Vatican hopes, by condescension, to pave the way to the reunion of churches: the Vatican hopes to quench the thirst for faith of Russian souls; but that thirst cannot be quenched by any agreement with the persecutors. The Patriarch of Moscow, surrounded by red guards, morally is stronger than the Jesuits (!) who walk freely through the streets of the capital of Russia under the protection of the Soviets! The results of the policy of Rome will be diametrically opposed to its aspirations! Rome will be deceived like others who trust in Bolshevism. On the ground of a fallacious tolerance, the Vatican is signing an alliance with the murderers of the Tsars, and of Patriarch Tykhon. It was for the Vatican to say its word, and that word, at last, has been said." [2]

The resentment of Orthodox Christianity towards the alleged policy of conciliation between Rome and the Soviets has been strong in Serbia, where the Russian supporters of the old tsaristic régime have found asylum. The official organ of the government, *Samouprava*, published a violent protest of the Serbian Orthodox Church against the Vatican. Among

[2] *"Slovo Vatikana"* (The Word of the Vatican), May 14, 1922, n. 453.

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other banalities, it was declared: "That, by means of a treaty stipulated between the Holy See and the Soviets, the Pope and the Jesuits have conquered an unlimited right to spread Catholicism within Bolshevist Russia, and to increase the influence of the Roman Church. It is a great misfortune for an Orthodox nation of 200,000,000 souls. The Serbian Patriarch and hierarchy feel it their duty to protest against the Catholic invasion of Russia, and appeal to the Patriarch of Constantinople, who is the champion of the Orthodox faith. The *corrupted* West has no right in the East. The Orthodox people of Russia cannot be sacrificed to the interests of the Vatican." [3]

Another Serbian paper, *Balkan*, calls the alleged concordat between the Holy See and Bolshevism, the greatest shame of the twentieth century: "The diplomatists of the Vatican have embraced the murderers of Russia, those who have transformed the churches into moving picture theatres, and houses of prostitution: who have devastated the monasteries, killed the priests and bishops, and shed the blood of numberless innocent Christians! This brotherly relation of the Vatican with the atheists of Bolshevism is aimed at the exploitation of the national soul of Russia. Just as Lloyd George obtained from the Bolsheviki the mineral oils of the Caucasus, so the Vatican has gained the monopoly of Russian believers. The guilt of the Vatican in buying consciences is no less than that of the executioners of Moscow, who have sold them." [4]

We have quoted literally the most violent invectives of Russian refugees against the supreme power of the Catholic Church. As with all slanders of the Papacy, history has already passed upon these charges. Leo XIII. once wrote that the Catholic Church needs truth, truth, only truth. Several months have already passed since the vile accusations quoted were written, and the facts have given them the lie.

We understand the psychological conditions of millions of Russian refugees, who have been deprived of their property and who, with bleeding hearts, witness the economic ruin, martyrdom, and enslavement of their fatherland. They cannot bear that anyone outside of Russia should have even the

[3] *"Srpska Crkva i katolicko—boljsevicki sporazum"* (The Serbian Church and the accord between Catholicism and Bolshevism), June 1, 1922, n. 119.

[4] May 14, 1922.

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slightest and most informal relations with the Bolsheviki, even for the purpose of inveighing against their crimes. But society cannot ignore a mass of one hundred and twenty million souls and go on as if that mass did not exist! The necessity of helping Russia, forces those who abhor the Russian Soviets to enter into relations with them. It is a great mistake for Russians to misunderstand such conduct.

First of all, as a French paper, *Europe Nouvelle*, stated, the policy of the Vatican is the policy of eternity. This definition indicates that the Vatican cannot be affected by the political changes and turmoils of nations. The Catholic Church lives in close contact with human policy, but does not follow its vicissitudes. The Catholic Church does not depend upon the political conditions of society, as do the Orthodox churches, which, as in the case of Russia, espouse the cause of a régime, thrive and decay with it. They make their bed; they must lie upon it. The mission of the Vatican is, first of all, a religious one. The interests of the Catholic Church are its constant preoccupation.

Bolshevism is, at present, the only form of government in Russia, a nation having among its inhabitants a large number of Catholics. It is, therefore, as necessary for the Vatican to enter, in some respects, into relations with Bolshevism, as it is incumbent upon the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople to communicate with the Sublime Porte for the defense of Greek Orthodoxy. But these necessary and sporadic relations have nothing to do with an eventual approbation of the aims and methods of Bolshevism. They are imposed upon the Vatican by the exigencies of the hour, just as, for instance, during the Mongol domination over Little Russia, the Russian metropolitans and bishops were obliged to entertain relations with the Khans of the Golden Horde for the protection of their subjects. The Church cannot make war upon political régimes that have taken power by violence. She may condemn them, but she has a right to ask of them the necessary guarantees for the faithful.

This is what the Vatican has sought in its communications with the representatives of the Soviets. By sending Monsignor Pizzardo to Tchitcherin in Genoa, the Holy Father asked only for guarantees for both Catholics and Orthodox. In the name of the laws of humanity, and of the rights of justice, the Pope

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claimed full freedom of conscience for Russians and for foreigners; freedom of worship for all creeds in Russia—even the Jews. The Pope has acted, not alone as the Supreme Pastor of the Catholic Church, but as the Father of all Christendom, and as the symbol of elevated and ennobled humanity.

We know that the Russian Church was still struggling under the leadership of Patriarch Tykhon for the defense of ecclesiastical property and the inviolability of the churches. The initiative of the Holy Father reënforced and invigorated the course of the Patriarch of Moscow. When he speaks to the Bolsheviki, Pope Pius XI. addresses them not, indeed, as a friend, but as the legal representative of the interests of Christianity. He claims what is due to all Christians, and his petition is an open condemnation of Bolshevist tyranny. Precisely because the Bolsheviki are trampling under foot freedom of conscience, the Pope, in a public document, demands that they respect the rights of religious consciousness. By this act, the Vatican maintains the spirit of solidarity between the Christian East and the Christian West.

The Vatican knows full well what is going on in Russia. The *Osservatore Romano* says: "The decree of the Soviets, dated May 23, 1918, guarantees freedom of conscience and religion: but information received from authentic sources, in various provinces of Russia, demonstrates that the reality does not at all correspond to these promises."

The Vatican is aware of the mendacity and brutality of Bolshevism. It is endeavoring, none the less, to obtain from a tyrannical government some mitigation of the persecution of both Catholic and Orthodox clergy. If the Bolsheviki have massacred twenty-eight bishops and have sent to death, on September 10th, Veniamin, Metropolitan of Petrograd, and the Orthodox Archbishop of Irkutsk, it must not be forgotten that the Catholic clergy are also subjected to violent persecution. The relations, therefore, between the Vatican and the Soviets have culminated in a protest against the satanic hatred of Bolshevism for the Christian religion.

In short, it is absolutely untrue that the Holy See has ever dreamed of concluding any concordat with the Soviets. If the Bolshevist régime continue, with its destructive policy of abolishing the hierarchical principle and the social constitution of all Christian denominations, neither the Catholic

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Church nor the Orthodox can live in Russia. The Vatican has raised its voice to claim, for the Christian Churches, the right to exist.

It is a pity that the generous initiative of the Vatican should have been greeted by passionate outbursts from Russian Orthodoxy. Now that the storm is over, the Pope's action stands out as that of the Father of Christendom. Of course, the Catholic Church longs for the return of the Orthodox Churches to the centre of Christianity, but she does not propose "to buy souls" from the persecutors of the Christian faith. She prays and she multiplies evidences of love; she gives material and spiritual help, and labors for the final reconciliation of Christianity. The evils that now beset Russian Orthodoxy, the domestic schism that is shattering its masses, would, perhaps, never have taken place if the Russian Church had been united with Rome. However this may be, the spreading of the Catholic idea in Russia will never be the result of any fantastic contract between Bolshevism and the Papacy. The greatest joys and triumphs of the Church come directly from God; Bolshevism stands revealed as the devilish work of the enemies of God and his Divine Son, Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

STARS.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

THESE are the tears of all the sainted dead,
Which God upgathers to adorn the night.
He shrines them as great jewels overhead
To show that darkness but enhances light.

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WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

II.—The Youth of the Church.

WHEN the Master-Builder spoke apprehensively of the younger generation knocking at the door, it certainly never occurred to him to apprehend that it might be the church door. And yet, even in the figure of Ibsen, might have been found signs of so strange a sequel. The very words, Master-Builder, are but a tradition from a mediæval system, and it is that very system which some would now make a rough model for the modern system. And if the Master-Builder had been driven by his ruthless lady friend to make a tour of Europe, looking for the tallest towers to climb, he would soon have discovered what people of what period had the right to be called masters of building. He would have found himself in the tracks of many a master, who not only climbed his own tower, but carved his own angels or devils at the four corners of it, hanging as on wings above the void.

The artists and art critics of the rising generation had already begun knocking at the church door fifty years ago, in the time of Ruskin and William Morris. In our own time, a yet younger generation of art students are justifying their bold, or possibly bald, simplifications by yet severer doctrines drawn from the Primitives. The new artists may be, in a chronological sense, Post-Impressionists, but they are also, in a strict historical sense, Pre-Raphaelites. But this youngest generation knocks at the door of the Master-Builder, not only to ask about the church of which he was a builder, but also about the guild in which he was a master. Mediævalism provokes a study, not merely artistic, like Morris and Ruskin, but as economic as that of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb. Let it be understood that I am not here discussing whether these views are accurate; I am only pointing out that, whatever they are, they are not merely antiquated. We may denounce or delight in the school of Mr. Eric Gill; but if we denounce it, it will not be

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merely for being too mediæval; it is much more likely to be for being very much too modern. We may quarrel or sympathize with the Guild Socialists; but we cannot deny that they do, in fact, think they are advancing a modern thing like Socialism by adding to it an ancient word like guild. We cannot deny that these men would, in fact, be stared at, guyed or made game of merely as advanced and even anarchical innovators. The rising generation is not necessarily right; but this generation is certainly rising. Its enthusiasms cannot be dismissed as emotions of elderly regret.

I could give, of course, any number of other examples, but it is sufficient for this summary to say that there are now not only movements, but new movements on our side. I deliberately refrain from dwelling on that with which I have been rather more concerned, along with my brother and many of my friends; but which Mr. Belloc stood alone in England in preaching twenty years ago. Mr. Belloc and my brother were not exactly pallid æsthetic reactionaries seeking peace in the ruins of the past. The Distributism which they preached is now solidifying into a political party all over Europe. But in Europe, as distinct from England, the movement had older roots; and the glory of it, under God, goes without question to the great Pope, Leo XIII. Here I only note briefly the facts of the present, to show that they are part of a series that can as clearly be traced in the past. It is not true, as the rationalist histories imply, that through the ages orthodoxy has grown old slowly. It is rather heresy that has grown old quickly.

The Reformation grew old amazingly quickly. It was the Counter-Reformation that grew young. In England, it is strange to note how soon Puritanism turned into Paganism, or perhaps ultimately into Philistinism. It is strange to note how soon the Puritans degenerated into Whigs. By the end of the seventeenth century, English politics had dried up into a wrinkled cynicism that might have been as old as Chinese etiquette. It was the Counter-Reformation that was full of the fire and even of the impatience of youth. It was in the Catholic figures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that we find the spirit of energy and, in the only noble sense, of novelty. It was people like St. Teresa who reformed; people like Bossuet who challenged; people like Pascal who ques-

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tioned; people like Suarez who speculated. The counter-attack was like a charge of the old spears of chivalry. And, indeed, the comparison is very relevant to the generalization. I believe that this renovation, which has certainly happened in our own time, and which certainly happened in a time so recent as the Reformation, has really happened again and again in the history of Christendom.

Working backwards on the same principle, I will mention at least two examples which I suspect to have been similar: the case of Islam and the case of Arianism. The Church had any number of opportunities of dying, and even of being respectfully interred. But the younger generation always began once again to knock at the door; and never louder than when it was knocking at the lid of the coffin, in which it had been prematurely buried. Islam and Arianism were both attempts to broaden the basis to a sane and simple Theism, the former supported by great military success and the latter, by great imperial prestige. They ought to have finally established a new system, but for the one perplexing fact, that the old system preserved the only seed and secret of novelty. Anyone reading between the lines of the twelfth century record, can see that the world was permeated by potential Pantheism and Paganism; we can see it in the dread of the Arabian version of Aristotle, in the rumors about great men being Moslems in secret. Old men, seeing the simple faith of the Dark Ages dissolving, might well have thought that the fading of Christendom into Islam would be the next thing to happen. If so, the old men would have been very much surprised at what did happen.

What did happen was a roar like thunder from thousands and thousands of young men, throwing all their youth into one exultant counter-charge: the Crusades. The actual effect of the danger from the younger religion was the renewal of our own youth. It was the sons of St. Francis, the Jugglers of God, wandering singing over all the roads of the world; it was the Gothic going up like a flight of arrows; it was the rejuvenation of Europe. And though I know less of the older period, I suspect that the same was true of Athanasian orthodoxy in revolt against Arian officialism. The older men had submitted to a compromise, and St. Athanasius led the younger like a divine demagogue. The persecuted carried into exile

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the sacred fire. It was a flaming torch that could be cast out, but could not be trampled out.

Whenever Catholicism is driven out as an old thing, it always returns as a new thing. It suggests some parable in which an old man should be driven forth from the fireside to wander in the storm like Lear, but should return as a young man at the head of a mob, to thunder at the door like Laertes. The parable could not merely be a human tragedy, even a Shakespearean tragedy. It would have to be, in the most exact sense of the words, a divine comedy. In other words, that tragedy could only be a miracle play. That particular state of things could not be rendered in any story except a supernatural story; or, as the skeptic would put it, a fairy story. It would be easy enough to make a human tragedy about the old man being right, or about the young man being wrong, or even about the young man being punished for being wrong. But, probably, the chief punishment of the young man would be the death of the old man. It would be that he had to weep with unavailing repentance beside a grave. It would not be that the old man would suddenly jump up out of the grave, and hit him a hearty thwack over the head. That sort of punishment is only possible in a divine comedy; but that sort of punishment is exactly the sort of poetical justice which has, age after age, marked the revivals of our religion. What the realists call real life does not exhibit anything so lively as that. That sort of story is something much livelier than a ghost story; it is not so much like any tales of ghosts as like the old tales of the gods; and that also is very much to the point.

It is not a survival. It is not impossible to imagine that some very old thing might manage to survive. The Druids, let us say, if the course of religious conflicts had been different, might conceivably have lingered through some local traditions for two thousand years to the present time. It is not easy to imagine even this; but it is not impossible. But if it were true, the Druids would look lingering; the Druids would look two thousand years old; in short, the Druids would look like Druids. The Catholic priests do not look in the least like Druids. It is not a question of how many stones of Stonehenge are still standing, and how many have fallen over, or been knocked over. The stones of the Catholic Stonehenge

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were knocked over; they always are knocked over; and they always are laboriously put up again. The point is that as many of the Druidic stones as fell, still lie where they fell, and will lie there forever. There has not been a Druidic revolution every two or three hundred years, with young Druids, crowned with fresh mistletoe, dancing in the sun on Salisbury Plain. Stonehenge has not been re-built in every style of architecture from the rude round Norman to the last rococo of the Renaissance. The sacred place of the Druids is safe from what is called the vandalism of restoration.

This, then, is the vital distinction, upon which I have dwelt before going further, because its comprehension concerns the argument later on. It is not endurance, but the *kind* of recovery. Doubtless, there are, in every such transition, groups of good, and even glorious, Catholics, who have held to their religion rather as a thing of the past; and I have far too much admiration for their religious loyalty to insist here on any regrets for their reactionary politics. It is possible to look back to the passing of the monk, merely as one looks back to the passing of the Stuarts; it is possible to look back to the passing of the Stuarts merely as one looks back to the passing of the Druids. But Catholicism is not a thing that faded with the final failure of the Jacobites; rather it is a thing that returned with a rush after the relative failure of the Jacobins. There may have been ecclesiastics surviving from the Dark Ages who did not understand the new movement of the Middle Ages; there certainly were good Catholics who did not see the need for the great raid of the Jesuits or the reforms of St. Teresa; and they were most probably much better people than we are.

But the rejuvenation does recur; and it is the first fact with which I have wished to start my argument. Its effect on the question of the seat of authority and the limits of communion I may proceed to consider at another time. But, for the moment, I am content to say that we live in one of these recurrent periods of Catholicism on the march; and to draw a more simple moral from it. The real honor is due to those who were with it when its cause seemed hopeless; and no credit, beyond that of common intelligence, really belongs to anyone who has joined it when it is so evidently the hope of the world.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Born December 24, 1822.

POET AND ESSAYIST.

BY BROTHER LEO.

A HASTY glance at the writings of Matthew Arnold is likely to produce as unpleasant an impression of the critic as a bowing acquaintance with "the son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby" seems to have produced of the man himself. If his portraits do him justice, we can well understand that his personal appearance went far to belie the finer and more essential elements of his personality. It was the verdict of that sensitive and observant little lady, Charlotte Brontë, that "his manner displeases from its seeming foppery. . . . I was told, however, that 'Mr. Arnold improved upon acquaintance.'" [1]

Now, for aught we know, the novelist's dictum on the essayist may be as unfair and misleading as the essayist's dictum on the novelist; Miss Brontë's mind, Arnold wrote, was empty of everything "but hunger, rebellion, and rage." [2] But there can be no doubt that, though first impressions of Matthew Arnold's writings often evoke "regretful surprise," fuller knowledge wins admiration or at least respect. I am mindful of an early reviewer of *Literature and Dogma*, who said in his haste: "Mr. Arnold's book has no one good quality that even his best friend could discover." [3] No twentieth century commentator would say anything quite so sweepingly inaccurate. It is probable that we of a later day perceive Arnold's limitations and perversities even more clearly than did his protesting contemporaries; but—otherwise we should scarcely be concerned with him at all—our perception of his abiding excellence as a poet and of his distinctive contribution to the theory of literary criticism has clarified with the years. His penchant for phrase-making—at once a blessing and a ban—

1 Clement Shorter, *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, p. 458.
2 Matthew Arnold, *Letters*, vol. 1., p. 34.
3 *Dublin Review*, April, 1873, p. 365.

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has exposed him to misunderstanding and ridicule; even yet the hosts of the uncircumcised wax mirthful over "culture" and "high seriousness" and "sweetness and light;" sometimes even his admirers have been tempted to quote his famous characterization of Shelley against himself and to describe the "elegant Jeremiah" as a "beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." But, in the main, the centenary of his birth finds that to the world, as to individuals, Matthew Arnold has decidedly improved upon acquaintance. Victorian reputations have declined on his right hand and on his left, but the vogue of Arnold has widened and increased.

Of the genuineness of Arnold's poetic endowment, and of the enduring quality of his best verses, there can be now no doubt. Several of his shorter rhymed poems, like "Requiescat" and his sonnet to Shakespeare, have won places in every representative English anthology; his metrical narratives, "Sohrab and Rustum," "The Forsaken Merman," and "Tristram and Iseult," enjoy a generous measure of popularity, and to the "remnant," at least, of his readers if not to the "numbers," his Obermann poems and "Dover Beach" and "Heine's Grave" are moving and authentic transcriptions of a human mood, in many ways characteristic of the middle years of the last century. It is significant, however, that the poems which Arnold himself most prized are the poems which the world has most quickly forgotten—I mean his idyls on Greek themes, executed in what he conceived to be an eminently Hellenic spirit. "The Strayed Reveller," it is true, we would not willingly part with, but in general it holds true that his poetic studies of classical subjects, though in form well-nigh perfect and in detail of structure almost meticulously exact, have somehow missed the infusion of the breath of life; they are marbles merely, white and hard and cold. Arnold set great store on his "Merope;" but, in "Merope," he attempted to tell a story already handled by so great a diversity of artists as Euripides, Maffai, Voltaire, and Alfieri.

The distinctive, indeed the individual, note of Arnold as a poet is sounded most clearly in his sonnet, "The Austerity of Poetry." For austere his muse undeniably is, alike in her view of life and in her technical resources. Utterly alien to Arnold are Browning's eupeptic enthusiasms, Swinburne's

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colorful fugues, Francis Thompson's superb abandon of manner and of mood. The cry of anguish, decorous, but insistent,

That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain,

echoes and reëchoes through his verses, from the "nameless sadness" of "The Buried Life" to "the lonely inn 'mid the rocks" in "Rugby Chapel,"

Where the gaunt and taciturn host
Stands on the threshold, the wind
Shaking his thin white hairs—

But the austerity of Arnold is not merely the austerity of pain; it is even more characteristically the austerity of resolute and high endeavor, the austerity that, in his conception, would seem to be the indispensable concomitant of "high and flawless excellence." Inevitably, it limits his scope; and, inevitably, as in "Calais Sands," it impedes the outpouring of the conventional lover's fine frenzy; but it is not less a source of power and even of inspiration. There is a contagious vigor in the movement of "The Scholar Gypsy," and even those of us who, unlike Arnold, know the sweetness and the potency of a vital religious faith, cannot remain impervious to the elegiac beauty of the picture he limns of his father in "Rugby Chapel:"

We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!

Those readers who maintain that Arnold the poet is an appreciably more important figure than Arnold the critic and dictator, are right in one sense at least, for his poetry embodies the quintessence of his intellectual and emotional excellence,

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and in his verses he conveys the finest and highest, though by no means the most complete, revelation of his personality. As a poet, he invariably wears his robes pontifical; as an essayist, he appears too often in negligée. In his poems, there is no trace either of the seeming foppishness that repelled Charlotte Brontë or of the "Olympian manners," which Max Müller observed in him at Oxford; but, in his essays, there is abundant evidence of the superficial flippancy whereof certain of his judicious friends complained, and of the good conceit of himself that moved him to splenetic satire or to ironic self-depreciation when anybody had the hardihood to disagree with him. Of his verse it could never be said, as it has been sagely said of his prose: "The moments when Matthew Arnold is most provincial are the very moments when he endeavors consciously to be urbane." [4] Nor does Arnold the poet indulge in the vagaries of style which, in Arnold the essayist, are so irritatingly manifest—the vain repetitions of savored phrases, the reiterations *ad absurdum* of favorite ideas, the smirking condescensions to supposedly untutored readers, the abrupt shifting of moods, the inconsequential digressions, the humor which too often degenerates into farce and sheer burlesque. His contribution to English poetry, though quantitatively slight, is qualitatively distinctive; but we could more equally suffer the loss of even his "Rugby Chapel" and his exquisite shorter pieces than we could of his essays on "The Study of Poetry," and "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," and "The Literary Influence of Academies." With all its faults, the prose of Arnold means more to us than does his poetry, with all its "high and flawless excellence." Arnold the poet is a rare spirit, but a more helpful and necessary man is Arnold the dictator.

And this, as we have said, despite his considerable and very palpable limitations. True, he possessed "that cognate culture without which specific erudition produces a rather lean result." [5] Matthew Arnold was a well educated man, and a well read man; but, in the strict sense of the word, Arnold was no scholar. His lack of high scholarly status involves no reproach; but, at times, Arnold chose to ignore the limitation and, with characteristic dogmatism and presump-

[4] Edward J. O'Brien, Preface to Arnold's *Essays*, Third Series, p. 17.

[5] W. C. Brownell, *Criticism*, p. 20.

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tion, to write upon topics for the handling of which he possessed neither adequate learning nor appropriate mental attitude.

A case in point is illustrated in an anecdote related by Professor Goldwin Smith. He and Arnold were traveling together in a railway carriage; and Arnold, pointing to a pile of books at his side, said, with a gay air: "These are Celtic books which they send me. Because I have written on Celtic literature, they fancy I must know something of the language." "His ideas," adds Professor Smith, "had been formed by a few weeks at a Welsh watering-place."[6] The story is enough to freeze the blood in the veins of a present-day "research professor" and to inspire Dr. Thomas O'Hagan to indite an addendum to his essay on "The Degradation of Scholarship!" Yet, a special Providence seems to watch over the innocent; for I have heard the eminent Celtic scholar, the late Dr. Kuno Myer, vouch for the essential reliability of Arnold's essay. "Despite his imperfect knowledge," said Myer, "Arnold was in the main right in his estimate of Celtic poetry. He was in error only in his contention that it represents a titanic rebellion against the domination of fact, and in his finding in it a pronounced strain of melancholy. Celtic poetry has no sentimentalism of any kind." And William Sharp ("Fiona Macleod") held that "it was Matthew Arnold who first disclosed to his countrymen not only the beauty and the charm of Celtic literature, but the need of a more intimate understanding of, a livelier sympathy with, Celtic life and thought."[7] So it would seem that, in this instance at least, Arnold's intuitions were substantially correct, even though his scholarship was egregiously defective.

Arnold's intuitions served him less admirably, however, in his excursions into the field of Biblical criticism. It was natural, even inevitable, that he should be drawn to a study of religious literature, for the man possessed an impelling interest in the things of the soul. In this, he was his father's son, for the religious element was most pronounced in the career and character of Dr. Arnold; and he was his brother's brother, for the religious mutations of Thomas Arnold—the "dear old Tom" of Matthew's letters—first an Anglican, then a

[6] Quoted by Lane Cooper, *op. cit.*

[7] *Papers Critical and Reminiscent*, pp. 2, 3.

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Catholic, then a rationalist, and then a Catholic once more—offer an entertaining contribution to the psychology of religious belief; and he was his niece's uncle, too, for religious problems loomed large in the outlook of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the author of *Robert Elsmere* and *Helbeck of Bannisdale,* and the sympathetic translator of Amiel. Catholic devotional literature especially attracted Arnold; he never wearied of thumbing *The Imitation of Christ,* as many a jotting in his notebooks and many a passage in his letters attest; and in his essays he has recognized the beauty and practicality of the à Kempis view of life.[8] His interest in religion was eminently creditable to him, however attenuated his conception of the subject; but his scholarship was not such as to warrant his entering the lists as an authority. Yet he did enter the lists, and repeatedly; and it never seems to have occurred to him that he was a hopelessly ineffectual amateur. The utter incompetency of his *Literature and Dogma* and of its defensive supplement, *God and the Bible,* becomes apparent when that diverting medley of pseudo-scholarship, chop logic and refined vituperation is compared with a work of real philosophic inquiry, like Mr. Paul Elmer More's *The Religion of Plato,* or with such a masterpiece of controversial scholarship as Ballerini's *Gesù Cristo e i suoi Moderni Critici;* and the extent to which his *St. Paul and Protestantism* fails to grasp the spirit of the real St. Paul is shown by a comparison with Abbot Vonier's *The Christian Mind.*

Arnold was no Biblical scholar, and when he assumes the rôle of one he is perforce ridiculous; but he was a true appreciator of great books, and so when he discusses the purely literary aspects of the Bible, he is often persuasive and suggestive. And again—this is notably true of *Literature and Dogma*—though his application of principles is generally wrong-headed, the principles themselves are stimulating and dependable as points of approach in the study of literature. Such is his insistence on the necessity of a sense of proportion in the reader, the ability "to read between the lines, to discern where he ought to rest with his whole weight, and where he ought to pass lightly."[9] Such is his distinction between

[8] "The most exquisite document after those of the New Testament, of all the documents the Christian spirit has ever inspired." *First Essays,* p. 345: "Marcus Aurelius."

[9] Preface to *Literature and Dogma,* p. xii.

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scientific language and literary language, the latter being "language *thrown out* at an object of consciousness not fully grasped, which inspired emotion." [10] Such—and this is where Arnold the critic merges with Arnold the educator—is his contention that a mental training, mainly metaphysical, unfits a man for evaluating literature from the literary point of view.

This is not the occasion to discuss Arnold's contribution to the theory of pedagogy. Let it suffice to say that in the educational field he was a competent authority, and that his school reports contain some of his most brilliant writing and some of his most pregnant thoughts. He discerned from afar the wooden horse of vocationalism, and he warned schoolmen—his, alas, was the voice of one crying in the wilderness!—of the danger of making education subservient to bread-and-butter ideals. He pleaded for religious training—inconsistently, if you will, in the light of his own neo-paganism—on the grounds that such training conduces to culture and character as no other discipline does, or can.[11] And he was the first non-Catholic Englishman to preach and to practise urbanity of educational perspective, and to recognize the merit of the school systems fostered by the religious orders, notably the Dominicans and the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Arnold's place in the history of education is, in fine, distinguished and assured.

Though not a practical educator of his father's eminence, a teacher, in the larger meaning of that word, Arnold unquestionably was. To him the critic's office is largely a teaching function, to be filled in the spirit of "sweet reasonableness" and "flexibility of spirit." He exhorts the student of literature to shun "habits of unintelligent routine and one-sided growth," [12] and to persuade himself that "excellence is not common and abundant." [13] He inculcates a wholesome habit of discrimination, and illustrates it admirably in his review of

10 *Literature and Dogma*, p. 60. It is at least possible that this distinction suggested the detailed development given the subject by Brother Azarias in his *Phases of Thought and Criticism*, ch. v., "Literary and Scientific Habits of Thought."

11 "The enemies of catechisms have, perhaps, never considered how a catechism is for the child in an elementary school his only contact with metaphysics; it is possible to have too much metaphysics, but some contact with them is to every active mind suggestive and helpful. The Bible, again, is for the child in an elementary school almost his only contact with poetry and philosophy." Quoted by W. H. Dawson, *Mathew Arnold*, p. 123.

12 *Culture and Anarchy*, ch. v.

13 *Second Essays*, p. 58: "Milton."

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Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature.*[14] "He had no mind for fished-up authors, nor did he ever indulge in swaggering rhapsodies over second-rate poets."[15] For all his warm admiration of Wordsworth, his fine sense of literary values led him to recognize the arid spaces in "The Excursion" and to distinguish, in a way in which the seer of Windermere was incapable of doing, between pathos and bathos. Though yielding to none in his veneration of Shakespeare, he could point out the master dramatist's unevenness of style and uncertainty of touch. Of a piece of loose construction in *Macbeth,* he can say: "There is but one name for such writing as that, if Shakespeare had signed it a thousand times—it is detestable. . . . He is the richest, the most wonderful, the most powerful, the most delightful of poets; he is not altogether, nor even eminently, an artist."[16]

The object of literary culture, the object, indeed, of all education, Arnold conceived to be "intellectual deliverance;" and what he means by the phrase he elucidates in his academic address, "On the Modern Element in Literature:"

> But first let us ask ourselves why the demand for an intellectual deliverance arises in such an age as the present, and in what the deliverance itself consists? The demand arises, because our present age has around it a copious and complex present, and behind it a copious and complex past; it arises, because the present age exhibits to the individual man who contemplates it the spectacle of a vast multitude of facts awaiting and inviting his comprehension. The deliverance consists in man's comprehension of this present and past.[17]

He applied the same principle to political issues when, apropos of the Irish situation, he admonished his fellow-Englishmen "to acquire a larger and sweeter temper, a larger and more lucid mind."[18] It was the basis of his arraignment of the higher class "Barbarians" and the middle class "Philistines;" both stood in eminent need of intellectual deliverance, and both should, therefore, read freely of the best that has been written; both conspicuously lacked "the discipline of respect

[14] *Mixed Essays,* "A Guide to English Literature."

[15] Augustine Birrell, *Res Judicatæ,* p. 191.

[16] *Mixed Essays,* p. 145.

[17] *Third Essays,* pp. 38, 39.

[18] Preface to *Irish Essays,* p. vi.

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for a high and flawless excellence."[19] Such discipline the right reading of great literature supplies, for the potency of literature "resides chiefly in the refining and elevation wrought in us by the high and rare excellence of a great style."[20] "What is really precious and inspiring in all that we get from literature," he elsewhere asks, "except this sense of an immediate contact with genius itself, and the stimulus toward what is true and excellent which we derive from it?"[21]

For this very thing, Arnold has been censured by a diversity of objectors assailing him from varied points of view. Does he not overlook the intellectual training and the character formation secured through the formal, intensive study of masterpieces in conformity with rigid scholarly ideals? Is he not, for all his unction and impressiveness, unduly given to orotund generalities? Is not his viewpoint suspiciously aloof from the needs and the duties of practical, workaday life? Does he not carry his theory of the refining and elevating properties of literary study to unwarranted length? And does he not make of his cherished culture a substitute for religion itself?

There may well be grounds for these and similar protests, but all the objections in the world cannot impair the validity of Arnold's fundamental plea for the cultural mission of literature. Himself not a scholar in the strict sense of the word, Arnold could hardly be expected to wax enthusiastic over the discipline of research; besides, he knew enough concerning university methods and ideals, both at home and abroad, to temper his appreciation of learning for learning's sake. His facility for coining or adapting apt and quotable phrases necessarily exposed him to the charge of pedantry, but to know what pedantry is, is to shun its contamination. "The pedant," wrote Arnold, "is he who is governed by phrases and does not get to the reality of things."[22] Nor was he indifferent to the importance of keeping both feet on the ground; his comments on Lucretius[23] testify to his conviction that the literary interpreter, creative or critical, must sympathize with the life he depicts. His conception of culture was rich and copious and his conception of religion was cold and thin; yet

[19] *Second Essays*, p. 61: "Milton." [20] *Ibid.*, pp. 63, 64.
[21] *First Essays*, p. 265: "Joubert."
[22] *Irish Essays*, p. 275: "The Incompatibles."
[23] *Third Essays*, pp. 70, *et seq.*: "On the Modern Element in Literature."

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he could, approving, quote Strauss to this effect: "None but a book-student could ever imagine that a creation of the brain, woven of poetry and philosophy, can take the place of real religion." [24]

Indeed, those carpers at Arnold who envisage him as a spirit aloof from humanity and the times in which he lived, as a man with circulating ice water in his veins, completely miss the warm and vibrant humanism revealed continuously in his letters to his kindred and friends, the letters which serve better than any formal biography to set the man before us as he really was. No "Barbarian" could surpass him in his devotion to his deceased father, in his tender and affectionate attitude toward his aged mother; no member of the despised "Philistine" tribe could outdo his delightful ingenuous reproductions of the baby talk of his children. To read his letters with insight and sympathy is to learn to love not less than to admire Matthew Arnold.

Nor did he stand apart from the affairs of his time. His papers on political subjects constitute a considerable portion of his works; he was deeply concerned with problems of government, and was on intimate terms with Disraeli and other political leaders. Even when lecturing in America, he could not get English politics out of his mind, and was annoyed by the comments of the American newspapers on Gladstone and Parnell. He states a fundamental phase of his philosophy of life in the preface to his *Mixed Essays:*

> Literature is a part of civilization; it is not the whole. Civilization is the humanization of man in society. Man is civilized when the whole body of society comes to live with a life worthy to be called *human,* and corresponding to man's true aspirations and powers.

Literature is, then, according to Arnold, a civilizing, a humanizing agency; and in all his discussions of literary problems, from the translating of Homer to the writings of the de Guérins, he is cognizant of the vital quality in books. Wherefore, he defines poetry as "a criticism of life," and criticism itself as an endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought and said. Not only does he oppose the dry-as-dust estimate of literature; he likewise points out the

[24] Matthew Arnold's *Notebooks,* p. 95.

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limitations of the personal estimate and the historical estimate as opposed to the vital estimate.[25] The "disinterestedness," [26] which he sets down as an essential attribute of true criticism, is another word for catholicity of outlook, which enables the reader to recognize the best wherever and whenever it appears, and, by implication, to repudiate the unworthy and the meretricious.

One detail of Arnold's critical technique deserves special notice, particularly in these days of impressionistic criticism, when it is accepted as an axiom of the craft that the business of the critic is to make an exhibition of himself, even though the process may result in the obfuscation of the author he discusses. Arnold, to be sure, reveals himself in his essays; that is something that every writer must perforce do, however involuntarily. But he does not fall into the facile trick of self-exploitation. He usually prefers to let the author he is discussing speak for himself; he quotes generously and wisely —even, if need be, from Matthew Arnold.[27] Much of the charm and helpfulness of his essays on Marcus Aurelius, Gray, Joubert, and Heine may be attributed to this salutary self-effacement and artistic reserve. And the result is that when we read Arnold we not only come into touch with a modern mind of cultivated powers and unusual flexibility and grace of expression—a mind that at least approximates to that "encyclopedic comprehension," so beloved of Balzac—but we also enter into direct communication with some of the choicest thoughts of some of the richest personalities in the goodly kingdom of letters.

ARNOLD THE HUMANIST.

BY F. MOYNIHAN.

IN 1840, when Matthew Arnold entered Oxford, there were voices in the air, the voices of the Tractarian movement, but he remained unaffected by them. He succumbed, on the contrary, to the scientific agnosticism of the "higher criticism" of his time, and lost his faith in orthodox Christianity. He re-

[25] *Second Essays*, "The Study of Poetry." [26] *First Essays*, p. 20.

[27] For instance, in "On the Study of Poetry," *Second Essays*, and "*Porro Unum est Necessarium*," *Mixed Essays*.

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tained, however, its ethics as his religion, which, in the defect of dogma, resolved itself into a system of "morality touched with emotion." Having matriculated from Oxford as Fellow of Oriel, he chose for his life-work the inspectorship of schools. The duties of this office he continued to discharge faithfully for thirty years. During that time, his avocation was poetry, of which he developed a genre modeled upon Greek forms, and imbued with the nature-passion of Wordsworth. Twice appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford, he became the recognized authority on the principles of criticism in literature, and the apostle of culture to his generation. His career was suddenly ended by his death, through heart failure, in Liverpool, March, 1888.

In "A Writer's Recollections," Mrs. Humphrey Ward states that her uncle was partly of Irish ancestry. This fact serves to account for the Celtic traits of his character, and for the blend of melancholy, romanticism, spirituality in his poetry. As a counterpoise to his emotionalism, he disciplined himself in the self-contained objectivity of the Greek and Roman classics. "I know not how it is," he writes, "but their commerce with the ancients appears to me to produce in those who constantly practise it, a steadying and composing effect upon their judgment, not of literary works only, but of men and events in general. They are like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience. They are more truly than others under the empire of facts, and more independent of the language current among those with whom they live." To see things as they really are, without bias or *parti pris*, thus became the norm of his ideal in life and letters. It is this bland dispassionateness that gives a sanative value to his work. It finds issue in the balance, poise, and centrality of his criticism, and in the "imaginative reason" of his poetry. In the dearth of faith, however, its limitations are the restricted vision, which results from an attempt to interpret life solely in terms of rationalism.

In the interval that has elapsed since Arnold's death, his poetry, not his prose, has come to be regarded as the true index of his genius. In form and content, it reflects his purpose to evade modern complexity in the clarity of the ancient world. Like Sophocles, he holds the balance delicately adjusted between reason and passion, and presents the enigma

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of human destiny in a medium breathing sympathy, melancholy, beauty. Indeed, the memorable words of Œdipus' address to Theseus, if taken in their modern acceptance, comprise all the notes of Arnold's lyre:

> Fair Aigeus' son, only to gods in heaven
> Comes no old age, nor death of anything;
> All else is turmoiled by our master, Time.
> The earth's strength fades, and manhood's glory fades,
> Faith dies and unfaith blossoms like a flower,
> And who shall find in the open streets of men,
> Or secret places of his own heart's love,
> One wind blow true forever?[1]

His artistry is essentially classic: it has "the pure lines of an Ionian horizon, the liquid clearness of an Ionian sky." This distinctness of outline constitutes the excellence of a style that depends for its effect upon its faithful imaging of the thought. Its clearness of definition enhances the relief of the natural landscapes that are limned in his pages. It gives, too, by contrast a poignancy to the passion that throbs beneath the marmoreal calm of the verse. For Arnold is not, like Wordsworth, the priest of beauty and bloom of the world. Rather is he haunted by the frustration of human life as it unfolds itself against the background of Midland Sea, or Alpine height, or dewy English wold. It is the contrast between nature's loveliness and man's infelicity that deepens his sense of the tears in mortal things. Hence, the undertones of his Muse, who invests his wistfulness in stately forms of beauty, but rarely attains the rapture of the lyric cry.

While he worked in the spirit of the Greek writers, the motif of the poems recalls the romanticism of Sénancour ("Obermann") and Amiel, who sought an escape from the confusion of modern life "with its sick hurry, its divided aims" in the serenity and peace of Nature. For Arnold, too, Nature became a refuge from the burden of this unintelligible world, from the hopelessness of a life from which the light of Christianity had gone out. From the untroubled calm, the impersonality of natural things, he hoped to wrest the secret of the endurance that would dull his too quick sense of dereliction. And because the Greeks had evolved a Stoic-Epi-

[1] *Œdipus Coloneus* (607-614).

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curean creed in obedience to cosmic law, which accorded with the scientific trend of the time, he sought in their cult of blitheness and fortitude the sanctions of his religion of conduct.

Yet this attempt to revive Greek naturalism in a Christian age was to prove a failure as the comfortless tone of his poems attests. The ministry of Nature is no sure anodyne for mortal ill. For the isolation in which human lives are islanded, she has naught to offer but an answering solitariness:

> The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,
> But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams
> Alone the sun rises, and alone
> Spring the great streams.

The fragrant lawns, the cool trees, the tranquil Thames, the moonlight and the dew could not assuage his Greek nightingale, who still sang her "eternal passion, eternal pain" in the pleasances of Victorian England. Nor are the amenities of human affection proof against the hazards of a pitiless universe. The *cri du cœur* of "Dover Beach" is plangent with his despair of the power of love to stem the miseries of existence:

> Ah, love, let us be true
> To one another, for the world that seems
> To lie before us like a land of dreams,
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
> And we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The special note of Greek melancholy, which envisaged the uncertainty and futility of life bounded by the merely human view, is sounded in all his longer poems—in "Mycerinus," in the lyric musings of "Empedocles on Etna," in the epic fragments of "Sohrab and Rustum," and in the Sophoclean drama of "Merope."

The poems are also important as a rendering of the mental temper of the middle of the last century. "No poet has expressed more powerfully and poetically its spiritual weaknesses," writes Richard Holt Hutton, "its craving for a pas-

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sion that it cannot feel, its admiration for a self-mastery that it cannot achieve, its desire for a creed that it fails to accept, its sympathy with a faith that it will not share, its aspirations for a peace that it does not know." All these conflicting moods of thought and feeling are vocal in the stanzas of "Obermann Once More." Arnold's principle of philosophic doubt finds its logical conclusion in James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night." Indeed, his poetic agnosticism is only a breathing through silver compared with the blowing through bronze of Thomson's iron music. While Arnold does not end in the blankness of this negation, neither does he attain the affirmation of Meredith's evolutionistic acceptance of earth. Still less does he compass the sentiment of Browning's progressivism as expressed in the lines:

> What are our failures here but a triumph's evidence
> For the fullness of the days?

Rather, like Tennyson, he melodizes doubt, though, unlike him, he cannot trust the larger hope. He remains fixed in an impasse between the claims of a finite classicism and a troubling romanticism. His instincts counsel abandonment, but he has not the assurance of faith that warrants the practice of the anchorites of the Grande Chartreuse. His authentic utterance sounds indubitably in the elegiac verses on "Thyrsis"—Arthur Hugh Clough—who, through stress of spirit, renounced an academic career to follow the promptings of a visionary idealism. Though his intellect does not approve Clough's unconventionality, yet his heart is strangely in sympathy with him. It is, no doubt, this community of sentiment that inspired the unforgettable picture he draws of the scholar-gypsy rapt in the elusion of English woodlands:

> Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
> Still clutching the inviolable shade,
> With a free onward impulse brushing through
> By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
> Far on the forest skirts, where none pursue
> On some mild pastoral slope
> Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales,
> Freshen thy flowers as on former years
> With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
> From the dark dingles to the nightingales!

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As a landscapist, Matthew Arnold depicts, in their natural coloring of vivid greens and blues, browns and grays, scenes that are redolent of the rural charm of England. In theme and treatment, his sketches recall the canvases of Constable. Indeed, the reaches of the river, the cornfield, the haywain, the mill-weir, the valley farm of the painter are but renderings in pigment of the word-pictures of the poet, while the distinctive atmosphere of dews, breezes, bloom, and freshness is common to both. Arnold is especially the poet of the Oxford country, of which he has penned many exquisite transcripts: the stripling Thames, Bagley wood, the Cumnor hills, the Berkshire moors; the shepherd tending his flocks on the downs; the reaper at work in the lush meadows; the black-winged swallows that haunt the glittering Thames; the bluebells trembling by the forest ways; the roses, stocks, and carnations of the garden-closes. The abiding impression of his *paysage* is one of luxuriance, of mellow loveliness that saddens with its hint of caducity:

So some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor,
With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May,
And chestnut flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vexed garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

In the sphere of criticism, Matthew Arnold's influence was palmary, as is evidenced by the fact that his illuminating criteria have become the hackneyed commonplaces of the art today. Literature was prized by him not merely for its own sake, but as a criticism of life. He was, like Joubert, an *esprit fin*, whose evaluation of life and letters was at once æsthetic and moral. The application of ideas to life, the stressing of Hellenism, as well as of Hebraism, constituted his evangel to England. He sought to supplement the practical energies of the English people with the graces of culture, and the luminous play of the free intelligence. The advocacy of culture as a corrective for the grossness of utilitarianism, the

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insistence on disinterestedness as an antidote to party spirit, the plea for poetry as a succedaneum for religion, were the staple of his mission. He strove to temper Anglo-Saxon extravagance and commonness with Gallic *justesse* and distinction. He wished to make English literature cosmopolitan, to free it from its provincial spirit, and to federalize it with continental forms. In these ideals, his masters were Goethe and Sainte-Beuve, whose flexibility of mind and breadth of vision he emulated. They were the children of light, who were to combat the Philistinism of his countrymen.

As a critic of letters, he used the touchstones of the classics. They bred in him the delicacy of perception which, unerringly, noted the faults of excess or defect in the authors of English prose and poetry. In his splendid "Study of Poetry," he is quick to sense the departure of the English poets from attic standards of excellence. Elsewhere, he notices the "over-curiousness" of Shakespeare's style, the strain of deliquium in Keats' poetry, Shelley's lack of moral sanity, the willfulness of Ruskin, the "confident shallowness" of Macaulay. Though he is no longer credited with literary infallibility, his critiques are, for the most part, vital today as when they were written. The shortcomings of his method are that it is not sufficiently comprehensive: he is too Wordsworthian in spirit to be a catholic critic, and he does not plumb the deeps of personality. While he has said memorable things of Milton, Wordsworth, Gray, Byron, Keats, and Emerson, he is happiest, perhaps, in the delightful papers on translating Homer, where technique is the prime consideration.

Arnold's incursion into Biblical criticism was calamitous because of his manifest incompetence for the task. Among his religious opinions, it is interesting to note, in passing, his imperfect sympathy with Nonconformity, and his feeling for the poetry of Catholic worship. The sweetness and light of Catholicism shine forth abundantly in his account of the beauty of holiness, as illustrated by St. Francis, Lacordaire, and Eugénie de Guérin. His social writings supplement the impression of his character that we derive from his poetry. They reveal him the arbiter of the elegances in whom "somewhat of the worldling mingled still with bard and sage." The qualities of humor, playfulness, urbanity, which they display, tend to lighten the gravity of the poet of skepticism. The

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blending of these elements is necessary to form a complete portrait of the man. Yet the dominant note of his personality is his high seriousness, his ethical idealism,

> Set up a mark of everlasting light
> Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

which stands out luminously against the vicious insurgency of the present day, even though his Anglican creed has sunk to the proportions of a mere *religio grammatici.*

THE FIRST TOYS.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

I MAKE a cave, a child's design;
Then dream the dwelling is not mine
Except to furnish and prepare
For One to be a baby there.

Angels I make, with folded wings,
Shepherds and treasure-laden Kings,
An ox, an ass, a manger small—
Baby's first toys, I make them all.

I wait now, watching, wonder-dumb . . .
It seems to me my travelers come
Right past an inn that knows them not,
Seeking my cave and manger-cot.

* * * *

Jesus, these things are in my heart,
Kept from the world, for You apart.
Breathe on the fashionings I give
With all my love—and they shall live.

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ST. BERNARD AND ST. FRANCIS: A CONTRAST.

BY JOHN KEATING CARTWRIGHT, D.D.



HE lives of the saints will teach us how the Church has known the uses of diversity and, like a Mighty Mother, has fostered the various endowments of her children, disowning no good quality, thwarting no precious thrust of character in them. True, many of us have gotten our first concept of hagiography from works of an admirable worthlessness. Large tracts of what is called Catholic literature consist of wearisome treatises where scant knowledge of facts is made up for by abundant stores of legend, where "the marvelous replaces the supernatural," where all is fitted into the same crude categories and related with stale and shallow piety of phrase. Some saints thus must suffer a curtailment of their glory and seem to us mere patterns. Still there exist a small number of excellent works which make the Christian heroes really known to us; and in the consideration of such biographies nothing is more engaging than to perceive how individual each saint is, how different from others, of what peculiar and personal haloes each one is possessed. The saints whom we thus know, though superhuman in much, are human at least in their divergences. So, when we become acquainted with the yet living beings, Catherine of Siena, Philip Neri, Teresa of Avila, or Lisieux, there is interest, satisfaction, liking, and, as a result, edification of no forced or sterile kind.

Now, it is our fortune that we can know thus intimately two great mediæval saints, Bernard and Francis of Assisi. The first has left behind a vast correspondence of some five hundred letters. The latter, though he wrote only a hymn, a testament, a benediction, still lives in the genial and gracious memoirs of a few friends. Both of them, within the last quarter of a century, have had the destiny to be written about in splendid modern biographies, so that we can know them closely and well.

That their lives are a contrast might seem too obvious to point out. Their times were not far distant. Yet their place,

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their fortunes, their purposes, their achievements were greatly and clearly unlike. Founders of great religious Orders, they worked on different principles. The one is the last builder on the ancient Benedictine foundation, the last to establish a cloister-refuge. The other is the revolutionary of monasticism, the first friar who sought, not solitude, but life and evangelization, so that we might almost call him the "friar-preacher;" and by these aims, with all his unworldliness, the lover of and sympathizer with the world. Different in their aims, they were different in accomplishment. Bernard was the successful organizer, abbot over a community of seven hundred, the rector of a social establishment, the ruler of no mean city. Francis "could a people raise, but could not rule," found the control of his Order slip from him, his Constitutions overridden, his work undone. Bernard, for all his principle of "*Weltflucht*," was in the world and its affairs, pacifier, arbiter, enthusiast, until his last days. Francis ended his wanderings and preachings and minstrelsies in disappointment, to spend his last hours on the islands of "reedy Thrasymene," or with the hawks and doves on Mt. La Verna.

All these things are obvious contrasts on the very surface of their lives. Yet there are differences more subtle in their intrinsic qualities, which are at the bottom of their outward variety.

I.

One of the most striking things in the life of St. Francis is his love of nature, a faculty he had for seeing the beauty and divining the purposes of all created things. "When he bethought him of the first beginning of all things, he was filled with a yet more overflowing charity, and would call the dumb animals, howsoever small, by the name of *brother* and *sister*, forasmuch as he recognized in them the same origin as himself." This characteristic was developed to the point of singularity. It was not only the animate creation which thus appealed to him, but the inanimate. To the endless incidents concerning his love for lambs and birds, to his acts of kindness to doves and fishes, to his diplomatic treatment of Brother Wolf at Gubbio, and his influence over the cicada at Porziuncola, we can add his curious and touching love for the rocks and woods and waters, for *Frate Sole* and *Sora Luna*, and

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his strange unwillingness that fire should be extinguished. There is the story of the cautery, how, when they were about to sear his eyes, "the servant of God began to address the fire as a friend, saying: 'My brother fire, the Most High hath created thee beyond all other creatures mighty in thine enviable glory, fair, and useful. . . . I beseech the great Lord, Who created thee, that He temper thy heat unto me, so that I may be able to bear thy gentle burning.'"

These things are always treated at length in works about St. Francis from the oldest to the newest, and beautifully by Jorgensen in his chapter on the Canticle of the Sun. This author, allowing that there was an element of symbolism in these loves of St. Francis, very correctly goes on to say that much was due to "a pure and direct love of nature" that was sincere and spontaneous, that found "in each creature immediately a living word of God. . . . The aspect of a flower in morning freshness, or of little beaks in a bird's nest opened with ingenuous confidence, all this revealed to him the purity and the simple beauty of God, as well as the infinite tenderness of the Divine Heart, whence it sprang."

All this seems very lovely to you and me. But it is painful to contemplate how St. Bernard would have disapproved of it and the dreadful, hurtful things he would have written to St. Francis, or told him to his face. Fortunately, when time was being thus wasted in Umbria, Bernard had been in heaven for fifty years or so, and understood things better. On earth, he could never have understood. We all remember the story about the Lake of Lausanne. In the evening, after a day's journey along its shore, the monks gathered in the hall of a friendly monastery for rest and conversation, and began to speak of the exquisite scenes through which they had passed. Bernard, when questioned, answered, in surprise, that he had seen no lake, having been busy with his thoughts of God. If you do not know the story from the *Exordium Magnum* or Vacandard, surely you have it from Gibbon, and have learned from it, as he bade you, properly "to admire or to despise the saint." We do not need to mind the sneer, but we must agree as to the fact that Bernard cared nothing for nature as such. His thoughts were then, as always, too much concerned with the Creator to bother much about creation.

It is true that sometimes Bernard sought the solitude of

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nature. There is a passage or two quoted by admirers, more sentimental than critical, to the effect that the "woods and stones will teach thee what thou canst not learn from masters." From this, they deduce that he loved "woods and stones" a great deal, and they say pretty things about his inheriting this trait from his mother, and quote Wordsworth. But a discerning reading of his life and letters can leave no doubt that (apart from the souls of men) mere creatures were of no interest to him. What he said about learning from the beeches and oaks was no more than a conventionality or Scripture-reminiscence. When he did seek this society of the trees, it was assuredly not to listen to them as "living words of God;" but simply because they were quieter than men and cities, and gave him opportunity for the entertainment of his own engrossing thoughts.

In this, then, is marked out one difference between the two in their approach to God. Both these mystics lived in hourly consciousness of the Divine Presence, and yearned constantly after greater nearness to God. The object of their adoration was the same; their devotion was equal, as far as we can judge; the difference was in the starting-point or stimulus of their thoughts of Him. Francis, by nature made to realize the goodness of creation and to be glad of it, looked ever through the facts to their cause, and thanked and praised the Maker of so much loveliness. Bernard, finding much that was evil in the only creatures about which he cared at all, turned aside from the world of men and sought refuge in the contemplation of the Eternal Sinlessness. Francis, not a Christian, would have been a high type of pagan like Vergil. Bernard, not a Christian, would have been a moralist philosopher like Marcus Aurelius. Christians both, the one clung to his natural concept of God the Creator, heightening and brightening it by the Gospel pictures and devotion to the Crucified; the other took revelation as his starting-point, dismissed creation with a wave of the hand, and concentrated all his thought on what had been revealed. "Praised be our Creator, my sister pheasant!" And to the birds at Bevagna, "my little sisters, much are ye beholden to God your Creator . . . for that He hath given you a double and a triple vesture." So said the one, thinking of his own reasons for gratitude for the joy of life. But for Bernard the only reason for loving God is God Him-

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self: "*Causa diligendi Deum Deus est.*" God is to be loved, not for what He has given us, but for what He is.

Thus, then, to put it in a simple formula, we see the immense difference between the two sanctities. Francis saw God's image in His handiwork, loved Him through the image, and waited to behold the object, singing and rejoicing the while. Bernard, no more passionate, was more direct, rested upon a theological concept, and disregarded all images and vestiges in impatience to think about the very object of his love. They were both far from the heavenly Jerusalem, their home. Francis recognized the exile, but found the place a goodly one enough to wait in and so he could sing over the waters of Babylon. Bernard hung up his harp, or if he took it down, found heart for none but plaintive music.

II.

I have said above that Bernard was interested in no creatures except souls. In these, he was assuredly deeply interested, no less so than was Francis. They were both ascetics, unworldly, tending towards solitude as an ideal to be sought, but they were not actually solitaries. However much they may have admired and desired a Thebaïd, there was nothing of the desert solitary in their lives as they actually lived them. Francis, indeed, often sought the caves of Subasio, as Bernard sought Clairvaux, yet their isolations were only temporary. There was in both a tremendous sense of responsibility to society, or to God *for* society, that kept them from being morose in their avoidance of the world. Their power to gather vocations was phenomenal. Between 1115, when Bernard became abbot, and the time of his death, Clairvaux had grown to enormous proportions, having about seven hundred under its direct jurisdiction, and being the parent of one hundred and sixty monasteries, small and great. Similarly, Francis beheld five thousand brethren assemble at the Porziuncola for the Chapter of Mats. Most of these developments were due to the personal influence of the two founders. If both sought after souls with extraordinary zeal, both were sought after by souls. Both left a deep mark on their age, yet with how diverse operations of the same Spirit. For the difference we have noted above seems to have its analogy in their love for souls.

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While Francis loved each soul as a person, Bernard loved it as a soul.

The life and legends of the Assisian owe no small part of their charm to that galaxy of originals who were his friends and associates. Leo, Bernard of Quintavalle, Giles, Juniper, Elias are individualities. It needs no straining of texts to see them separately. St. Francis, himself full of a rich personality, drew round him natures that sparkled with varied rays and that reflected subtle tints from his solar genius.

When we read the letters of St. Bernard, we are likewise brought into contact with figures manifold. King, prince, baron, peasant; pope, cardinal, abbot, monk, priest; templars and missionaries, wealthy ladies, and recalcitrant novices, all these pass before our thought. The relations Bernard has with them are fruitful in results, and the reading of this amazing correspondence gives a basis of vast information concerning *events* of the twelfth century. But not of *personalities*. What Giotto, reading the Bernardine epistles, has been moved to seize his brush? What Cistercian ever dreamed of gathering "little flowers" of portraiture from his founder's sober and purposeful treatises? The recipients of the letters were fortunate to live through them in history; but they live as names, as functionaries. He consults them on tasks, advises them on duties, reprimands for lapses, petitions charities, thanks for favors, lectures on policies, discourses on the love of God. Occasionally, there are even expressions of affection, as in the well-known letter to Robert, or in those to Haimeric, the chancellor. But what a regulated affection! How according to rule and explanation! *"Mihi ob suam religiositatem admodum familiaris amicus."* He will have a good reason to justify even his friendship. His attachment is granted as a reward for goodness instead of being given as a faith. Nor is it a feeling that will burst into uncontrolled expression. "What good," he says to the Canon Ogier, "to put into vain and transitory little words true and eternal friendships?" Or when he does speak, how his phrases are buttressed with Scripture precedent.

Francis called Leo his "little lamb of God," and Bernard called Robert the "little sheep" that had strayed away. But, if he used the same word, it was not with the same mind, and we may be sure that he did not see in Robert, as Francis saw

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in Leo, a creature soft and mild and woolly; but, simply, he applied a phrase canonized by Scripture, and, therefore, proper as a symbol and irrefutable as an argument. Francis, who was careful in his dealings with women, still had a great affection for some of them, notably St. Clare and the Lady Jacoba de Settesoli, and with the latter was candid and unconventional, calling her "brother Jacoba." Bernard, on his part, expressed great affection for the Lady Ermengard, but in language stately and dignified. It is impossible to imagine him stooping to the indecorum of a jest with her.

The truth is that he pushed aside all developments of personality as mere irrelevances. He saw only the naked soul. The rest was a mere worthless shell. Was the soul in grace? Then he felt himself to be bound to it, to possess it, to love it with a powerful love that was a part of his love of God. Was it in sin? Then he desired for it, yearned for it for God, strove to overpower it with his knowledge of truth and consciousness of right. Francis, on the other hand, looking on his companions, saw that this one sang, this one laughed much, that other was given to merry and surprising turns, that each, for his own special gifts, was good and likable; and for these things he loved souls. Was the soul he loved in sin? Then must he strive lest so dear a thing should perish. Was it in grace? Then was he fain to be glad at the companionship it would give him at his ragged Round Table, and to anticipate happy courteous society in the communion of saints in Heaven. So, in their very apostleship, these two followed their own ways, the one loving souls as the creatures, the other as the temples of God. To Francis they were good, as all things He has made are good. To Bernard they were beautiful, only because the Everlasting Beauty chose to make them His dwelling place.

III.

It would not be refining too much to say that in the action of these two men on their contemporaries, we see the respective power of personality and character. These words are close to each other in meaning, but not identical. Personality, in English language and literature, is applied not only in the strict philosophic meaning of "*persona*," but also, and more frequently, in the sense of individual qualities—

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what the Scholastics call "*notæ individuantes.*" It is the sum of those properties that are spontaneous; hereditary rather than acquired; growing and intensifying under favorable circumstances, but not created by circumstances; born in and of the peculiar individual. It is a gift, not a virtue. It is emotional. It does not depend upon our will. It is like our features, which are indeed a part of it. It can be cultivated, but not transplanted. It is the part of us which is manifest, the part which interests others in us. It is the basis of the value that we have to others for amusement and admiration. If we lack it, we find others cold; if we have it, they are genial and they seek our light.

On the other hand, character is the deliberate and purposed product of the will. It is not inborn or hereditary. It can be planted where it was not, and cultivated to a remarkable degree. As it may come suddenly with resolve, it may depart quickly with yielding. It is not complex, but simple. It is not rich in variety, but severe in strength. Where personality is luxuriant, it is ordered; where its rival is like a tropical forest, it resembles an Italian garden. It is a virtue rather than a gift, and consists in the deliberate direction of energies. Where it acts upon others, it does not attract by the curiosity of loveliness; it compels by the force of right.

Assuredly, Francis did not lack character, nor Bernard personality. There was probably never a saint without the latter, certainly never one without the former. But when they drew, guided, and ruled, the quality that gave Francis his success was personality, attractiveness; what dominated in Bernard was character, will.

The first Franciscan, Bernard of Quintavalle, became the companion of the Poverello, not at any bidding or invitation, but upon the observation of his leader's holy life. After Francis had gone about Assisi for two years in his new way of life, this Bernard, one of the city's rich men, "began to consider wisely concerning St. Francis and to say within himself: 'Of a surety this friar hath great grace from God;'" so he invited Francis to sup and spend the night with him, and he arranged the guest-bed in his own chamber, and kept a light burning so as to observe him well. Now, during the night, when Francis thought that his host was asleep, he arose and got on his knees, and began to pray. And for all the rest of

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the night he kept praying and repeating: "My God, my God." "Now Bernard, when he beheld these most devout acts . . . was moved and inspired by the Holy Ghost to change his manner of life; wherefore, when morning was come, he called St. Francis to him" and told him his new state of mind. Note how, in all this story, the saint says nothing as a dictate of his own. Simply, his lovableness and the originality of his holiness gave the rich Assisian, as they were to give thousands, "the homesickness for sanctity."

Turn, then, to Bernard of Clairvaux and his entrance into religion. He comes to Citeaux, not alone, but bringing thirty companions, most of whose vocations had been determined only at his own urgent representations. There are few pages more remarkable, even in the annals of sainthood, than the ones which tell the story of apostleship of this youth of twenty-one. His uncle, five of his brothers, and twenty-four other young noblemen of his acquaintance yielded to his arguments. Some came quite willingly. On others he had to use persuasions, eloquence, warnings, and the resistless instrument of his prayers. From the attractive apprenticeship of arms, nay, from the excitement and glory of besieging a castle, came Gaudry, his uncle, and Andrew, a brother. From a happy marriage, Guy was, with some difficulty, persuaded to join the party, while wife and children retired to a convent. From the hopes of an already flourishing ecclesiastical career came Hugh of Vitry. Imperiously, they were told that God was calling them. The dreadfulness of disobedience was pictured to them. And all left their pleasures and ambitions at life's very threshold to seek the retreat of Chatillon, the cloister of Citeaux, the hardship and starvation of the first days of Clairvaux, the drudgery of farmwork on the Cistercian granges, silence, abnegation, hours and years of prayer.

Such was the power even the youthful Bernard had, not to draw, but to convince and compel others by his irresistible tongue and overpowering moral strength into the ways that he had determined to be their vocation. What a contrast to the vocation of the first Friar! And the contrast continues throughout the history. When Francis met men, he drew them. He seemed to turn on, unconsciously, some shining of celestial light, as the souls do in the "Paradise" of Dante, and they remained in love with what they saw. Bernard directed

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toward the perfection of other souls those same masterful resources of mind and will which he used for his own perfecting; and then, with no mind to allure, but to compel them into goodness, acted like a resistless, holy force. Francis was like the angel guiding the willing Tobias; Bernard like the spirit who seized Habacuc by the hair. The one was an attracting, the other a compelling grace.

As it was in the beginning, so it was throughout life. Francis always worked as he begun. His ideal of the Christian life was not reduced to a formula, but pictured as the Lady Poverty. He was tolerant of other religious Orders and respectful to even the faulty members of the secular clergy. To the weak and lapsed, he was suave, his remonstrances were full of tenderness, his reproaches, of pathos. He mingled little with the mighty, but when he did, it was to captivate them by his own gracious originality. Lastly, it was typical of all his doings that, when his Order grew to such proportions that many of its members could not see and know him in the flesh, his power over them was gone. His power was in and of himself, not in the system, which had therefore to be buttressed, controlled, rebuilt by other genius than his. The last two years he spent in retirement with his own on Mt. La Verna.

In contrast with him, how stern, how efficient, how successful the career of Bernard! Practical from the outset, he had ideas that he could lay clearly before others. What dreadfully lucid arguments he uses about vocations! What astonishing letters of persuasion and invective and passionate pleading he writes to those who have fallen away! What a calm and courageous confidence he has in the superiority of his white monks to the black, and how willing, at all times, to insist on the greater severity of life as proof of the superiority he claims! How he unveils his thoughts, as when he tells the grieving parents of a novice that their sorrow is leading them to hell! How bold he is with the great, count, king, emperor; abbot, cardinal, pope, and what ringing words he has, this New Testament Nathan, when he chooses to tell them they do ill! How he almost hounds the Emperor Conrad from place to place, until he takes the vow of the Second Crusade! What a genius he shows to organize and control his vast establishment of Clairvaux and its dependents in their

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far-flung lines! Ever denouncing and defying wrong, ever insisting upon the right and truth that men so dread to hear, until, at last, the name of Bernard sounds over Europe from Scandinavia to Naples like Gabriel's trumpet, in terror and in beauty.

In the earlier Middle Ages, Europe was barbaric, semi-Christian. Its people were in tutelage, having to depend on the Church for instructions in mundane, as well as in sacred lore. The double function was, in large part, filled by the Benedictine Abbeys. The twelfth century was in the full current of the true Renaissance, yet there were many vestiges left of the ancient and barbaric day. Therefore, the great religious figure of that age partakes more of the nature of the past, teaching the world, indeed, yet standing somewhat aloof, holy and austere. Bernard has been called the last of the Fathers.

When Francis came, there was a new age and a new necessity. On the one hand, the peoples, having learned for themselves the arts of life, did not need so much schooling as their ancestors. On the other, they were no longer half-pagan. The missions were nearly over, and in spite of much mist of sin and wrong (not even yet dispelled perhaps), Europe lay in the sunlight of Christianity. It looked for leaders still, but the leaders unto holiness could now afford to be in and of the led. Therefore, Francis and the Friars came to fulfill a new Providence of God.

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THE SPIRITUALITY OF STONEWALL JACKSON AND CATHOLIC INFLUENCES.

BY HENRY CHURCHILL SEMPLE, S.J.

THE striking piety of Thomas Jonathan Jackson, the most picturesque figure among the heroes of our Civil War, is a subject of special interest to the Catholic student of history. Evidences are not wanting of the play of Catholic influences in the beginning and upbuilding of his marked spirituality. It is interesting to trace testimonies to this effect in the biography, compiled (1866) by Professor R. L. Dabney, D.D., of the Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, who was Jackson's Chief of Staff, and had access to Jackson's private correspondence and the official papers of the War Department of the Confederacy; and in that written by Jackson's widow (1892)—both impartial witnesses.

Immediately after his graduation from West Point in 1846, Jackson was ordered to the Mexican War. He received the most rapid promotion of all the officers of his grade in General Scott's army, and was Major of Artillery in the garrison which occupied the city of Mexico during the armistice before the final treaty of peace in 1843. With his customary thoroughness, he mastered the Spanish language and, consequently, was able to enter into relations with the people among whom he was stationed. Jackson loved to talk about his many good warm Mexican friends, and to display the cherished souvenirs with which they had loaded him. He blushingly confessed that he was nearly captured by a certain dark-eyed *señorita,* from whose charms he escaped only by precipitate retreat. He accepted the invitation of a community of highly educated and refined priests to make his quarters in their home, and never tired of telling of their exquisite hospitality.

Here he made a study of the doctrines of the Catholic religion and, according to Dr. Dabney, "became acquainted with the Archbishop of Mexico, and had a number of interviews in which that prelate entered at large into an explanation of

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the Romish system. Jackson always declared that he believed him a sincere and honest advocate of that Church, and that he found him not only affable, but able and learned. He also said that the system, as expounded by intelligent Romanists, was, by no means, so gross or so obnoxious to common sense as is represented by the mass of decided Protestants" Mrs. Jackson says: "His views of each denomination had been obtained from itself, not from its opponents. Hence, he could see excellences in all. Even of the Roman Catholic Church he had a much more favorable impression than most Protestants." Elsewhere, she tells that Jackson gladly furnished a Catholic priest with a tent, to say Mass for his comrades of that faith. This was only one of many such instances. Again Dr. Dabney says: "His attitude towards all creeds and sects was at this time singularly unbiased. His parentage cannot be said to have belonged to any party in religion. His youth had been passed in a household where Christianity was practically unknown. And his later education was obtained among a great company of young men, assembled from every church, under the slender instruction of an army chaplain. His own religious knowledge was at this time extremely scanty." His studies, under the priests and the Archbishop, "seem to have left Jackson's mind, for a long time, in a singular state. His progress towards the full light was extremely gradual. He was henceforward conscientious, and more than ever punctilious about the purity of his life. He never remitted his interest in the great question of his own salvation."

In 1848, Jackson was stationed at Fort Hamilton, Long Island, and was baptized there on April 29, 1849, by Rev. M. Schofield. His sponsors were Colonels Dimick and Taylor. Dr. Dabney mentions this same Colonel Frank Taylor, as having been Jackson's first official spiritual guide during the Mexican campaign and armistice. Both Dr. Dabney and Mrs. Jackson note that Jackson explicitly declared to the minister of baptism that he would consider himself by that rite as becoming a member only of "the Catholic body of Christ," or "the Holy Catholic Church," and not of the Episcopalian denomination, in which he never was confirmed, although he did receive holy communion in it. Later, while professor at Lexington, Virginia, he finally became a deacon in the Presbyterian Church, and hence made its profession of faith.

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The above facts are taken, almost word for word, from Dr. Dabney and Mrs. Jackson. The former intersperses his record with personal reflections upon the faith and morals of Catholics in general, and of Mexicans in particular, but he does not ascribe any of these ugly remarks to Jackson himself.

Jackson's association with the Archbishop and the priests, in whose home he lived, was evident cause for edification. At least, he saw them saying, daily, their Mass and their Breviary. If, as seems probable, his hospitable friends were members of a religious Order or Congregation, he saw them devoting to the spiritual exercises required by their special rule, much more than the two hours for Mass and Breviary. He saw, too, the churches packed on Sundays and Feasts, and largely frequented every morning and throughout the day during the week. He witnessed, moreover, the other constant manifestations of faith common among the great mass of Catholic people. And now Jackson, himself, began to "pray always."

An intimate friend once asked, how can we "pray always" or "pray without ceasing?" He answered that obedience to this divine injunction ought not to be impracticable to a *child of God*. When pushed further about his own practices, after earnest apologies for seeming religious egotism and display, he said:

"When we take our meals, there is the grace. When I take a draught of water, I always pause, as my palate receives refreshment, to life up my heart in thanks, and prayer for the water of life. Whenever I drop a letter into the box at the post office, I send a petition along with it, for God's blessing upon its mission and upon the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received, I stop to pray to God that He may prepare me for its contents, and make it a messenger of good. When I go to my class-room, and await the arrangement of the cadets in their places, that is my time to intercede with God for them. And so of every familiar act of the day."

"But," said his friend, "do you not often forget these seasons, coming so frequently?"

"No," said he, "I have made the practice habitual to me. I can no more forget it, than forget to drink when I am thirsty. The usage has become as delightful as it is regular."

While teaching at Lexington, as his wife writes, summer

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or winter, he rose at six and took a cold bath. Then, rain or shine, he took a brisk walk. At seven, he had family prayers, at which all his household had to be prompt to the minute. As he once wrote his wife, "at morn the caroling birds and all creatures (except men) seem to join in God's praises. At eve they invite to silence and meditation. Before you go to bed, put your head out of the window, and gaze at the stars, and recall the eternal joys of heaven prepared for you, and the glory which the Son of God left to come down to earth to save us. When you look in the glass, remember that your body will be reduced to dust, and your soul will never die, and you should take the more care of it."

Jackson had to be present at Harper's Ferry, with the Lexington cadets, at John Brown's execution. Beforehand, he was absorbed in prayer that the unflinching victim might prepare his soul to meet his divine Judge, and not incur the sentence: "Depart into everlasting fire."

"At a council of war one night, Jackson listened attentively to the views of his subordinates, and asked a delay until the next morning to present his own. As they came away, A. P. Hill laughingly said to Ewell: 'Well, I suppose Jackson wants time to pray over it.' Having occasion to return soon afterwards to get his sword, Ewell found Jackson on his knees, and heard his ejaculatory prayers for God's guidance in the perplexing movements then before them, by which he was so deeply impressed, and by Jackson's general religious character, that he said: 'If that is religion, I must have it.'"

The remark of Jim, Jackson's devoted colored servant, is well known: "The General is a great man for praying: night and morning—all times. But when I see him get up several times in the night besides to go off and pray, then I know there is going to be something to pay. And I go straight and pack his haversack, because I know he will call for it in the morning." The same Jim often said to soldiers who were noisy near Jackson's tent: "Hush! The General is praying." They would then peer through the canvas at Jackson on his knees near the lighted candle. Even when his men were rushing past him in a charge, they sometimes saw him on his horse with his hands raised to heaven and his lips moving in prayer.

This constancy in prayer is common among Catholics in thoroughly Catholic communities. Good old Irish men and

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women scarcely utter a sentence without invoking God or Our Lord or the Blessed Mother or the saints. The same is true of pious, old-fashioned Spaniards, Italians, and others. Jackson had no such habit *before* he lived with pious Mexicans; he did have it *after* he had been intimate with them.

According to the strict Calvinists, God creates only the elect to be saved. Christ died not for all, but only for the elect. God gives grace necessary for sanctification and salvation only to the elect, and not to all. According to Catholic faith, Christ died for all men, and God created all men to be saved, and seriously wishes all men to be saved, and gives to all the graces necessary to work out their own salvation. St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor, teaches: "God, *Who gives to all abundantly*, refuses grace to no one who does what is in himself to prepare himself for grace."[1] It would seem that Jackson's thoughts, desires, prayers, words, and deeds, far from being prompted by Calvinistic motives, were more in accord with St. Thomas; that he preserved, in fine, the doctrinal impressions received in Mexico. I will outline the facts that the reader may weigh them for himself.

Jackson prepared his soul negatively to receive supernatural grace by removing impediments to it. By roughing it in his childhood and youth, he cultivated the virtue of fortitude. He was his bachelor uncle's jockey, and the horse he rode was thought sure to win. He enjoyed few school advantages, and "squeezed through" his entrance examinations at West Point with difficulty. At the end of the first year, he was still behind, but he graduated seventeenth in a brilliant class, and his classmate, General Dabney Maury, has said that had there been a fifth year, Jackson would have graduated first, even ahead of McClellan. He made it a practice never to study a new lesson until he had mastered the preceding ones. After the drum-call for lights out, he raked coals out on his hearth and studied late, with his head near the blaze. In a notebook of maxims written then, we read: "I can do what I will to do." He was often heard to repeat these words in his after life.

Jackson was the idol of the negroes. He organized a Sunday School, instructed them in the Catechism, and prayed with them, and preached to them. When he rehearsed to them

[1] 4 dist. 20, q.1. a. 1.

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the story of Our Lord's passion and death, his face beamed like an angel's.

"A day or two after the second battle of Manassas," writes Mrs. Jackson, "and before the news had reached Lexington in authentic form, the post office was thronged with people, awaiting with intense interest the opening of the mail. Soon a letter was handed to Rev. Dr. White, who immediately recognized the superscription of his deacon soldier, and exclaimed to the eager and expectant group around him: 'Now we shall know all the facts.' The bulletin read thus: 'My dear pastor, in my tent last night, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday School. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige yours faithfully, T. J. Jackson.'"

Jackson's delicacy in the matter of truthfulness was singular. "While lieutenant of artillery in the Mexican War, his company was ordered to proceed, by a narrow path, through a dense thicket of 'chapparal,' which was believed to be infested by guerrillas. He, himself, saw that the leaves of the shrubs were riddled with fresh bullet-holes. The men were so intimidated by the dread of the unseen foe, that when the head of the column approached the dangerous spot, it recoiled, and in spite of the officer's expostulations refused to advance. At length, the young lieutenant went alone far ahead of his men, and, waving his sword, shouted to them: 'You see, there is no danger. Forward!'" Yet, as he confessed, he knew at the moment that the peril was extreme. This he believed to be his nearest approach to a lie.[2] He was once asked by a gentleman whom he had visited:

"Why, in the name of reason, did you walk back a mile in the dark in this pouring rain?" His reply was:

"Simply because I discovered that I had made a misstatement, and I could not sleep comfortably tonight unless I corrected it."

His faith in everything he knew to be taught by God was that of a child. His was not the small mind—a "picker of flaws and the hunter for exceptions." "Duty is ours. Consequences are God's," was one of his oft-repeated principles. His maxims resemble those of the soldier-saint, Ignatius.

[2] Dabney, p. 18.

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Even in his love letters to his wife before their marriage, he trusted that the *controlling motive of their lives would be the glory of God.* He expressed the same hope for his wife and himself and their babe, on the news of the latter's birth. Indeed, he ever had that motive on his lips. So intense was his desire for the glory of God and the salvation of his own soul, that he was not only indifferent, but almost insensible to creatures. His favorite maxim was: *"To those who love God, all things work together unto good."* And he would add that he knew he loved God. He never claimed any revelation to that effect, however. As Dr. Dabney truly says: "To liken Jackson to Cromwell is incorrect. . . . He would never have mistaken the heated impulses of excitement for the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, to be asserted even beyond and against His own revealed word."

Jackson did love God above all things for His own sake. Normally, God, Who is generous to those who are generous to Him, gives to the generous soul the humble and loving confidence that he truly loves God, and is thence loved as a friend by God. The sympathetic Catholic will see in Jackson's attitude nothing repugnant to Catholic teaching and practice. It is absurd to suppose that love for God for His own sake, above all things, is so hard as to be the practice only of great saints.

A friend familiar with Jackson's natural fears once catechized him:

"Yes, he was confident that he was reconciled and adopted through the work of Christ; and that, therefore, inasmuch as every event was disposed by omniscience guided by redeeming love for Him, seeming evils must be real blessings, and it was not in the power of any earthly calamity to overthrow his happiness."

"Suppose, Major, that you should lose your health irreparably, do you think you could be happy then?"

"Yes, I should be happy still," he answered.

"But suppose, in addition to chronic illness, you should incur the total loss of your eyesight, would not that be too much for you?"

He answered, firmly: "No."

"Suppose that, in addition to ruined health and total blindness, you should lose all your property and be left thus, in-

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capable of any useful occupation, to linger on a sick-bed dependent on the charities of those who had no tie to you, would not this be too much for your faith?"

Jackson pondered a moment, and then answered in a reverent tone: "If it were the will of God to place me there, He would enable me to lie there peacefully a hundred years." Many might feel and speak thus in the sunshine of prosperity. Stonewall Jackson felt and spoke and acted thus under the clouds of adversity.

After the amputation of his arm, he said: "You see me severely wounded, but not depressed, not unhappy. I believe it has been done according to God's holy will, and I acquiesce entirely in it. You may think it strange, but you never saw me more perfectly contented than I am today. For I am sure that my Heavenly Father designs this affliction for my good. I am perfectly satisfied that, either in this life or in that which is to come, I shall discover that what is now regarded as a calamity is a blessing. And if it appears a great calamity, as it surely is a great inconvenience, to be deprived of my arm, it will result in a great blessing. I can wait until God, in His own time, shall make known to me the object He has in afflicting me. But why should I not rather rejoice in it as a blessing, and not look on it as a calamity at all? If it were in my power to replace my arm, I would not dare to do it, unless I could know it was the will of my Heavenly Father." One of his aides, Lieutenant Smith, said: "*All things work together for the good of them that love God.*" "Yes," he answered, "that's it, that's it." His last utterance in the delusion that preceded death was: "Tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions to the men. Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

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WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

BY JOHN F. FENLON, D.D.

THE late Wilfrid Scawen Blunt—oriental traveler, famous breeder of Arabian horses, friend and champion of oppressed nations, poet, historian, sculptor, and Squire of Crabbet Park, Sussex—was long known as a Catholic, although never prominent in Catholic affairs of England. The publication of his diaries,[1] not long before his death, revealed a strange religious history that was something of a shock to Catholics who knew him only in a public way. The story of his religious life, sad though it is, will, we think, not be without interest and instruction.

Wilfrid Blunt was educated as a Catholic from the age of eleven, when his mother, who was soon to leave him an orphan, followed her spiritual adviser, Henry Edward Manning, into the Catholic Church. Stonyhurst and Oscott, where he spent six or seven happy years, always remained pleasant memories. There he passed a sheltered and innocent boyhood, became deeply imbued with the Catholic faith and spirit, and had his imagination filled with the beauty and greatness of the Catholic Church. He learned to like priests, and always remained at home in their society. Why he changed from Stonyhurst to Oscott and why he quit college at eighteen, we do not know; possibly his independent spirit, his love of traveling a road all his own, already manifested itself. We glean little knowledge of his academic career. He never became a great scholar in any line, but he had a keen, eager, alert mind and left Oscott knowing a little philosophy. And in philosophy, of all branches of study, a little learning is a dangerous thing.

Entering at once upon a diplomatic career, he saw eleven years of service (1858-1869) at many different posts. He made then his initiation into political and social life, which remained passions with him to the end. Handsome, lively, friendly, the young diplomat seems to have devoted his chief attention to the social side of life, as the custom is with young

[1] *My Diaries.* By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 2 vols. $12.00.

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diplomats. He made many friends and acquaintances, especially in that little circle which always rules England. No favorable environment, surely, this to his Catholic life, which received wounds then from which it never really recovered.

In those days, the most talked-of book, if not the most read, was the *Origin of Species*, which appeared in 1859. Wilfrid read some of it with his young friends, was impressed, and, as he says, solved the riddle of the universe gazing at the stars. He had, of course, no knowledge of biology, and there is no distinctive trace of Darwinism in his paper, written at Frankfurt in 1861, which was to have a decisive influence on his life. Out of his own head, he proves by a sort of metaphysical argument that matter is God, infinite, eternal, self-subsistent; mind, an accident of matter; and the Creator, therefore, an unnecessary hypothesis. That a boy should imagine his unsupported assertions to be arguments will surprise no one who knows the mind of youth. From the mature mind, we expect something different. What would not Tyndall have given, for instance, to be able to prove by "irrefragable arguments" that mind is an accident of matter? Yet it pleased Mr. Blunt in his old age to re-read his youthful irrefragable argument and to recall "how rapidly" his "mind worked," and how he had "jumped" to the philosophy of monism two years before Hæckel, to whom the world gives the credit.

Having proved by a pair of syllogisms that God is not necessary, the young philosopher was frightened at his discovery. "The matter God I had imagined in place of the personal God," he wrote years later, "was a thought that made me giddy when it first presented itself to me, as a demon by my incantations out of the forbidden books that I was reading; and, in the middle of my intellectual debauch, I found life unutterably sad. But, once evoked, I could not evade it nor the destruction it involved of that other consoling doctrine of man's supernatural destiny, his life beyond the grave." Thus did he rush into danger and his faith swoon at the first sight of the enemy. He appears to have consulted no priest, to have studied no Catholic philosophy, and to have read no Catholic books. While he did not accept the conclusion of his argument and become forthwith an atheist and materialist, his faith was at least shaken to its foundation.

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A moral crisis, under the circumstances, could not be expected to tarry long. The breakdown came a little later in the Paris of the closing decade of the Second Empire. It fills his verses, which he then began to write, stimulated, no doubt, by the example of his great friend, Robert Lytton ("Owen Meredith"), already well known as a poet. Lytton writes with the easy tone of a man of the world; in Blunt, we hear an undertone of deep sadness and regret, for the ideals of his innocent boyhood had still a strong hold on his conscience. At this time, too, he became enamored of the writings of Rousseau, who, by his sentimentality and false candor, influenced Blunt far more, we judge, than has any other writer. The concentration on self, which characterized Rousseau, became dominant in the writings of Blunt, who had no genius and apparently not enough imagination to deal easily with any topic but himself. It was through the influence of Jean Jacques that Wilfrid now resolved to write his memoirs—though he had as yet no memories—and to live a life worth recording. Unhappy resolution! Blunt was by nature a very sincere, straightforward man, well named; the effect of his resolution was a temptation to essay a rôle beyond his powers, and, we fear, to act at times with an eye on his diary and future readers. Better to have left the writing of his diary to the recording angel, who never can be tempted to deliver to the press even the most thrilling of stories.

Wilfrid's marriage with Lady Anne Noel in 1869 and his succession to the Crabbet Park estates in 1872, mark a new epoch in his life, when, a friend of his writes, he "settled down to a country life on his ancestral acres." If he had really been able to "settle down" to such a life, he would have enjoyed much peace—and little fame; but fame had become one of his idols at Paris. However, Squire Blunt busied himself with his new property, and enjoyed his new dignity. His poem on "The Old Squire" deserves to live, for it does a thing that needed to be done in English verse, painting the character to life. He had a sincere devotion to the memory of his brother, from whom he inherited the estate, Major Henry Blunt, the pious founder of the adjoining Capuchin Priory at Crawley. In his honor, Wilfrid carved from memory, for he remembered every feature, the recumbent figure of his brother in the habit of a Franciscan tertiary, and placed it over his tomb. This is

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said to be a masterpiece, worthy of the early Renaissance. The lines which he also consecrated to his memory show that warmth and sincerity of feeling which make us understand why Wilfrid Blunt always had many friends. About the same time, he was elaborating, "in secret," his love sonnets and living over in memory his old Parisian days. *In hoc non laudo.* The sonnets were published anonymously in 1875, and entirely lack that right feeling and decisiveness of character which, at this period, would have made a good Catholic of Wilfrid Blunt. There is small use in bewailing one's spiritual condition if one neglects to take the first step on the road to recovery; only the pure in heart will see God.

There was much in his surroundings at this time to aid him. Mass was celebrated in the chapel at his house by priests from Crawley, and Wilfrid seems to have been naturally religious and fond of religious ceremony. Lady Anne was devout, and a congenial companion. His difficulties remained, however, and found vent in a correspondence he had with his old friend, Dr. Charles Meynell, of Oscott, in which he repeated and reënforced his former arguments for materialism. Cardinal Newman, to whom the correspondence had been submitted, had it published with an introduction, written at his request, by Aubrey de Vere. Newman evidently did not think Wilfrid's arguments very formidable, much less irrefragable; and de Vere, while noting that the "deeper sympathies" of "Proteus" (Blunt) do not lie with materialism, says he "forgets Lord Macaulay's memorable remark that no amount of scientific discovery has ever affected or can ever touch the great problem of religion and man's soul." A greater scientific authority, Huxley, was to agree on this point at least with Macaulay, de Vere, and Newman, as against Wilfrid Blunt.

It was in connection with this correspondence that Wilfrid visited Newman, not yet a cardinal, at the Edgbaston Oratory, and remained with him three days. He happened to be returning from a fishing trip, where, he records, "I had caught a toothache, which worried me greatly, and I remember distinctly feeling, as I knocked at the door, that I should be thus *hors de combat* at the moment of my coming to consult the great man. Nevertheless, my distress was vain, for I was shown up to him at once, and, at the instant of touching his

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hand when he received me, my pains vanished, nor did they return while I was staying in the house. Newman's was a wonderful hand, soft, nervous, emotional, electric; and I felt that a miracle had been wrought. I told Father Ryder of it at the time, but he 'charged me that I should tell no man,' and I said no word of it to the saint himself. Newman, though he knew well that I had come to consult him for the good of my soul, and though I had much conversation indirectly with him upon spiritual things, did not attempt to argue out any of the fundamental principles of religious thought, and sought to influence me rather through the heart by his great kindness, and by the confidence with which I was admitted to all the life of the community. It was a touching sight, indeed, to see the old man taking his turn with the rest to wait on us at table in the refectory, and living his simple life of piety and cheerful unselfishness. The lives of monks and nuns are alone in some accordance with the life of Jesus. All the rest of Christianity is an imposture and an impudent negation of Christ."

It should be stated that these remarks of Blunt date more than twenty years after the event; the conclusion represents his feelings when he had been confirmed in his pessimism and contempt for mankind. Something of Newman's love for "the unlettered crowd before the altar," or of the Saviour's compassion on the multitude would have enabled him to see that the spirit of Christ lives in numberless souls, who are not priests or nuns. Wilfrid sought no further help from Newman, if his record tells all, and we may wonder why the greatest dialectician of his day entered into no argument with the inquirer. The answer, no doubt, is that Newman, whose knowledge of the human heart was unrivaled, saw clearly that Wilfrid's chief needs were moral, not intellectual. Newman would argue with infinite patience with a man like William Froude; he sought to win Blunt by kindness, hoping to subdue that restless, impatient spirit which was to make him finally an intellectual Ishmael.

Soon Wilfrid quit the quiet life at Crabbet Park for travel, in company with Lady Anne. Their travels (1877-1879) lay chiefly through Mohammedan lands, North Africa, Syria, Mesopotamia, and particularly Arabia, and were in great part voyages of exploration in wild and unfrequented territory.

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Lady Anne wrote the record of their travels in Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Persia, in three volumes, which not only reveal the pleasing personality, but the intelligence and the literary ease and skill of Byron's granddaughter.

Wilfrid became greatly interested in the religion of the desert tribes, and has treated of it in a chapter contributed by him to his wife's first volume. One passage in it throws some light upon his own religious feelings in those days. "With the belief in God, religion in the desert ends," he writes. "The kindred belief, so essential to our happiness—that in a future life—seems to have no place in the Bedouin mind . . . It is difficult for a European to put himself into the position of one who is contented to die thus—who neither believes, nor despairs because he does not believe." The value he set upon the belief in immortality is evident, but in which class was he —among those who believe or those who despair? Probably, he was hovering between both. No doubt, it was the life of a rich squire at home contrasted with his busy life in the desert, which prompted the following reflection: "In Europe, we suffer from the malady of thought, quite as much in consequence of our idle habits as from an excess of intelligence." What these journeys and sojournings in the desert gave to Wilfrid was a love of the East, a sympathy with backward races, and a hope of a regenerated Islam. These were to affect his life deeply, as well in a religious as in a political sense.

We have no desire to retell here the story of Mr. Blunt's political activities; a reference to them, however, is necessary for a comprehension of his general religious attitude. From the early eighties, the Blunts made their home in Egypt, close to Cairo. There, on the edge of the desert, in a fine house looking towards the Red Sea and Mount Sinai, and set in a wonderful garden and orange grove which they had reclaimed from the sands, Wilfrid and Lady Anne lived in an entirely Arabian fashion. Their garden was a sanctuary, for it contained the tomb of Sheikh Obeyd, a "saint" and companion of Mohammed, and was also reputed to be a halting place of the Holy Family. Their great establishment, we read, consisted of a hundred souls. Naturally, Wilfrid soon became a famous character, to natives and visitors, and was known as El Sheikh. With the Egyptians, his name was a passport. Although he

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had much at stake, Wilfrid had, from the start, taken a deep interest in Egyptian affairs. The nationalist movement had his enthusiastic support. The bombardment of Alexandria in 1882 set the seal upon his "mission in life," which he pursued with restless, unabating zeal for nearly forty years, but with more discretion after an enforced exile of several winters. "My mission in life," he wrote in 1919, "was to plead the cause of the backward nations of the world, especially those of Asia and Africa," and to help redeem them "from their slavery to Europe." This was, alas, the hour of the floodtide of imperialism. No man could sweep it back. The Western Hemisphere was safe behind the high wall which the United States had built according to the plans of Monroe; but there lay, close to Europe, the great, rich, and almost undefended territories of Asia, and especially of Africa. The powers of Europe, great and small, all joined in the scramble. Mr. Blunt's wards were powerless. He continued to champion rebellious and separatist movements, and never ceased to denounce what he believed to be the wrong-doings of his own country. He was considered, accordingly, too violent to be a safe man in politics, and never reached Parliament.

His failure in politics turned his thoughts once more to religion. He set out on a pilgrimage to Rome, of which he has left two pathetic records, one in a sonnet sequence, the other in a page of his Diary. "A New Pilgrimage" lays bare the heart of the poor pilgrim, the weakness, the inconsistency, the attractive qualities of this

> latest fool of Time,
> Sad child of doubt and passionate desires.

He stops en route at Paris, "the golden city of our soul," and the old fascination revives:

> What message has she to me on this day
> Of my new life? Shall I, a pilgrim wan,
> Sit at her board and revel at her play,
> As in the days of old? Nay, this is done.
> It cannot be; and yet I love her well
> With her broad roads and pleasant paths to Hell.

Divided thus in heart, he journeys on to Rome. Imperial

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Rome he loves not, true always to his loathing of imperialism; but he wishes to love the "nobler Rome" of the saints and martyrs:

> This Rome I fain would love, though darkly hid
> In mists of passion and desires scarce dead.

His visit to Pope Leo XIII. is told in a page of his Diaries, which no Catholic, we fancy, can read without a tender pity

> For a lost soul grown old in its dismay.

We quote it, slighty abridged, because not only does it mirror his soul, but it shows him also in his Catholic social nature, and helps us to understand why it was he retained so many Catholic friends and continued to be counted a Catholic almost to the end. "It was in the spring of 1886," he says, "I was sick alike of the affairs of the world and of the vain pursuit of happiness. I went to Rome as on a pilgrimage, with the vague hope that, perhaps, I might there recover my lost faith in supernatural things and end my days in piety. I had many friends among the resident clergy, including Monsignor Stoner and Cardinal Howard, Father Lockhart, head of the Rosminians, Prior Glyn, and others of the Irish Hierarchy; and a little programme of holy pleasures had been sketched out for me, and I was determined to open my mind wide to the influences of the place, that my soul might have its full chance. It was thus predisposed that I arrived at Rome. I made a general confession of my sins; and, if I had been unmarried, I should have attempted to join some religious Order as a desperate protection against my unbelief. As it was, I indulged dreams of living as *custode* to some church of the many churches in and about Rome. It was in this mood that Monsignor Stoner suggested that I should have an audience with the Pope, and he, without difficulty procured me one. My reception by His Holiness was of the kind which surprised and touched me almost to bewilderment, when I found myself absolutely alone with one so nearly divine, if there was divinity anywhere to be found on earth. The vision that I saw before me was that of a little old man of wonderful dignity, clad in white, and seated on a low throne, his face pale, but lit with luminous dark eyes, which seemed to hold all knowledge of this world

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and the other, the figure of a saint and, at the same time, of one who knew the world, bending towards me with a look of inquiring kindliness. When I had kissed his feet, he raised me up, though I continued kneeling, and, on his invitation, I spoke to him about Ireland. What he then said and the personal interest he seemed to take in me, for he continued to hold my left hand with his own right hand and to press it to his knee, gave me the courage to speak of my own spiritual affairs as in a confessional, and to ask his help. He could not give me all I asked, but when I left him it was in tears."

Some years pass, and we find our pilgrim en route to a very different shrine. Wilfrid had long taken a keen interest in Mohammedanism, and been extremely friendly and cordial with many Mohammedans. He dressed like an Arab, spoke their language, adopted their ways, and often passed for an Arab. To his very dear friend, the Grand Mufti, he almost made his profession of faith in 1902. A year later, the drift of his mind may be seen from a play of his, which celebrates Islam's conquest of Egypt, and solves the love plot by converting both the heroines to the new faith and bestowing them on the conquering hero. However, he has little esteem for Mohammedanism in the cities. Disappointments had made him weary of all civilization, Christian and Mohammedan. In the desert lies his hope: there he will find the hermitage he dreams of and a purer Islam. He is ill, but he will no longer delay his quest. He had heard much of the Senussia, a widespread Mohammedan brotherhood that had restored primitive Islamism and would have naught to do with western civilization. The chief of the Senussi lived at Jerabub, far away in the desert, close to Tripoli, a forty days' journey from Wilfrid's home near Cairo. Thither Wilfrid departs, "in the highest of spirits," and in a mood for adventure, with powerful recommendations and under the guidance of Beseys, a religious brother. He likes his new religious guide in spite of his "rugged, ugly face" and the loss of his front teeth, which makes it difficult to understand what he says. Wilfrid confides to him his wish for a hermit's life in the desert. Beseys approves; he will bring him to his own spiritual father, a hermit, who will initiate Wilfrid into the hermit life. They become so enwrapped in religious conversation that they lose their way. The journey turns out to be more dangerous than

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anticipated; and more than once, when danger threatens, Wilfrid repents of his sins and prays to all his saints, Mohammedan and Christian. Delivered from danger, he entertains some new-made friends, who treacherously rob and beat him. He is deserted for a time by old Beseys. He consoles himself with the thought that the journey "has been all in the way of the adventure I was seeking." He discovers that his treacherous friends were brothers of the Senussia, with whom he had hoped to live and perhaps to end his days. He retraces his steps to Cairo, gravely disappointed with Islam of the desert and the fruit of Mohammedan monasticism.

This adventure ended his longing for Mohammedanism. "Personally, I have come back from my journey," he writes, "with my mind cleared on one point, important to my life. It is as to religion. My experience of the Senussia has convinced me that there is *no* hope anywhere to be found in Islam. I had made myself a romance about these reformers, but I see it has no substantial basis. I shall never go further now in the Mohammedan direction." A year later, his opinion is confirmed. "I feel now there is no reality at all in Islam. The Moslems of today who believe, are mere wild beasts, like the men of Siwah; the rest have lost the faith. Still less does Christianity appeal to me."

It is only a month later than this entry in his diary, however, that we find Wilfrid making a pilgrimage to St. Winifred's well at Holywell. Crippled with rheumatism and in great pain, he prays for a cure. His state of mind is singular. "I have a belief in holy places and in holy people," he says, "quite apart from all religious creeds, and I felt a great confidence in the Saint that she would do me good." Wilfrid is cured, while professing in one breath his belief in her and his disbelief in life after death. Perhaps, he would reconcile the contradiction by the theory that only saints survive. The truth, no doubt, is that St. Winifred's poor suppliant was in a very bewildered state of mind. He still attends Mass, and in the Canon prayer invokes St. Winifred as his patron. Six months, later, in drizzle and fog, he makes his pilgrimage of thanksgiving. He hangs up his crutches in token of his cure, and kneels for ten minutes reciting the Penitential Psalms. "The scene inside of the shrine," he records, "was the most interesting I ever saw in Europe. Three men were being

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passed through the water, stark naked but for a slight bathing drawer around the loins. Each time, after passing, they knelt on the pavement, dripping wet and prayed aloud. A priest was reciting 'Hail Marys.' At the end of each Hail Mary: 'Holy Winifred, still, in an unbelieving age, miraculous.' The fervor of these naked men, one a mere bag of skin and bones, was tremendous. In the dim light of a foggy day, nothing at all congruous to the nineteenth century was visible. It was a thing wholly of the Middle Ages, the Dark Ages, the darkest of the Dark Ages, magnificent, touching—it brought tears to my eyes." Wilfrid remained faithful to St. Winifred after his fashion, for we find him, some years later, when shipwrecked in the Red Sea and in danger of death, saying his "usual prayers to the dead and to St. Winifred, who may help me as she did three years ago, a superstition which quiets the mind."

Wilfrid was then going on a pilgrimage to Mount Sinai on a ship that happened to carry a large number of Mohammedan pilgrims, bound for the shrines of Hedjaz. The wreck, however, caused him to abandon his pilgrimage, as he had a superstitition, he says, against continuing a journey in the face of a strong warning. On his return voyage, he dreamt he was in a terrible storm, sent by God, and heard a voice crying: "There are no pilgrims here to save you again by their prayers." "Struck with terror, I made my profession of faith: 'God is God and Mohammed is His prophet.'"

This journey seems to have ended the pilgrimages of Wilfrid Blunt. His interest in religion grew less and less, and hardened at last into stark unbelief and materialism. How prolonged, how hard was the agony of his faith! At last it lies dead and all quiet within him. So he would fain believe. Other troubled souls of the period, as they drew nearer to death, seemed to become more uneasy, as Huxley, who confesses his greater repugnance to the prospect of extinction; but Blunt comes to look upon annihilation, at least so he professes, no longer as an evil, but as a rest to be desired. He was in this frame of mind when he began his relations with Modernism. He had made the acquaintance of Father Tyrrell in 1900, before that unhappy priest had published any of the books which brought his orthodoxy into question. Blunt found him enlightened and outspoken, and parted from him on this first

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interview with the impression that, if forty years before he had met a priest of his intelligence and candor, his faith might have been saved. Tyrrell himself, however, was progressing rapidly on the road to unbelief, and came to look upon Blunt as a teacher.

Mr. Blunt's home became a little Mecca for modernists, who loved to find sympathy with their own views in the most unlikely quarters. Blunt urged Tyrrell to hold his ground, not to yield to either side, to those who wished him outside the Church as a liberal Catholic, or within as an obedient believer. Tyrrell's sudden death was a great blow to Blunt; pure materialist as he thought himself to be, he writes thus on seeing the dead priest: "There lay the dead heresiarch, as sad a little shard of humanity as ever my eyes saw. I could not have recognized it as the man I had known, so brilliant in his talk, so full of combative life, or, indeed, hardly as a man at all. The body, with its poor small fingers, was more like an accidental handful of shapeless clay than anything that had been alive. Pious hands had clothed him in surplice and stole, as befitted the priest he was, and there were two tapers lighted at his head. I knelt a minute or two beside him, and recited a *De Profundis*, and kissed the hem of his garment, and rose and went out, moved, as one could not help being moved, to tears of pity. It was so utter an ending."

Modernism died in England under the blows of Pius X., or lingered on only in obscure corners, with no voice raised in its defense. The publication of Tyrrell's *Life* removed from it what little credit it had ever had among Catholics. With it died all Blunt's interest in religion, and he threw himself more and more into eastern politics, particularly the cause of Egypt. Surely, Egypt owes him a monument. The noble and handsome figure of El Sheikh Blunt, riding forth on his Arab steed and in his flowing Arabian robes to defend the oppressed nations of the world, is one to tempt the finest chisel of genius. We may smile a bit, but his dream was noble, too noble, perhaps, for our eyes to behold in life, when the great nations of the world shall look on the weak, not as victims to be exploited, but as brothers to be helped. With all his faults, he was a brave and generous soul. Wilfrid ended by believing himself a total failure, a teacher without a single disciple. He saw no hope for a regenerated

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Islam, no future for the nations he had so long championed. "Why should I mind? I ask myself, but I find no answer." Sorrows multiply. His best friends die. Estrangements come. Illness and old age afflict him. When the war came, he saw the fulfillment of his prophecy, that ruin was the sure result of imperialism. Perhaps, he got a melancholy satisfaction in seeing the great governments that had partitioned Africa proclaiming themselves the friends of small nations, and Wilson inventing a new name for Blunt's old principle of self-determination. But he had long lost all faith in humanity. The pessimism of unbelief dyed the very substance of his thoughts. Terrible was the silent wrath of the soul, which will not be denied unavenged. Modern history shows no sadder example of a man without God and without hope in the world.

Wilfrid Blunt died Sunday, September 9th last, on his Newbuildings estate, in his eighty-third year. In accordance with the instructions of his will, the old Squire was carried by his men to a spot he had chosen in the wood; wrapped in his old eastern traveling carpet, he was consigned to Mother Earth, and buried without a prayer.

AFTER SAPPHO.

BY WILLIAM A. DRAKE.

EVENING, thou bringest all things home,
Though dawn hath scattered far their feet;
The sheep, wherever they may roam,
The goats from mountain pastures sweet;
To men, thy ageless boon of rest;
The tired child to its mother's breast.

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THE WHITE LADY.

BY W. E. WALSH.

VII.

LORD ARDILAUN was so flustered by the extraordinary episode which had made known to him the existence of a hitherto unheard-of cousin—a girl of unusual beauty and, seemingly, unusual character—that he had no exact memory afterwards of what had passed between them. She appeared so unexpectedly and departed so suddenly, that he found it difficult to believe the incident was real. It was only now he remembered that he did not even know her name.

It worried him, it shocked his sense of propriety, that one of his blood—a woman gently born—should be flying about the country like a sort of female "Pimpernel." He had urged her to stay with him, but she had only laughed and said: "I'd be sorry to hurt your reputation, my noble cousin. What would your British friends say if they knew you were harboring a rebel?"

The more he thought of it, the more it fretted him. After all, she was the granddaughter of Roger Vallancy who, but for a boyish imprudence, would have inherited both property and title. She had come secretly, like a trespasser, to the home that should have been her own. It was her second visit, she had told him. The first time it had been too dark to see the pictures—that had brought her back. She wanted to see, in particular, the portrait of the mother her grandfather had loved so dearly. By heaven! she needed no credentials to establish her own identity, for she was the living image of that beautiful woman!

Lord Ardilaun had worried himself into a fever, and was contemplating the impractical plan of going out in search of his mysterious kinswoman when, on the third day following her visit, the morning mail brought him a letter:

> Dear Cousin [she wrote], I have changed my mind, and I am going to accept your hospitality—not at the Castle, but at the Dower House. It was once the home of my people, and perhaps it would be right that, for a little while, I should live there. But, I warn you in advance, I may do things you will not approve of, and if your position as a loyal Briton is dear to you, you must send me word to go away, and I promise you I will obey. I shall be at the Dower House sometime tomorrow.
>
> Affectionately, DEIRDRE O'DONOVAN.

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Lord Ardilaun was animated by the best of motives in his desire to have his cousin near him. He hoped to be able to keep her from participation in the political struggle. He told himself that, when she knew more of the traditions of her family, she would realize the unseemliness of the course she was pursuing. Mrs. Delany, who was in charge of his household, was a gentlewoman, and she would, no doubt, be able to exert an influence over her.

When Gerald, of Ardilaun, saw his cousin again, she was seated on the terrace of the Dower House, with old Martin, in a high state of excitement, dancing attendance on her. It was a fragrant June morning. On the crumbling pillars, roses were climbing, and among the eaves, fretted by age and overgrown with ivy, birds were stirring and singing. As he crossed the wide lawn, her voice came to him, ringing with laughter. He thrilled as he heard it. It seemed to him that an exiled spirit had returned to the place. She was as much a part of this old-world setting as the roses which clung to the decaying stone. He knew that whatever happened, he would never look on this picture again without seeing her in it.

Something like this was in the girl's mind, too. She felt that she belonged there. It was her home, and she had come back to it after a long absence. She was trying to visualize the old man who had left it in his youth, banished and forbidden to return—trying to see him here as he was, and as he might have been. And while these thoughts possessed her, she turned and saw approaching one who might be a youthful reincarnation of him.

In the short interview she had had with him before, in the dim light indoors, she had not noted, as she did now, with the sunlight falling on his uncovered head, how much he resembled her grandfather. There were the same straight brows over a prominent nose, and the waving, abundant hair. The lines of the young man's face were softer; the hair was untouched with gray, and the figure broader and more upright—but in the play of her imagination, it would have been easy to believe that this was Roger Vallancy returned to the haunts of his boyhood.

She greeted her cousin with friendly eyes. She had a softer feeling for him than at their first meeting. She hoped that he would yet give her reason to think that he was not unworthy of the good man whose lineaments he had inherited.

"Are you going to send me away?" she asked as he came forward with extended hand.

"I am not," he answered. "I am going to keep you always,

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if I can. It is only now I have realized that this place has been waiting for you for a long time."

She flushed with pleasure at the sincerity of his tone.

"But please don't forget that I meant every word I said in my letter. But one purpose has brought me to Ireland, and nothing can alter that."

She stood before him with the light of an inspired devotion in her eyes. He was to learn that when she spoke of Ireland, it was as a crusader might speak of the Holy Grail. He was stirred by an exhilaration that had something of fear in it, but was reckless of consequences. In that rare light, in which she suffused him, his doubts were mean and contemptible.

The hours were winged periods. For Gerald, at least, a long silence and a long solitude were broken. For the first time, it seemed to him, he lived deeply and fully. A being from another world—one for whom he had been waiting, unconsciously, always—had come to him speaking a strange and beautiful tongue. He wanted nothing but to listen to her.

She told him of her life in the great American city, where the streets were like canyons between cliffs of brick and stone; but he could not picture her in such surroundings, lost in the labyrinths of teeming millions. She was too rare, too distinguished for such a setting. She told him of the little family in which the child was the only woman of the house—her mother had died when she was an infant—and of her relationship to the two men she loved—her father and her grandfather. She described the small apartment in Gramercy Park—once part of a greater home of wealth and fashion—where this oddly-assorted trio had been happy in the thought that they were working for Ireland: for when they were not earning a bare living, they were planning, or writing, or speaking publicly for the only cause that was dear to their hearts. It was there Roger Vallancy had died in the summer of 1916, breathing love for Ireland with his last breath. The Easter Rising, and its aftermath, had been too much for him. It was only after his death, she learned that he had insured his life in her favor—and it was this money which had enabled her to realize the dream of her life. Her father was now in Dublin, poring over precious Gaelic manuscripts in the library of Trinity College.

In the afternoon, they had visitors. Miss Nevill and Major Trench appeared without warning. They did not stay long because, as they explained, they were "on the run," which meant that they expected arrest. Major Trench had a new car—a Rolls-Royce, the latest and fastest model—and he wanted to leave it in

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Lord Ardilaun's garage for a day or two. They were going up the river—the major's motor launch would call for them.

Deirdre was very quiet after they had gone. Gerald knew that she was fretting about them, and when he spoke to her, she acknowledged it.

"It's not right that they should be in danger and I not with them," she said. "They will be taken, while I am living at ease, sheltered by your name."

Gerald tried to comfort her.

"It's not at all likely," he said, "that Molly Nevill's brother would have her arrested."

"You don't understand," she replied. "They'll not put *her* in gaol. She'll be taken away to a place in England where she'll have no more freedom than if she were in gaol. But they'll put *him* in the worst prison they've got, and they'll kill him with hardship the way they killed poor Pierce McCan—and she knows it, and that's what's troubling her. The people think more of Alan Trench than of any other man in Ireland, and that's his greatest danger. The Government knows that they will do whatever he says, and that he'll never compromise."

Then she told him something that she was not sure she ought to divulge: Alan and Molly were man and wife; they had been married that morning at his place, in Ballyclare. It was a daring thing to do; but Alan was determined that the ceremony should take place where his people before him for many generations had been married. The Constabulary kept constant watch on the house, but he arranged that they should be occupied elsewhere on this occasion. An assault on the barracks was staged, and information of it was allowed to leak out. Alan and Molly came down from Dublin during the night, took the Anglican Rector from his bed in the gray of dawn, and—while the police were engaged in repelling a very feeble attack, in which no one on either side was hurt—they were married peacefully in the drawing-room of the Manor. Cards were sent to the District Inspector and others, and the whole countryside was laughing.

Major Trench was fond of such exploits. He took a mischievous pleasure in outwitting the enemy. Many stories of his audacity were current, some of which were true, and others the product of the inventive genius of his friends. Once, when they were looking for him in Dublin, he put a uniform on and helped them in the search. Bets were freely made in the clubs as to how long he would evade capture.

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VIII.

Lord Ardilaun was not yet awake when a message was brought to him from Martin O'Gara on the following morning. The old man had been enjoined by his lordship to take care of their visitor, and a room had been given him in the Dower House. Martin was in the seventh heaven! When he was presented to her by his master, who told her something of his history, he stood before her with trembling limbs and such a look on his face as he might have offered to the Blessed Virgin. Thereafter he went about talking to himself, praising God that he had been spared to see her, and going over in his mind the question he would ask when a good opportunity arose.

He was at the Castle about seven in the morning, in a very excited state. His lordship must be called at once. The police were watching the house. They might break in at any moment —anything was possible. He shook with rage when he pictured them laying hands on her. When Mrs. Delany had promised to deliver the message instantly, he hurried back to the Dower House.

When Lord Ardilaun, hastily and incompletely dressed, came out on the terrace, he found the District Inspector waiting for him. The official saluted him with a somewhat shamefaced smile.

"I hope I'm not disturbing your lordship," he said. "I've been waiting a while, the way I'd not be taking you out of your bed."

"What's on your mind, Sharpe? Has the 'Castle' got me on its blacklist?"

The D. I. C. waved his hand deprecatingly. His task was not an agreeable one.

"Nothing of the kind, sir, and I'm hoping they'll have no reason to do that. But I think your lordship knows who I'm after. There's no one could be sorrier than I am, for Major Trench is a gentleman, but I think he is making a mistake in joining up with a lot of rascally Sinn Feiners."

"Quite so, Sharpe. Perhaps the major will give you his reasons when you get him. In the meantime, you ought to know that he is not here. He paid us a short call yesterday, to give us a chance to congratulate him. You heard of his wedding, I've no doubt."

The inspector smiled a sickly smile, and explained that he was aware that Major Trench and his bride had gone up the river in his launch after his call on his lordship, but he was led to

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believe that they had come back and taken shelter in the Dower House again. Lord Ardilaun assured him that his information was inaccurate, but the inspector was sorry to say that, while he didn't doubt his lordship's word at all, he had orders to search both buildings, and he must do his duty.

Lord Ardilaun had no reason to complain of the conduct of the Constabulary under Inspector Sharpe. The inspection of the Castle was more or less perfunctory, but at the Dower House a very thorough search was made. His lordship watched the proceedings with an amused smile. It was evident that the ancient keep was under suspicion. Even the cellar was ransacked with lighted candles; they left no hole or corner unexplored. But while the work was done thoroughly, there was no insolence, no provocation, such as he had witnessed more than once in the towns.

There was one person who found nothing amusing in the situation. Deirdre received the inspector with a stony gaze which ignored his existence. After the first glance, she never looked at him again, nor at any of his men. Lord Ardilaun treated the matter as a joke, and when the police were gone, he laughed over his cousin's attitude towards the inspector.

"I shouldn't have believed that you could look so wicked," he said, "and there was a moment when I saw that your hands were shaking. If Sharpe had looked at you then, he'd have been sure that we were hiding the major."

Deirdre allowed her work to drop into her lap. A faint color crept into her cheeks, and she looked at her cousin with a peculiar smile.

"Do you remember what the men were doing about that time?" she asked.

"What were they doing!" he repeated. "Oh, poking about the room. No, by Jove! I remember now, one of them was hammering on the wall, as if he thought—oh, heavens!"

He stared at his cousin like one who sees a ghost.

At this moment someone entered the hall and, as Deirdre put her finger quickly to her lips, Martin O'Gara appeared at the door. Lord Ardilaun told him to come in, and the old man advanced slowly, his eyes fastened adoringly on the young lady.

"Have they gone?" she asked in a whisper when he was quite near.

"They have, m'lady."

"Are you sure that none have stayed behind?"

"Quite sure, m'lady. I watched them go, and I've been over the grounds since."

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"We're depending on you, Martin, *'agrad*," she said softly.

The old man straightened his bent form, and his eyes gleamed mistily.

"Never you fear, m'lady, there's none'll come near the house without I'll be givin' you warnin'."

When Martin had departed, Deirdre faced her cousin again with that strange smile on her lips.

"Gerald," she said, "I'm going to show you how much I trust you."

She went to the window and stood for a moment looking out over the river. His lordship watched her in puzzled silence. She turned suddenly and crossed the room to her great-grandmother's portrait. She grasped the heavy molding of the frame and tugged at it. The picture swung forward and stood at a right angle to the wall. She knocked thrice on a panel and ran her fingers along its fluted edge. The panel slid away and disclosed a cavity. Lord Ardilaun gasped as he saw a stooped figure emerge and turn to help another through the opening.

His guests of the previous evening stood before him, hand in hand. Deirdre indicated their presence with a sweeping gesture. She laughed, but there was an undercurrent of nervousness in her laughter:

"My lord," she said, "it is evident that you do not know the hospitable capacity of your house."

Major Trench waved his free hand negligently:

"Here we are again, old chap—circumstances over which we had no control, y'know. Hope we are not wearing out our welcome."

IX.

Lord Ardilaun and his cousin were on their way to Ballyclare. Major Trench wanted to have a message delivered to his housekeeper, and Deirdre saw an opportunity to gratify a desire of her own, and to give the honeymooners a day to themselves at the Dower House. There would be no risk in this mission, for they would not go near the Manor. They would have luncheon at the Clare Arms, and their host would take the message and see that it was delivered. In the meantime, Alan and his wife would enjoy themselves without a care, for Martin O'Gara would be on guard, and they had a safe refuge at hand.

Deirdre was in high spirits. She had suggested to her cousin that they should ride, for she preferred a horse to a motor,

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She had learned to ride almost as soon as she was able to walk. Roger Vallancy's knowledge of horses was the one thing he had been able to turn to commercial advantage, and at that time he still retained an interest in a Riding School he had established many years before. The girl was aquiver with an overflowing sense of happiness, which she did not try to analyze. Yet there was reason enough apparent. She breathed deeply the beauty of a fragrant world: the air was sweet with the smell of flowering hawthorn, and the sun's warmth on her cheek was like the touch of caressing fingers. She loved horses, and she was riding the kind of beast she had dreamed of all her life—a perfect creature, instinct with grace. Add to this that she was not unconscious—as, normally, no young woman is—of her own fitness to complement the picture.

Lord Ardilaun, gazing wraptly, was quite sure there never had been anything in the world so beautiful. He was afraid to speak—he was almost afraid to breathe. He had a whimsical fancy that if he did, she might vanish like a creature of the *Sidhe*. He let her ride a little in front of him, that he might feast his eyes on her. When they mounted a gentle incline, the blue of the sky made an enchanting background for her head, and the sun worked magic in her hair—yesterday it was dark, but today it was a nest of golden lights.

She turned and looked at him, and the bewildering depth of her eyes caught his breath away. She was saying to him, wordlessly: "Gerald, this is my country—my Ireland—and I love it; and I love you a little, I think, because—because—you have not disappointed me." Something of this message, vaguely and confusedly, he must have got, for he had an insane impulse to commit an act of egregious folly, that would destroy their good understanding and frighten her away from him. He was suddenly aware of a vast loneliness. He said to himself in despair: "Oh, God! What will I do if she leaves me?"

When they were at luncheon, at Ballyclare, she tried to tell him how grateful she was for his invitation to her friends to remain at the Dower House, but he would not listen to her.

"I don't want you to thank me for that," he said, "because your thanks implies that you thought me a poor kind of creature—and I don't think I was ever so bad that I would have refused them shelter—but there's one thing I wish you'd tell me: why did they come back, and when? I asked you that question yesterday, but you didn't answer it."

"I know," she said. I wanted to ask Molly if I might tell

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you about it. She has given me permission. They have a hiding place up the river—on Lough Derg. The police have never been able to find it; but they are very active now. Alan had a close call yesterday. Sharpe and his men were waiting for him in the lake. At a certain point, he was signaled from the shore, and decided to return. Sharpe must have got word that he had turned back, for he followed. In the meantime, Alan and Molly had the launch hidden and had come to us. The police were watching the house all night; I imagine they felt quite sure they had him."

"But how did Alan know about the secret place?"

"It was I who told him," she answered.

"But how did you know of it? Why, even to me it had been only a fable, and I had completely forgotten it."

His cousin laughed, delighted.

"Isn't it strange!" she cried, "and I have known about it all my life. I can't remember a time when I wasn't dreaming about that wonderful place and building stories around it. Of course, my grandfather told me of it—and many thrilling tales of the priest-hunters. What kind of a boy were you at all—that you never tried to find it?"

"I was a queer, lonesome kind of lad, I think, and a horrid little coward. You see, I had no brothers and sisters to knock courage into me. The Dower House was supposed to be haunted, and the servants wouldn't go near it. Old Martin told me of the secret chamber, but I don't think he knew himself where to look for the panel. Anyhow, I went away to school in England and forgot it. But how did you manage to discover it so quickly?"

She laughed again, with a childish enjoyment of her triumph.

"It was very simple—I knew exactly where to look. It was the first thing I did that evening when I frightened poor Martin out of his wits. The picture was not very difficult to move, but to open the panel was another matter. Luckily, Alan always carries a sort of burglar's kit. He says he never knows when he may need it. Anyhow, we got it open at last, and Alan scraped and oiled it until it worked quite freely. Wasn't it a bit of luck that we were able to get it ready that evening?"

X.

They left the town behind, making their way slowly homeward. The horses sidled together like good comrades, biting playfully at each other. Lord Ardilaun gazed furtively at the

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curve of Deirdre's cheek. The sun was going down, and the world was bathed in a magic light.

They turned into a lane on the edge of a plantation, taking a short cut to the river. The lane led through a little wood where clumps of hawthorn sent out waves of perfume. Between the trees they had enchanting glimpses of the stream and of slopes carpeted with golden whin. They came out on a clearing overlooking the road and the valley of the river.

How peaceful—how serenely beautiful it was! How was it possible that violence and cruelty could exist in such a world? To this thought, that was in the hearts of both of them, there came a sudden and shocking answer. The peace was shattered by a cry of human anguish. Lord Ardilaun, turning startled eyes on his cousin, saw that her face was livid. Before he had time to utter a word, she plunged away from him, beating wildly at the mare's flank. As he followed, he discovered the cause.

In the middle of the stream was a man struggling for life. On the shore, others were running frantically back and forth, and a few yards away two soldiers stood with leveled rifles. As one of the onlookers, calmer than the rest, ran with a long pole in his hands into the river, a soldier fired. The bullet skipped on the water in front of him, and he dropped the pole hastily and retreated.

When Ardilaun's horse cleared the road, Deirdre was charging the soldier who had just fired, and he caught a glimpse of a face white and set and eyes that blazed with anger. The soldier turned as she was almost on him, but he went down without a word and lay motionless. His companion, who had called a belated warning to him, cursed savagely and, raising his rifle as the girl swept by, took deliberate aim. Lord Ardilaun prayed heartily, if briefly, for the first time in his life, perhaps—but he followed it up with a roar of such commanding authority, sounding a note he had often used to his men in Flanders, that was probably more effective than the prayer. The gun-barrel wavered and descended, but before the fellow could look around, his lordship brought him to earth with a swinging blow from the butt of his riding-crop.

A quick glance told him that no imminent danger threatened his cousin. He leaped from his horse, and, taking the guns of the disabled soldiers, dropped them into the river. By this time, Deirdre had ridden into the stream, and the mare was swimming towards the almost exhausted man who, clinging desperately to life, had managed to keep himself afloat. Lord Ardilaun followed, but before he reached her side, the man was al-

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ready clinging to her stirrup, and the plucky little mare had turned and was doing her best to get back to shore.

Together they brought him in. His friends ran out waist-deep to take him, with praises and endless blessings for the rescuers. They knew his lordship, and they assured him that the men of Clare would never forget his heroic conduct—never, till the end of time; as for the young lady, words failed them: her like for courage and beauty was never seen—not all the famous Queens of Ireland—not Maeve herself—could equal her!

All this was very pleasant, but there was a more serious matter to consider. One of the soldiers had a broken leg and must be cared for. This was the one Deirdre had run down; the other needed only a dash of cold water to bring him to his senses, and he was tractable enough now that the odds were against him. The materials for temporary splints were found, and Lord Ardilaun bandaged the leg and made the injured man as comfortable as possible. His companion was sent away to fetch medical aid and a stretcher from the barracks.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Keane was telling his story. Jimmy was married and lived at Ballyclare, but his old father and mother were still on their bit of land across the river. This morning he had got word that his mother was ill, and when his work was finished, he had tried to cross by the bridge. He ought to have known better, but he thought, considering the reason he had, that the soldiers might let him pass. They refused, and in the argument that followed, he had been beaten and thrown over the rail into the river. His lordship knew the rest. Jimmy's face gave evidence of the truth of his story: his lips were cut, and one eye was swollen and discolored.

"It's a quare country to live in," he said bitterly, "where a man would be destroyed for reason of wanting to see his old mother, and she at the edge of death. And, sure, in the final end, it's myself will pass away before her. It's marked for destruction I am by the token of what's happened today. Yer honor can guess what they will be doing to me if they ketch me after this. I'll be another was 'shot trying to escape.'"

XI.

"You can be quite sure of one thing, Ardilaun; they will come after you, and unless I'm greatly mistaken, they will come for you tonight. There are too many of our class going over to the people, and they're bound to make an example of a man like you. Take my advice, and come with us."

The speaker was Major Trench. Lord Ardilaun and his

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cousin had just returned, and Deirdre had gone to her room to change her wet clothes. Mrs. Trench was with her. Lord Ardilaun looked thoughtfully at his companion and shook his head.

"Sorry, I can't see it your way, Major. I've done only what any decent citizen ought to do, no matter what his political convictions may be—prevented a dastardly crime. If I am arrested, so much the better; it will give me a chance to tell them what I think of the system, and I shall get all the publicity possible."

"My dear chap, what is the use of blinking facts? The truth is never made public in Ireland. The story that the other side will tell, is the one that will be made known, and it will be just sufficiently different to put you in the wrong. Listen to this: Jimmy Keane tries to cross without a permit. When he is stopped, he jumps into the river and attempts to swim across. A soldier fires a bullet in front of him, to frighten him, whereupon you and your cousin attack the soldier, who is merely doing his duty, and inflict grievous bodily injury on him. How does that sound? Plausible, isn't it?—and your version will never be heard."

Lord Ardilaun looked doubtful for a moment; but he shook his head again, stubbornly. He had committed no crime, and he was not going to run away like a criminal. They could not dispose of him as they would of Jimmy Keane. He had influence, and he would exert it to the limit. There were good lawyers to be had, and he would make the truth known if it cost him every shilling he owned.

Major Trench was not one to waste argument on a man who would not be convinced, especially as he was risking his own freedom every moment that he remained with him. He was anxious to save Ardilaun from arrest, all the more now that it seemed likely his cousin would be able to convert him to the cause; but he was still more anxious that Deirdre should not be taken. She was too valuable to lose, and he knew that since she had brought this trouble on him, she would not leave him to face it alone. The only thing that remained was to save them in spite of themselves. He had an idea—he wasn't at all sure it was possible—but it might be worth risking, if circumstances were favorable.

He called to his wife that they must be going. When Ardilaun suggested that they should stay and make use of the secret chamber, if necessary, he declined, and told his lordship that he was hoping he would think over what had been said, and use the room himself, if the occasion should arise.

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It was after midnight when old Martin came to tell his master that the police were coming. He was devoutly thankful then that he had decided to stay at the Dower House. Of course, they would come here first, and it was a good thing that he was here to receive them. Deirdre was in bed, sleeping, by this time, he hoped. If it was only himself they were looking for, he would go quietly with them, and she need not be disturbed. He would leave a message for her with Martin.

He put on cap and coat and went out softly to the terrace. The stars were shining brightly. He could see them dimly, marching silently in double file between the trees. He counted ten of them, and the inspector at the head of the line—he knew his thin, erect figure. As they came across the lawn, he went down the wide steps to meet them. He leaned against the stone balustrade, waiting for them.

"Well, Sharpe, I suppose it's myself you're wanting this time."

The inspector saluted and hesitated for an instant.

"Begging your pardon, my lord, it's the young lady."

"What?"

Lord Ardilaun's heart sank.

"Word has come from Dublin, sir, that they've been looking for her. The little affair this afternoon told them where she was."

"Am I to understand that you have orders to arrest her, and not myself?"

"Those are my orders, my lord."

His lordship felt the blood rushing to his head. He made a desperate effort to control himself. He had considered it possible—even probable—that a warrant would be issued for her, but he had foreseen merely a formal charge which he would answer and give bonds for her appearance in due time. Coming at this hour, he had been quite sure that they wanted only himself—but now, the thing had a different aspect. Bail might be refused. The thought of what might happen set his blood boiling.

"Come inside," he said, shortly, and turned away.

As he mounted the steps, Sharpe said a few words to his men. Four of them followed him, and the others divided and went away to either side of the house.

Lord Ardilaun opened the library door and allowed the inspector and his men to pass through. He followed, closed the door behind him, and switched on the lights. The men ranged themselves silently along the wall, and Sharpe stood, grim and

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erect, by the library table. His lordship walked over to the hearth, in which a fire was still burning and, turning his back to it, faced the inspector.

"If it is for my cousin you have come, will you be good enough to tell me why you have come at this hour?"

The inspector moved uneasily from one foot to the other.

"I am sorry," he said, "but your lordship knows that a man in my position cannot question orders."

The other cut him short peremptorily.

"I don't know anything of the kind. I know that you are inspector of this district, and that, as such, you have authority to use your own discretion on such a point. Here is a woman, gently born—my cousin—and because she would not stand by and see an inoffensive fellow-creature drowned like a rat, by brutal soldiers, she is to be dragged from her bed in the middle of the night. Do you think I will permit it, Sharpe?"

"You cannot defy the law, my lord."

"When the law undertakes to perpetrate such an outrage, I can, and will. You may wait here until morning, if you wish, and my cousin and I will then go willingly with you."

"My lord, my orders are positive. I must take the young lady into custody at once. It is not because of the attack on the soldiers—there is something more than this. Dublin has telegraphed instructions, and we must obey."

Lord Ardilaun was silent for a moment. The blood was throbbing dangerously in his temples. A smoldering fury burned in him. Why had he not brought a revolver with him? He was ready to kill, or be killed—but she should not suffer indignity while he was alive. He stood and picked the tongs from the hearth. He moved over and placed his back against the door.

"I shall not allow my cousin to be disturbed before the morning," he said coldly.

Inspector Sharpe was angry and perplexed. There was something wrong with a situation which ranged the landed gentry against him. He admired and respected his lordship—to lay hands on him seemed almost like sacrilege—but how was it to be avoided?

"My lord," he said, after a long pause, "I shall give you five minutes to think it over. If you will not listen to reason, you will force me to do what will be very disagreeable to both of us." He drew his revolver from its holster as he spoke. "You do not understand the situation, I think. This young lady is working for Sinn Fein—she is valuable to them. At this moment, they

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may know that I am here—and before morning they may come in force to—"

The inspector's sentence was cut off suddenly and dramatically. A voice called briskly from a window behind him.

"Quite right, Sharpe—only you don't do full justice to our efficiency—we were here before you. Don't stir—don't turn—we have every man covered. Careful, Sharpe! I have a nervous trigger-finger—I shouldn't like to put a bullet between your shoulders. Hands up, there—you four—*quick*, I say—do you want to die in your boots?"

Four pair of eyes stared, aghast, at the window. Four pair of hands went up. Sharpe stood with sagging shoulders—a figure of despair. He knew that snapping voice, and he knew its owner would shoot swiftly and surely. He saw inwardly the picture he dared not turn his head to see. The voice rang out again, clear and compelling.

"Hand your weapon to Lord Ardilaun, Inspector. Will you kindly take it, Ardilaun? Thank you! Cheer up, Sharpe, there's no disgrace in being taken this way—we had you on the hip. Thoughtless of you, though, to scatter your men—you made it very easy for us. They're safely locked in the stable."

Major Trench threw his legs over the sill and dropped lightly into the room.

"Come in, Michael, and disarm these warriors," he called back. "Come around by the door, Molly—and bring Deirdre along." He turned to his lordship: "This little comedy was for your benefit, Ardilaun. Deirdre was afraid that Sharpe might so far overcome his respect for the aristocracy as to lay hands on you, or even shoot you—otherwise, it would have been simpler to let you finish your argument with him."

When Michael had collected the weapons of the police, Sean came down from the window and joined him. Martin O'Gara opened the door of the library and ushered in Deirdre and Mrs. Trench. Lord Ardilaun stared when he saw that his cousin was fully dressed. She went directly to him and put her hand on his arm. They looked into each other's eyes for a moment. His lordship's heart was beating rapidly. The girl caught her breath in a little gasp of relief.

"Oh!" she said. "You shouldn't have done it, Gerald. They would have shot you if Alan hadn't come."

Lord Ardilaun put his hand over hers and held it tight. He'd have been shot willingly for the joy of this moment.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"I didn't go to bed. I was sure something would happen.

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I heard you go out and I followed and listened at the door. I heard what Sharpe said. If they weren't going to arrest you, I didn't mind running away. I ran back to my room and dropped from the window, just in time. As I reached the shrubbery, a policeman came round the corner of the house. I found Alan and the others in the shrubbery."

Major Trench was talking to Michael, while Sean kept an eye on the prisoners.

"Drop them anywhere you like, Michael—the farther away, the better—but don't lose any time. Meet me at the usual place —we'll be waiting for you at the landing. I'll take Sharpe with me and put him ashore a few miles up the river."

Michael and Sean, herding the four policemen in front of them at the point of their revolvers, left the room. Major Trench turned to the others:

"Come, my children, there's no time for mooning or spooning; are you coming, Ardilaun?"

His lordship looked at his cousin, whose hand he was still holding. She shook her head slowly, as if in answer to a question.

"It is you who must decide, Gerald," she whispered, but her eyes never left his.

The major laid his hand on the drooping inspector's shoulder.

"I'm going to give you a long walk, Sharpe, before breakfast, and I'm hoping that you'll think seriously about quitting the R. I. C. You're as decent a man as anyone can be who comes from Antrim, and I've got a job for you when you've sent in your resignation."

Lord Ardilaun whispered something to his cousin, and the girl, with a sudden, impetuous movement, bent and kissed the hand which held hers. His lordship had, fortunately, another hand unoccupied—and he, too, could be impetuous.

Deirdre freed herself gently, and lifted a flushed face, and eyes that were dim with happy tears.

"My lord," she said, "Roger Vallancy is at peace tonight."

[CONCLUDED.]

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The Ball and the Cross.

The BALL AND THE CROSS *is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, the* WORLD AND THE FAITH. *It is our intention to publish monthly in this department two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

THE CHRIST-CHILD IN NICARAGUA.

THROUGHOUT the entire world the birth of the Christ-Child will soon be observed, but perhaps nowhere is there a more beautiful custom than will take place in the old Spanish churches of Central America. It was the privilege of a Boston woman to attend one of these services in the little town of Matagalpa, which lies one hundred and twenty miles from a railroad, up in the mountains of Nicaragua.

All roads led to the old cathedral on Christmas eve. Kneeling on the stone floor before the flower-decked altar of the Blessed Virgin was a picturesque throng, Indian and Spanish men, women, and children—even the dogs were not unwelcome, but wandered at will among the worshippers. Hundreds of candles illuminated the big, gray adobe church, the masses of tropical flowers, the gay colors of the silken reboses on the heads of the women made brilliant patches in the soft light. Only for the chosen few were seats provided. These were ordinary chairs, which had been kept in reserve for the owners by means of a chain stretched from arm to arm, and fastened with a padlock. All evening long, from nine o'clock until twelve, the ordinary folk knelt on the hard stone floor, making their devotions.

While this service was being held, the priest, taking the image of the Christ-Child from its sacred place, gave it to his messenger, and bade him carry it to a certain home in the town. In every home in Matagalpa there was an empty cradle awaiting the coming of the Christ-Child, but no one except the priest and the messenger knew who was to be honored that night. Kneeling and praying, the worshippers awaited the pealing of the midnight bells, which told them the Babe had found a resting place, then, with shouts of joy and expectation, they ran, first to their own home, and then, in groups, from house to house seeking the "newborn Babe."

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Close by the church, we entered an adobe house to find the long, low front room divided in half by a low bank of palms and masses of flowers, along the sides and across the back the decorations were the same, only the palms reached to the ceiling and the flowers were in greater profusion. The carpet in this enclosure was unique and very lovely. Matting had been wet and sprinkled with oats, which had sprouted, and by this time were about three inches high, making the most exquisite floor cover imaginable. A path of flower petals led from the front of the room to the tall palms and flowers at the back, and there, festooned with tiny pink rosebuds and white lilies, was the cradle awaiting the Christ-Child. Large stones had been placed here and there under the matting to raise it, and on these "mountains" small trees were placed. To make them appear like the mountains around Matagalpa, they had fashioned little brown monkeys of clay, which were playing in the trees, while prowling, very lifelike, were miniature tigers and lions. Village scenes were also depicted, women grinding corn and making tortillas.

Leaving the house for a time, we searched in vain, passing through street after street, but, at last, we saw a great crowd kneeling before a very humble home. A poor woman, for the sake of her little child, who had died, had spent her all in preparing her home for this other Babe Who might come, and there, in one of the lowliest homes in Matagalpa, to a childless mother, came the Christ-Child as a comfort and guest.

CATHOLICISM IN SCOTLAND.

WHEN Protestantism dies in Scotland, it will be dead "intirely." There is no country in which the Protestant religion was accepted more completely, or has held on more tenaciously. But even Scotland has begun to show the signs of reconversion to the ancient faith. Recently, in connection with a general census of Great Britain, an interesting document came to light concerning the number of Catholics in Scotland about a hundred and thirty years ago. The contrast with the present number is illuminating and very hopeful. The registrar-general in charge of the new census, happened upon a computation of the relative number of Protestants and Catholics in Scotland, made in 1755 by a certain minister of the Kirk, Rev. Alexander Webster, of Edinburgh. It seems that at that date there was not a single Catholic in Glasgow, whereas now there are approximately 500,000. In many smaller towns and "parishes," according to the minister's

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calculations, Catholics were all but non-existent. There were 12 Catholics in Solway Firth and 889 Protestants; there were 85 Catholics and 814 Protestants in Buittle, and only 22 Catholics out of a population of more than 5,000 in Dumfries. In Maxwellton, the proportion of Catholics was slightly higher, 118 out of about 1,331. There was only one Catholic in the town of Paisley, and only three in Dundee, which at that time had a population of 12,477. Aberdeen had only 135 Catholics.

Naturally, in the Highlands, Catholics were more numerous. In the parish of Ardnamurchan, from which Catholicism had never been expelled, there were 2,300 Catholics and 2,700 Protestants. Altogether there were only 16,490 Catholics in Scotland. Today there are over 600,000.

But even more conspicuous than the Catholic increase, is the Protestant decrease. Only half of the total population of 4,888,000 attend religious service of any kind. Consequently, Catholics already form one quarter of the church-going population. In the area of the Synod of Glasgow, the general population increased by 87,000 in ten years, but the number of Protestant churches decreased by five. In Glasgow city there was in the same period an increase of 25,000 people and a decrease of three churches.

The number of marriages and of school children in Scotland is even more favorable to Catholicism. In 1907, there were 2,555 Catholic marriages. In 1921, there were 5,894. The number of Catholic school children increased 1,037 in two years, while the number of Protestant school children decreased 1,812. In Dundee, in the same two years, the Catholic school children gained by 176 and the Protestant school children lost by 873. In Edinburgh, for the same period, the Catholic increase was 175, and the Protestant decrease 1,389. Those who would belittle the importance of the Catholic gain may say that it is due, not to conversion, but to the immigration of the Irish. Be that as it may, the fact is that since 1755, while the general population of Scotland has multiplied six times, the Catholic population has multiplied forty times.

Evidently, the Church has reason to be hopeful, even in the home of John Knox, the last stronghold of the most vigorous form of the Protestant religion.

Mr. J. S. Phillimore, writing on this topic in the *Dublin Review* (October), makes a remark that is full of significance for the revival of Catholicism, not only in Scotland, but in every Protestant country: "Of all the circumstances, none is more full of encouragement than this; the Catholic case welcomes and demands light, critical inquiry, re-trial of judgments; the Protestant

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position is rooted in obscurantism and the sanctity of the *chose jugée.*"

Here, evidently, is the precise reverse of the usual opinion. Yet, upon observation, the fact becomes evident; the countries that accepted the "Reformation" can scarcely afford to reconsider the cause of the break with the Catholic Church. Reconsideration leads to reconversion. The Catholic Church waits. She can afford to wait. Her appeal is to time, as well as to truth. And time is a test of truth.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN LATVIA.

ON the shores of the Baltic, I was speaking with a woman of Latvia. She had spoken warmly—or had she trumpeted?—her praise of the marriage code passed by the Latvian Constituent Assembly in February of 1921, and her enthusiasm had given rise, on my part, to a curiosity which, while it by no means equaled her satisfaction with the law, did at least evoke eager questioning. Had I indeed found in this brand-new republic the last word, the *ultima Thule* of wisdom, on the most sacred, the most important of human relationships? "Explain this code to me," I said.

"I shall explain the law by telling you what it means to me, for instance," she said. "Understand, then, that for twenty-five years —for twenty-five years, mind you—I have hated my husband—think of living that long with a man you hate!—and now" (joyously), "I'm going to get rid of him." "You are going to divorce him? On what ground?" "On what ground?"—surprise at my slow wit—"but I have told you—on the ground that I hate him and don't want to be his wife any longer, of course." After that, I read the law and inquired into the circumstances of its passage, and my melancholy conclusion was that in Latvia there must be many wives who hate their husbands.

There were other reasons, besides the elation of my Lettish acquaintance, to be curious about the marriage code. The Letts were newcomers, and interesting in the way that newcomers always are. When a family moves into a community, the neighbors watch the unpacking of the furniture, appraise the books and pictures, and wonder whether these people will raise or lower the town's moral and cultural tone. The Letts were unpacking their furniture: for centuries they had been under, first, German, then Russian, rule; after the armistice, they became an independent nation. The marriage code was one of their first attempts to express their own ideas as to how society should be constructed,

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a clue as to the kind of influence which this new family would exert in the community.

But the thing which lent most interest to the law was the fact that the women, as I was given to understand, had had so much to do with its passage. When independence was declared, the women of Latvia were given the ballot and made equal partners with the men in the government of the country. Presumably, then, the code passed by the Assembly reflects the views of a very large section of the women of Latvia.

The new code makes it by no means easy to take a husband or a wife in Latvia. Hasty or clandestine marriages are impossible. The law altogether prohibits the marriage of men under eighteen years of age, of women under sixteen, and of persons of both sexes afflicted with venereal diseases in a contagious state. Persons under legal age may not marry without the consent of their parents or guardians, but if this be refused without good reason, the court may authorize the marriage. Banns of matrimony, (here, as well as in prohibiting clandestine marriages, Latvia has borrowed from the age-proved wisdom of the Church), must be published for a period of two weeks in the local registry of marriages at the dwelling place of both the bridegroom and the bride. Application for publication of the banns must be documented with numerous certificates covering all conditions legally prerequisite to the marriage. Those guilty of false declarations are to be punished in accordance with the penal code. If the candidates have complied with the law at every step and none of the various documents discloses a legal barrier to marriage, they may go forth and marry, either in a registry of marriages or before a clergyman of any creed.

Marriage by proxy is forbidden. Both parties must be present in person, attended by two witnesses of legal age. If marriage be entered into before the manager of a registry office, the ceremony must take place in public in the rooms of the registry; outside the office, the manager may unite people in marriage only when sickness prevents one of the parties from coming to the registry. Marriages not contracted before a clergyman or in a registry office—with the above exception—are declared null.

From all this, it might appear that the majority of the Constituent Assembly had a high conception of marriage. Certainly, it did some things very well. Nevertheless, the majority of the Assembly appears to have had a very low conception of marriage. It looked upon it not only as a mere civil contract, but as one without any binding force whatever. It revealed its mind, not in making marriage difficult, but in making divorce childishly easy.

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But perhaps, after all, we ought to pay the Letts the compliment of saying that they are not hypocritical. What we do under false pretenses, they do openly. When an American and his wife both want a divorce, but have no legal ground, they are put to the trouble of inventing a fiction. The husband is accused of cruel and inhuman treatment, whereas he may consent to divorce because he is intimidated by his wife. In Latvia, husband and wife merely say to the court: "We want a divorce." If the court asks why, they may reply that that is no concern of his. And, under the marriage code, it *is* no concern of his; the joint plaintiffs are under no obligation to assign any reason whatever. The court's duty is to invite husband and wife to be friendly again, and then, if they refuse, to grant the divorce.

Divorce is also granted on the usual grounds of infidelity, abandonment, cruel treatment, and the like. A marriage may be dissolved if husband and wife have lived apart uninterruptedly for a period of three years; if either is afflicted with a lingering mental or contagious disease difficult to cure; if either is sterile in the marriage relation, physically unfit to discharge the marriage debt, or feels a repugnance against sustaining the relation of husband or wife towards the other. It was not difficult, one imagines, for the woman who had hated her husband for twenty-five years to find a ground for divorce. It is a poor law, however, even a poor divorce law, which does not reveal at least some evidence that those who wrote it did not go as far as they might have gone. They could have won noisy applause from America by providing for the dissolution of marriages when either party insisted on more than two children. What they did provide was that either might seek divorce if the other avoided bringing children into the world. The Letts, apparently, are not parties to the international conference on the limitation of progeny.

That portion of the code relating to divorce is disappointing, but not surprising. Legislatures, as a rule, are not concerned to guard the sanctity of marriage as a sacrament, even if the safety of the state and the material welfare of society do demand the preservation of the defenses built around marriage. To the Catholics of Latvia, these sections of the code must be particularly distasteful. With genuine social progress, neither a Lettish nor any other Catholic can maintain a quarrel; with social changes which begin with the breaking of the Commandments, no Catholic can maintain peace.

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Editorial Comment.

A Judge As Literary Critic.

"THERE are no bad books. There are no good books. There are only badly-written books, and well-written books." The words are the words of Oscar Wilde. The sentiment is that of a majority of the *literati*, and of a considerable number of publishers. That fact becomes obvious whenever a test case arises. Recently, there was a suit-at-law, brought by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, against a publishing firm which has specialized in producing morally obnoxious books. The volume chosen as particularly offensive, is a translation of the *Satyricon* of Petronius. The Society alleged that the publishers had violated the law against obscene literature. The court decided in favor of the publishers.

Whereupon Mr. Sumner, Secretary of the Society, declared that "no other book which has received the sanction of the courts is anything like the *Satyricon*. Criminal acts are therein described in the bluntest language. A man who would repeat phrases from it on the street corner might be sent to jail for six months. The *Decameron* is a Sunday School book beside it. If this decision holds, anything that has ever been written by anybody may be safely printed and circulated."

Neither the magistrate nor the publishers deny that the *Satyricon* is, in part, obscene. And there is a section (1141) of the Penal Code which prohibits the publication and sale of obscene works. Yet the Court decided that the law had not been violated. With the logic of the decision, we are not concerned.

What interests us particularly are the remarks and reasonings of the judge, in which he justifies his decision. In a dissertation of some three thousand words, he has quoted the opinions of literary critics on the work in question, and, weaving them together with his own observations, has produced a treatise on the ethics of literature. The smartest of our weekly papers declares that any first-rate critic might well be proud to sign his name to the document produced by the city magistrate.

We cannot agree with that eulogy of the judge. But we will say this for him: he has crowded into one essay, practically every argument that can be made in defense of the publication of obscene literature; he has given the most complete exposé of the pagan and neo-pagan view that we have ever seen in so short a space; and he has demonstrated once again that the *literati* agree with the unfortunate and degenerate Oscar Wilde. We think it

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well that our readers should know the argument of those who do not accept our view about decency in literature. So we shall give some excerpts from the magistrate's very unusual document, together with a bit of commentary, on our own account.

So Eager for "History!"

SAYS the judge: "The book plays an important part in the history of civilization, and the prosecution gives rise to the question whether the record of civilization can be suppressed."

Now, what is this "contribution to the history of civilization," which the honorable judge is so reluctant to suppress, so eager to perpetuate? It is, ostensibly, "a keen satire on the vulgarity of mere wealth, its vanity and its grossness, the author of which was interested in the intellectual pursuits, as well as the vices and follies of his own evil time."

Note, in passing, the curious collocation of "intellectual pursuits" with "vices and follies." There will be more of that. But, essentially, the "satire" is an over-frank description of the obscenities, natural and unnatural, practised by the Court and the upstart aristocracy of Rome in the days of Nero. But do we really need a graphic description of the orgies that were practised by society in the decadent days of the Empire? "Let these things be not so much as mentioned among you," said St. Paul, who, quite in harmony with the spirit, if not the letter, of his own dictum, wisely gives us a mere catalogue of the same vices and crimes which Petronius describes realistically and in detail.

If one is eager for historical information, why not take it from the Epistle to the Romans, rather than from the *Satyricon?* The answer is obvious. The readers of Petronius are not really over-zealous for learning. They seek something that appeals to the emotions and the imagination. They want their history with a pleasurable thrill, and perhaps with a stimulus to passion. Why, then, do they talk grandiloquently and hypocritically about "a contribution to the history of civilization?" Why have they not the honesty of the one critic who would not even review a nasty novel, though it was charmingly written, because, as he said: "I prefer my vulgarities straight."

WHEN we hear of "students" reading such a manual as the *Satyricon,* in order to obtain historical knowledge, we think of those other "scholars" (or are they the same), who study sociology by visiting houses of ill fame, and who have a particularly keen scientific interest in vice that is exotic, abnormal, or

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degenerate. There are travelers who poke their way into the most *recherché* bagnios of Paris, who delve into the dives of Cairo, or Yokohoma. They linger among certain portions of the ruins of Pompeii. Their interest in *learning* is insatiable. Similarly, there are those who *must* read the *Satyricon*, in order that nothing that was done in Rome under that prince of moral perverts, Nero, may escape them.

WHO are these "students" whose education would be so miserably inadequate unless they read the *Satyricon?* The publishers of that work, it seems, printed "a limited edition of 1,200 copies, and solicited orders directly from a *private list of subscribers*" (italics ours), a list "made up of people who are sophisticated, intelligent, respectable members of the community," so that "the immature, the young and the uneducated would not obtain a copy." There is something instructive in that. It is interesting to know that a "private list" is "in possession of the publishers," and that when they are to serve some particularly toothsome morsel, like the *Satyricon*, the "sophisticated" are invited to the feast.

But is it really necessary for those sophisticated ones to pursue their studies further? Could there have been anything even in the most degenerate days of Rome of which they have not yet heard? Can Petronius—that ancient Oscar Wilde—teach them anything? We doubt it.

A Dubious, Ethical Principle.

THE learned judge also explains that the book under discussion is a work of literary art. "It is part," he says, "of classical literature. Its value has been recognized both from the historical and the literary viewpoint. Its value to the student and the scholar," (still harping on the *student* and the *scholar!*), "is such that it would be too serious a matter to deny access to it, for ancient literature enlarges and enriches the mind." St. Jerome, who was closer to that literature, came to the conclusion that it poisoned the mind. However, let that pass,—but what are we to say of the ethical principle, that whatever is obscene must be tolerated if only it has literary or artistic value? From our point of view, it would seem that obscenity which is artistic is more dangerous than obscenity which is crude. A dirty, slovenly, malodorous street-walker presents no temptation to the normal man. She does less harm than some beautiful, educated, nicely cultured enchantress, who practises her wiles in the drawing-room, or the conservatory. But the

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poor unfortunate of the streets is hustled away as a menace to morals; the exquisitely handsome and talented courtesan is not only tolerated, but rapturously welcomed to the homes of the élite. As in life, so in literature. If the police find some filthy, ugly, pornographic stuff that could hardly damage anyone, it is confiscated and burned. But novels written with a fascinating, alluring, beguiling, seductiveness, are defended by magisterial dissertations. 'Twas ever thus. The world is always either stupid or hypocritical in matters that pertain to purity.

Are They Really Immune?

SUPPOSE we stop for a minute to anticipate and to answer that particular form of hypocrisy, which pretends that what is literary and artistic, cannot create temptation, except to those who are evil-minded. To us, this affectation of spiritual superiority on the part of authors and critics is especially irritating. Do they, who accuse us Christians of having "a bad mind," seriously expect us to believe that they themselves are so confirmed in grace that temptation cannot touch them? Are they superhuman? As for us, we confess that we are human. We admit that we are not immune against the suggestion of evil. Like St. Paul, we do not deny that the flesh lusteth against the spirit. So we aim to practise eternal vigilance. But have those people who read obscene literature no temptations? Are they angels—pure spirits? They certainly have not primeval innocence. If they are immune, is it not rather because they are blasé? If they claim that nothing that is written, no matter how seductively beautiful it may be, causes them to feel the *stimulus carnis*, is it not because their passions are worn out? Do they pretend that not all the indecent literature in the English language, or in the French, can give them a thrill? And is this the reason they go back to the most degenerate days in the history of the world, dig up an obscene romance, translate it, and try it as a whip to their jaded carnal instincts? Have they exhausted the possibilities of Stern, Fielding, Smollett, Rabelais, Flaubert, de Maupassant, Zola, and the rest, that they must dig up old Petronius out of his filthy grave?

Reverting to Primitive Type.

BUT to return to our learned and literary police magistrate. Adopting a particularly academic tone, he lectures us as follows: "Due consideration must be given to the environment and the age during which the *Satyricon* was written. The standards of realism are different

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today from those of the centuries gone by. . . . The works of literature of an ancient age cannot be judged by modern standards."

Now the judge who wrote those magisterial words is probably a believer in the theory of evolution. We are frequently told that all persons as highly educated as he are evolutionists. And, no doubt, he believes in moral evolution, as well as physical evolution. Indeed, he says that we have grown away from the standards of the past. Presumably, then, we have evolved out of a less perfect state, to a more nearly perfect state. Why then go back? Why not hold the advantage we have so hardly gained? If we may not judge the past by the standards of the present, what is the advantage of evolution? Our idea is that we should look back and say: "Thank God, we have outgrown that damnable paganism of degenerate Rome. Let us stay out of it, and not revert to it." Do those who believe we come from the ape, think that we should always go back to the manners and morals of the ape? Then why should we go back to the morals and manners of an admittedly degenerate epoch?

The idea with which the magistrate is painfully struggling is that we must not judge the *men* of another age for not having the standards of this age. That is a very different proposition. But we certainly can judge the men of this age for preferring to go back to the vile conditions of an age from which we have been mercifully delivered.

The Essence of Decadence.

IT seems, furthermore, that Petronius was not only a fop, but a snob. "He was not a plebeian," says the judge. "The *Satyricon* is emphatically the production of a cultivated aristocrat, who looks down with serene and amused scorn on the vulgar bourgeois world that he is painting. He is interested in it, but it is the interest of the detached, artistic observer, whose own world is very far off. Encolopius and Trimalchio and his coarse freeman friends are people with whom the author would never have dined, but whom, at a safe social distance, he found infinitely amusing, as well as disgusting."

Evidently, Petronius was another Horace, with his *"odi profanum vulgus et arceo."* But it is difficult to determine whether or not the judge considers this aloofness a virtue. It would seem that he rather admires the old Roman *arbiter* for his snobbishness. And we imagine that a certain proportion of the "private list" of those who paid $30.00 for the volume of the *Satyricon*, are, like Petronius, rich, "aristocratic," and disdainful of the

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common horde. Having tried all the pleasures available in their own set, they take an interest in the coarse pleasures of plebeians. They find the ruck and the rabble "infinitely amusing, as well as disgusting." They certainly would not dine with "common people, but if "common people" have any secret of extracting joy from crude, brutish vices, the aristocrat is anxious to know of it. For his own pleasures have gone stale on him.

Now the *Satyricon*, though written by an aristocrat, is coarse and vulgar in its obscenity. The judge tells us: "It is full of humorous exaggerations and wild Aristophanic fun. . . . The material of the romance was the squalid life, by land and sea, by day and night."

In other words, like many another polished pagan, Petronius had sucked dry all the means of entertainment known to his own class. And to get what is nowadays called a "kick," he dabbled in what was sordid and squalid. That is the surest sign of decadence. It is Oscar Wilde again. Much of the literature of our day, particularly of the new poetry, is decadent in that sense—sordid, crude, brutal, vulgar, profane, blasphemous, filthy. Delicacy is thrown away. Coarse vulgarity is the mode. Any student of human nature knows the reason. Decadence is the curse of those who mount high but cannot remain high. The higher they have been, the lower they fall. And, in literary taste, it is the same as in life. When a man has risen to a high culture, but, lacking moral balance, cannot maintain himself on the heights, he plunges into the morass. From the pure delights of lofty literature, he tumbles down into the enjoyment of obscenity. With all possible reverence for the magistrate's homily on the history of civilization, art, literature, and ethical standards, we feel that the demand for such works as the *Satyricon* of Petronius can be explained in one word, Decadence.

"Puffing" Bad Books.

THERE is another book, of a different sort, but perhaps equally vicious, that has been most vigorously and persistently "boosted" by many critics, advertised by all the newspapers, and sold in almost every bookstore. We need not name it. Suffice it to say that it is a novel, written with about the usual literary skill, or perhaps a little better than ordinary style, but with a most amazing frankness in describing the brazen attempts of a woman to tempt a man who is already married to the sister of the temptress. The author describes, with utmost shamelessness, scenes that would be in the last degree unhealthily stimulating even to the most stolid imagina-

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tion. Indeed, the entire story is indecent, immoral, and seductive. Nevertheless, the critics of almost all the metropolitan newspapers, daily and weekly, hail the volume enthusiastically. It is "a rich and interesting story," having "the thrill of adventure." Its characters are "real men and women." "It will give great delight." It is "a book with a meaning." It "possesses potent appeal." It is a "frank, forceful, fearless delineation of primitive emotion." The heroine is "vivid, passionate, intelligent, ruthless, strong-willed, but gentle." And so on, and so on, but no word of indignation for the indecencies and immoralities, that are the warp and woof of the story.

There can be no greater calamity for the individual soul, or for the nation than the obliteration of the moral sense. Yet in the appreciation and criticism of literature, we seem to have come to that. Novels are described, criticized, praised or condemned solely on their literary merits or demerits. The only sin known to critics is the sin of dullness. The value of Christian modesty and purity are not merely discounted, but ignored. The minds of millions of readers are being constantly contaminated.

Censorship.

WELL, what then? Can nothing be done? The *literati* rise in fury if anyone so much as suggests the adoption of any kind of censorship. For ourselves, we dislike the censorship. We would prefer to trust that good taste and a sense of decency on the part of publishers, would prevent their publishing unclean books. But we are frequently disappointed. Even some of the most "reputable" publishing firms are not above producing objectionable works. There is no newspaper that will refuse to advertise them, and few newspapers that will refrain, not only from noticing, but from "puffing," any novel that has literary quality, no matter how egregiously it may outrage decency.

What is to be done? For Catholics, the answer is plain. We have the Index, and the Index automatically forbids us to read indecent books, just as it automatically forbids the reading of heretical books. Then we have the Catholic doctrine of the "Occasions of Sin." We have confession and spiritual direction. We have the Catholic tradition of holy purity, as well as the Catholic theology that any willful sin, even in thought, against the angelic virtue, is a mortal sin. We have, finally, and most important of all, the Catholic conscience. We have every safeguard. A genuine Catholic needs no other censor. But what about non-Catholic America? The more brazen offenders against decency, be they authors, publishers, or critics, may finally go to such extremes that the

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American people will be driven to some such drastic measure as a federal censorship law. This would be as undesirable and perhaps as futile as the federal prohibition amendment. But "it should be remembered" (says William Lyon Phelps, writing in the department, "As I Like It," in *Scribner's* for November), "that if the censorship should be established, and we pass under arbitrary and irresponsible tyranny, it will not be the fault of the prudes and the reformers and the bigots. It will be the fault of those who destroy freedom by their selfish excesses. I should like to state in four words what I believe to be a natural law: *Excess leads to Prohibition.*"

Sacrilege and "Freedom."

QUITE apropos of the question of immoral books, is the incident of the editor-in-chief of a students' magazine at Columbia University, who wrote on an episode in the Life of Christ a sketch, "so shocking that it cannot be reproduced." The student board demanded, and obtained, the resignation of the editor and of the editorial staff. The young man refused to make any apology, remarking, quite in the spirit of the liberal press, "the mistake was made in supposing that the time was ripe for the publication of such a sketch." The new editor promises—or threatens—to continue the work of the deposed editor, for he announces: "The magazine is not anti-church . . . but it is greatly interested in the development of young writers along their own lines." That is the usual phrase of the "liberals" and radicals. They are morbidly fearful that some young person will not have liberty to "live his own life," or "express himself in his own way." A little repression in this case would, we think, be no crime against civilization. The only man who is free to "live his own life in his own way" is the savage. Civilization implies restraint.

Our Debt to the Dutch.

IN the September number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, we made some remarks on the unfairness and inadequateness of school histories. Now comes a book from Holland *(Joan Derk van der Capellen)*, the reviewer of which, in the *Literary Review* of November 11th, remarks pertinently:

"Not even our standard histories, to say nothing of our popular text-books, have much more than an adumbration of the great sunshine which, to our fathers, the Dutch Republic cast over American affairs in 'the time that tried men's souls.'

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"What France did for us has been celebrated in song and story, in private and in public art, in drama and in a voluminous literature. Yet who recalls that the republic that gave us the stripes in our flag and almost every one of our national federal precedents had a history in which were included revolt against unjust taxation, a declaration of independence, an eight-year war for freedom, the formation of a federated system, having a written constitution, and which survived the diseases of federal government, with conflict between state right and national supremacy, secession, coercion, and reunion; so that John Adams declared of the Dutch and the American Republics that their histories were so much alike that a page from one seemed to be a transcript from the other.

"Is it taught in our schools that the Dutch lent us a sum of hard money, which, when paid up in 1808, amounted to $14,000,000; that they sent us officers to fortify West Point and drill our soldiers, and that the first foreign salute to the American flag was fired from Dutch cannon, by order of Governor John A. de Graeff, at Fort Orange, in St. Eustatius, in the West Indies, after he had read the Declaration of July 4, 1776? Is it stated in our American school histories that probably a full half of our war munitions and army clothing during the Revolution came from this same source, and that Rodney left Cornwallis in the lurch in order first to capture this island.

"Does the lack of public knowledge on these points arise because most of our historiography, popular and standard, has been the product of one section of the country?"

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Recent Events.

Turkey.

By passing death sentences upon the Turkish signatories of the Treaty of Sèvres and the members of the Cabinet of ex-Premier Damad Ferid Pasha, on the last day of October, the Turkish Nationalist Government at Angora introduced a series of acts, more or less in contravention of the Mudania agreement. These culminated, on November 5th, with invasion of the neutral zone and the seizure of Constantinople. Towards the end of October, in Allied circles it was thought that all danger of war had been definitely removed by an agreement between the Allies and the Nationalists to hold a general conference on Near Eastern affairs at Lausanne, on the tentative date of November 13th. Shortly thereafter, alarming reports were received that the Turks had increased the force of 8,000 gendarmes allowed them in Eastern Thrace, for the time being, under the terms of the Mudania agreement, to 30,000. These reports were only too well founded, as events soon disclosed.

On November 3d, the French Foreign Office was formally notified that the Angora National Assembly had dethroned the Sultan, and reserved to itself the right to elect the Caliph, as the religious head of the Mohammedans. Two days later, Hamid Bey, as representative of the Angora Government, proclaimed himself Governor of Constantinople, and set up a civil administration, which appears to be in full control. The new Governor's first act was to send a note to the Allied authorities, demanding evacuation of all Allied forces from Turkish soil. To this, the British, French, and Italian Governments have presented a united refusal, and have authorized the Allied High Commissioners in Constantinople to take what measures they find necessary to maintain the Allied occupation of the city.

At present, telegraphic communication between Constantinople and the Western World is interrupted, and only meagre details of what is occurring reach us. Apparently, however, there has been, as yet, no definite military clash between the Allies and the Turks. The Sultan is confined to his palace, and is virtually at the mercy of the Nationalists. Meanwhile, *pourparlers* are continuing between the Allies, regarding the date for the Lausanne Conference, which has now been postponed to November 15th. At present, the Allied Commissioners are awaiting a reply from the Angora Government to their demand that the Turks recede

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from their attitude, which the Allies regard as out of accord with the Mudania convention.

The evacuation of Greek civilians from Thrace has been practically completed. They removed with them from the country nearly all the stock and means of transport, including cattle, needed by the population that remained behind. All the Christians in Anatolia, numbering a million and a half, according to the latest estimate of the League of Nations, are emigrating, apparently on order of the Angora Government. Great destitution is reported among these refugees.

At this writing, Greece is conducting negotiations for her entry into the Little Entente. This news is of capital importance. It means, in the event of a Turkish onslaught in Greece, that the Turks would have to fight, in addition to the Greeks in Europe, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia, and possibly Czecho-Slovakia.

The Revolutionary Committee in Greece has published a decree ordering the trial by extraordinary court-martial of the former Cabinet Ministers and general officers now under arrest, charged with responsibility for the Greek disaster in Asia Minor. The decree exempts former King Constantine from trial.

France.

Probably the chief event of the month influencing French affairs, occurred outside of France when, towards the end of October, the British Premier, Lloyd George, with his Coalition Government, was forced out of office by the withdrawal of Conservative support. He was succeeded by Andrew Bonar Law, head of the Conservative Party. His policy differs from that of his predecessor mainly in a declared abstention from armed intervention in the Turkish imbroglio. As the French have been backing the Nationalist cause, and have been in favor of non-interference with the victorious Kemalists, this change in the policy of their principal ally fits in very well with their present plans. The French are hoping, moreover, that the new head of the British Government will adopt a stern attitude towards Germany in the matter of reparations.

On that subject, there has continued throughout the month the usual conferences, negotiations, and sessions of the Reparations Commission, which, under the leadership of its new Chairman, M. Barthou, has been holding a series of meetings in Berlin, from October 31st to November 8th, with the usual unsubstantial results. Meanwhile, the French Minister of War has declared to the Army Commission of the French Senate, that an army of 660,000 soldiers, including six divisions of troops in the occupied

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area in the Rhineland, must be retained under arms in France to preserve necessary effectiveness in national defense.

That there has been at least an approach to a change in one of the cardinal principles of French foreign policy, namely, the French attitude towards Moscow, seems borne out by the recent mission to Russia of Edward Herriot, Mayor of Lyons, and leader in the Chamber of Deputies of the Radical Socialist Party. The reception given to the mission on its return by the French press and French officialdom is even more significant. Rivalry with England and dominance of Germany are the keynotes of Premier Poincaré's policy, and since there no longer seems danger of a Red uprising in France, both of these purposes would apparently be served by a bargain with Russia. Besides, various Chambers of Commerce and trade organizations throughout France have pronounced in favor of a resumption of commercial relations with the Soviets. Another significant move is a bill, introduced in the Senate late in October, providing for the reimbursement, by the French Government, of holders of Russian Government bonds to the extent of fifty per cent. of their investment.

The Council of Ambassadors, meeting in Paris on October 26th, decided to refer the question whether the Kiel Canal should be open to the ships of the world even in time of war, to the International Court of Justice. The controversy over this question, which has been going on now between the Allies and Germany for a year and a half, arose out of the fact that Germany refused passage to Allied ships during the Russian assault upon Poland, Germany claiming that free passage at all times is not required by the Treaty of Versailles.

In accordance with the decision of the French Government to try the German war guilty before French military tribunals, evidence in two cases has been forwarded to the war councils of the first and sixth regions. These cases concern the alleged misconduct of two German Generals, Gloss and von Marwitz, and notice has been forwarded to them to appear immediately before the Courts.

A recent summary given out in Paris of the work done in the devastated regions, shows that reconstruction of roads, railways, and canals is virtually completed; that the reconstruction of factory and industrial plants is well along towards completion, and that the clearing away of shells, barbed wire, and other obstacles from the soil is also virtually finished. On the other hand, it is stated that, out of 564,000 houses wholly or partly destroyed by the German invasion, only 3,348 have been completely rebuilt. 180,417 have been "provisionally repaired" and 214,422 "definitely

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repaired." According to official figures issued by the French Labor Department in October, there were only 3,350 unemployed persons throughout France on September 1st. In fact, in most branches of labor the demand for workmen exceeds the supply, and the French authorities have recently given their consent for the importation of laborers from abroad. Thousands of Italians and Poles have answered the call, and these are arriving in increasing numbers every month.

Partly owing to this condition, no doubt, the French Communist Party has suffered the severe loss during the past year of forty per cent. of its membership. This fact was announced by the Secretary-General to the Communist Congress, which met in Paris on October 15th. One year ago, the total membership was 131,476, whereas today the Party numbers only 78,828.

Another aspect of French conditions is presented, however, in a late report of the French Ministry of Agriculture, which states that, on the basis of the estimated shortage in the French wheat crop, about 2,400,000 tons of wheat will have to be purchased abroad during the present season, as against practically no purchases abroad last year. The price of foodstuffs in France today is higher than in 1918, at the time of the armistice, and this in spite of the fact that the French Minister of Agriculture has announced that the number of cattle, pigs, horses, and poultry are back again at the pre-war figures. In Paris particularly, almost simultaneously with the fall in value of the franc, there has been a veritable orgy of profiteering.

On November 3d, the Chamber of Deputies indorsed the Government's decree modifying the eight-hour day for workers in the mercantile marine. The Government claimed that the modifying decree was necessary because the eight-hour day had not been adopted internationally. It was this decree which caused a seamen's strike in the various French ports the previous month.

Italy.

The long continued turmoil, in which Fascisti activities have kept Italy for the last year, found its climax—and apparent quiescence—on October 26th. Premier Facta and his entire Ministry were forced to resign, and were succeeded a few days thereafter by Benito Mussolini, the Fascisti chieftain, with a Cabinet of his choosing. The resignation of the Facta Government was brought about by concerted seizure of a number of the principal towns by the Fascisti, and the rejection by the King of Premier Facta's proposal to issue a decree proclaiming a state of siege throughout

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Italy. Upon the King's refusal to sign the decree, the Facta Ministry resigned, and after conferring for several days with various other party leaders, the King was finally obliged to ask Mussolini to form a Government. In addition to the Premiership, Mussolini holds the portfolios of Foreign Affairs and of the Interior. The new Ministry is composed of five Fascisti, two Catholics, three Democrats, one Nationalist, and one Liberal, with the addition of General Diaz and Vice-Admiral Thaondi Revel, who have no party designations.

The announced programme of the new Government comprises two main points: first, the pacification of the country by firm governmental control, and second, the balancing of the budget. In addition, Fascisti energies are being bent toward getting Parliament to amend the electoral law, as soon as it reconvenes on November 15th. Although the Fascisti are apparently the strongest party in the country, under the present electoral, even though they gained many more seats than they have at present, they could not obtain the majority necessary for them to remain in power as a one-party Cabinet. For this reason, they desire an amendment to the electoral law, whereby the party polling the greatest number of votes, would be given three-fifths of the total number of seats. Should the Parliament not pass the proposed measure, Premier Mussolini has announced his intention of dissolving the Chamber and calling a general election.

Since the formation of the new Government, the 117,000 Fascisti who had been concentrated at various important points, especially in Rome and its environs, have peacefully demobilized and departed for their homes. In fact, one of the striking elements of the revolution was its comparatively bloodless character.

In a recent speech, ex-Premier Nitti declared that many of the country's great industries are dead, those still in operation are in danger of suspending, and the exchange is getting worse. From 1914 to 1921, the country bought abroad over 41,000,000 lire worth of goods more than it sold. Before the war, the Government spent 2,600,000,000 lire yearly, but now spends ten times that amount, while the provincial and municipal governments have deficient budgets to the amount of 6,000,000,000 lire.

On November 4th, the fourth anniversary of Italy's victory over Austria in the World War was celebrated throughout the country with solemnity, and in profound emotion. It was the first time that the day of victory was officially and publicly observed. The chief ceremonies in Rome took place in the magnificent church, Santa Maria degli Angeli, with the King and the new Premier in attendance at Mass.

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Fighting between d'Annunzio's legionaries and the Zanella forces in Fiume was reported up to the middle of October, but since then no reports have come through.

Germany.

The Presidential election will not be held this year after all, as had been expected, owing to the action of the Reichstag, which, on October 24th, adopted, by an overwhelming vote, an amendment to the Constitution prolonging President Ebert's tenure of office till June 30, 1925. Herr Ebert was elected provisionally, in 1919, by the General National Assembly at Weimar, and was to hold office only till a regular election could be held. Disturbed political and economic conditions since that time, however, have made an election inadvisable. The Constitution gives the President a term of seven years.

Towards the middle of October, the paper mark was quoted on the Boerse at 3,000 for one dollar, and shortly thereafter President Ebert issued a decree against speculation in exchange. The decree forbids domestic prices being fixed in foreign currency or on the basis of such currency, and provides that purchases of foreign currency are permissible only by consent of a special control department.

This decree has aroused considerable criticism in Germany. The Cotton Exchange of Bremen protests that the decree forces home spinners to buy raw supplies in the United States instead of in Bremen, and that it will shortly bring the domestic cotton industry to a complete standstill. In financial circles, no one believes that this legislation will retard the fall of the mark. Similar legislation has failed in Austria, Hungary, and other places, and experienced bankers point out that, if prohibiting purchase of foreign currencies could of itself arrest the fall in exchange, the problem of stopping currency depreciation would be very easy.

On November 3d, Count Hugo Lerchenfeld resigned as Prime Minister of Bavaria, and was succeeded, on November 8th, by Dr. Engen von Knilling, of the German People's Party, who stands pledged to an anti-Berlin policy. Count Lerchenfeld's resignation was brought about by differences with the Agrarian Party, growing out of certain economic proposals made by him to the Central Government in Berlin.

The latest activity of the German financial colossus, Hugo Stinnes, is his purchase of one-third of the capital stock of the *Berliner Handelsgesellschaft,* one of Germany's greatest banks and the most conservative of them all.

For the first time since the beginning of the World War, Ger-

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many's potash production this year promises to exceed the 1913 output. The Director-General of the German Potash Syndicate recently stated that the total sales at home and abroad during 1922 may be expected to reach 12,500,000 double hundred weights. In 1913, the potash output of Germany was approximately 11,000,000 double hundred weights.

Although there have been no recent general statistical estimates on the rise of wages during the recent fall in the mark, the official *Wirthschaft and Statistik* makes some interesting comparisons. These show that whereas, in 1913, the salary of the highest-class officials was six times the average wage of unskilled workers, today it is less than twice the unskilled average. Placing the present average wage of the unskilled worker at 100, the skilled wage would be 106, the salary of minor officials, 114, of middle officials, 147, and of higher officials, 191.

On November 6th, Germany broke all her own previous records in the speed of her money press for one week, eclipsing all similar records in other countries, with the possible exception of Russia, when 59,500,000,000 paper marks were printed within seven days.

The ordinary budget statement of the German railroads for the first half of 1922 shows a revenue of 92,237,000,000 marks, as against expenditures of 92,180,000,000. This is the first time since the war that railway accounts have come into equilibrium.

Russia.

After an occupation of more than four years, Japanese troops finally evacuated Siberia, including Vladivostok, on October 26th, and the forces of the Far Eastern Republic, which had been steadily advancing for several weeks against their "white" opponents, took over control of affairs in the evacuated regions. The only Japanese soldiers now remaining on Russian soil are those in the northern part of Sakhalin Island. The Japanese public is demanding their return also, as it is feared that restoration of trade with Siberia will be impossible unless this is accomplished.

General Dieterichs, Commander of the White Army and successor of President Merkuloff as head of the Provisional Government, has established a base on Poisset Bay, but he is not expected to be able to hold this position. A new Government for Siberia has been formed by the People's Revolutionary Party in the Maritime Province, and Premier Kobozieff of the Far Eastern Republic is preparing to establish himself as its head. Meanwhile, despite official assurances by the Provisional Government

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of protection for all inhabitants, foreigners as well as Russians, virtually every town in Korea and Manchuria is reported as having its quota of Siberian refugees, who have fled before each advancing wave of Red control. Many are destitute, all are without homes, and nearly all are making either for Mukden or Harbin, hoping that somewhere on friendly soil the remnants of their army may be gathered for another blow at the Soviets. The present plight of General Dieterichs would indicate that this hope is fallacious. Moreover, the Bulgarian Government has ordered all the officers who belonged to the army of General Wrangel, the Russian counter-revolutionist, to leave the country, threatening forcible expulsion and deportation to Russia if they refuse. This virtually ends the existence of General Wrangel's organization.

Since the Japanese evacuation of Siberia and the withdrawal of all Allied troops from that territory, the United States Government, following similar action by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan, has relinquished control of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Allied control of the railway was established in an agreement drawn up at the time of the dispatch of American and Allied troops into Siberia in the summer and fall of 1918. It was stipulated at the time that this control should end upon the withdrawal of foreign military forces from Siberia.

The still urgent necessity for relief work in Russia, especially in the Ukraine, is the gist of reports from both Russian officials and the heads of the American Relief Administration. Beginning with November 1st, it is estimated that approximately four and a half million persons will need some assistance in the way of food, the number steadily increasing up to eight million as the temperature drops. After fulfilling other requirements, the Soviet authorities state that they will have only 6,000,000 poods of grain left for feeding the famine-stricken.

Russia has 1,600,000 men under arms, mainly concentrated along the western frontier, from the Baltic to the Black Sea, while the Baltic States have only 120,000 men under their colors and Poland 260,000 according to figures recently given out at Moscow. These figures have been brought out in connection with the conference of representatives of the Baltic States and Poland, held in October at Reval in preparation for the proposed Moscow disarmament congress, called by the Soviet Foreign Minister, Tchitcherin.

November 13, 1922.

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New Books.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH OCCUPATION OF EGYPT. *Being a Personal Narrative of Events.* By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

Any book that professes to reveal the "secret history" or the "inside story" of a great event is received with eager curiosity by the general public, and with cool suspicion by the careful scholar. Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's *Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt* is no exception to the rule. Like most "secret" histories, it is not entirely true history; yet it is an intensely interesting book, because, if the narrative be true, it proves that England's seizure of Egypt was an outrageously unjust act, which has too long been concealed by a flimsy veil of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy.

Such a book can hardly fail to disturb the faith of those who believe with Kipling that "the White Man's Burden" of ruling over backward races was shouldered by our genial neighbor, John Bull, solely for the purpose of benefiting the backward races. The English-speaking people has long been accustomed to accept unchallenged the statement that English rule over African and Asiatic people has been wisely beneficent, and that in Egypt, above all, English imperialism was shown at its best. Popular writers have dealt with Egypt in the spirit shown by the following excerpt from a fairly recent work: "Great Britain has most happily demonstrated [in the case of Egypt] how an enlightened European state can free an oppressed and impoverished people from the rule of a corrupt and selfish oligarchy . . . and set them on the highroad of peace and happiness." (Harris, *Intervention and Colonization in Africa*, p. 329.)

All this, Mr. Blunt warns us, is false. He is at least entitled to a hearing, as a distinguished English publicist, who had intimate personal relations with the Egyptian leaders and English officials at the time of the English conquest. Our author was certainly not a dispassionate witness—and no one familiar with his writings or his career could expect him to be coolly accurate—but he was a witness, and his testimony must be weighed.

When Mr. Blunt first visited Egypt, in 1875, Egypt was a province of the Ottoman Empire, and was ruled by an hereditary Khedive, Ismail Pasha, as viceroy of the Turkish Sultan. How Ismail's wild extravagance led to foreign loans, then to foreign

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intervention, then to British conquest, Mr. Blunt proceeds to tell us, with a wealth of circumstantial detail, not unmixed with somewhat irrelevant minutiæ regarding his own personal affairs.

All through the narrative runs a thread of gold. The gold borrowed by Ismail from European financiers, seems to have been one of the chief reasons for Egypt's downfall. French and English bondholders, who had advanced funds to Ismail, were constantly urging their Governments to intervene as debt-collectors. The Rothschilds, the Jewish kings of European finance, move darkly behind the scenes of diplomacy, pulling wires at London, Paris, and Berlin to safeguard their vested interests in Egypt. Mr. Blunt's account of the financial details is by no means thorough, nor is it altogether accurate; but his insistence upon the importance of economic interests is justified.

In writing of Gladstone's decision to send British troops to Egypt, Mr. Blunt is merciless. Gladstone, we are told, was two persons: in private, a charming and magnetic Liberal; in public, to a large extent, a fraud (p. 181). As a private citizen before 1880, Gladstone had put himself on record as opposed to any intervention in Egypt; but after 1880, as Premier, obedient to the "higher duty" of "securing a Parliamentary majority," he ordered British troops to the Nile. That Gladstone was inconsistent, no one can deny. That he could have carried out his principles despite the pressure of interested bondholders, of European diplomacy and of Downing Street officialdom, is open to question.

More valuable than his harsh judgment of Gladstone is Mr. Blunt's sympathetic estimate of the Egyptian Nationalist leaders, and particularly of Arabi Pasha, who has sometimes been pictured as a disgruntled army officer, chiefly concerned about his rank and salary, and sometimes as a figurehead for Moslem fanaticism. In the book before us, Arabi appears as a noble champion of the oppressed Egyptian peasantry, a believer in the fraternity of races and creeds, free from the least taint of fanatical intolerance in regard to Christians (p. 100). This praise, the reviewer believes, is much too generous. Nevertheless, it does, in a measure, raise our opinion of the Egyptian patriots who fought against foreign domination.

It must already be obvious that Mr. Blunt's "secret history" must be taken with a grain of salt. The author makes too many misstatements and historical blunders to win entire confidence. He brings Ismail to the throne in "1860" (p. 12); if Ismail became Khedive before 1863, it certainly has been a well-kept secret. The account of Disraeli's canal purchase needs revision, by the author's own admission (p. 16). On the authority of an Italian

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diplomat's casual reminiscences, the author tells how the disclosure of the Cyprus Convention, during the Berlin Congress, led to a secret bargain between France and England for joint intervention in Egypt and French intervention in Tunis; but an appendix confesses that not the Cyprus Convention, but an Anglo-Russian agreement, was disclosed (pp. 26-28 and Appendix IV.). In the text, Nubar Pasha is portrayed as a dishonest financier, who acted as Ismail's broker, whereas, in an appendix, Nubar is exonerated (pp. 14, 15 and Appendix II.). The account of French intervention in Tunis (p. 93) is absurd. Numerous dates are inaccurate, and, in one instance, two different sets of dates are given for the same events (pp. 217, 237). To prolong the list would be an ungrateful task. If the American publisher had provided critical notes by a competent historian, the value of Mr. Blunt's contribution, now obscured by errors, would have been greatly enhanced for the general reader.

In closing, the reviewer cannot refrain from commenting on the fervor with which Mr. Blunt defends Islam and Egypt. The cause of Islam, we are told, is "essentially the 'Cause of Good' over an immense portion of the world" (p. 92). Therefore, "in God's name," let England "take Islam by the hand and encourage her boldly in the path of virtue" (p. 93). In a poem appended to his volume, Mr. Blunt grows lyrical in praise of the East. With such effusions, the reviewer cannot sympathize, nor can he see anything but a grotesquely inappropriate sacrilege in the stanza:

> And thou, too, Egypt, mourner of the nations,
> Though thou hast died today in all men's sight,
> And though upon thy cross with thieves thou hangest,
> Yet shall thy wrong be justified in right.

THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE. Edited by J. Arthur Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Four volumes. $18.00.

These four volumes of the *Outline of Science* will have a large and, it may be added, a deservedly large sale, and it is imperative that Catholic readers should get an estimate of their worth. The illustrations are admirable; it is doubtful if so excellent a series have ever appeared before in a work of this character. We could have spared the imaginative portrait of Pithecanthropus Erectus, but, on the whole, the "restorations" of prehistoric man give little reason for cavil, though we think the pictures of the Broken Hill and the Piltdown men a little premature. However scientific men will know what amount of trust can be placed in "restorations" and the unscientific will not perceive the underlying suggestions.

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Of course, it is impossible to criticize adequately so lengthy a work, nor are we informed, save in two instances, who is the authority for the articles. The editor is a man of prodigious output, but even he can scarce have written the whole book. One of the articles in question is on Psychical Research, by Sir Oliver Lodge, and is of a much more moderate character than one would expect, containing little that any informed reader would cavil at. Of the other, by Mr. Julian Huxley, we cannot say quite so much. In discussing the origin of mind, he, first of all, places only a difference of degree, not of kind, between animal and human minds. On that point, he will find many to differ from him. But when he goes further and says: "We have only to be completely logical and believe that something of the same general nature as mind exists in all life, to make the further step, and believe that it exists, even in the matter from which life sprang." We, and we think most others, must part company with him with the remark that a little study of the science of logic, which he invokes, would have led to the construction of a sentence containing fewer fallacies. The editor (?) is on firmer ground, when dealing with the same topic in another section, he says: "By no jugglery with words, can we get Mind out of Matter and Motion. And since we are in ourselves quite sure of our Mind, we are probably safe in saying that in the beginning was Mind." The book is admirably written, as indeed we should expect of Professor Thomson. It is sane and conservative on almost all points, though we think it exaggerates—as many do—the period of man's existence on earth, and it is quite as sure that Evolution was the process by which things have come to be as they are, as M. de Dorlodot, of Louvain.

We are glad to be able to find ourselves in hearty agreement with a further statement on what has been in the past a highly controversial point. Religion, we are told, "sees an unseen universe, which throws light on the riddles of the observed world." We quite agree. "Its language is not scientific language, and the two cannot be spoken at once." It might be a paraphrase of the *"Providentissimus Deus,"* of which we doubt if the writer ever heard. "Religious interpretation and scientific description must not be inconsistent, but they are incommensurable . . . while the *form* of a religious idea, of Creation let us say, must be congruent with the established scientific system." Certainly—but where the trouble has come in, in the past, is that science has been a little previous as to what was "established" science. Examples will occur to all well-informed persons. Where a fact or explanation is really "established" and not the dogma of the

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moment, it can never, and will never, clash with any religious tenets held by Catholics, at any rate, however it may possibly clash with some of the forms of mischief.

If the teacher or parent or friend is able and willing to give a very little direction and corrective, young people, who read this book, will come away from it with a store of knowledge, which ought to make life a much more interesting thing to them.

CONFESSIONS OF A BOOK-LOVER. By Maurice Francis Egan. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50.

A little while ago, it was the custom for literary criticism to clothe itself with almost liturgical seriousness and a deal of technical scholarship. Just at present, there is a fashion for literary impressions (the word is exact in its very inexactness) to boast that they are transient, familiar, and in no sense "high brow." Midway between these two extremes of the *ex cathedra* utterance and the momentary "reaction," comes this delectable book by Maurice Francis Egan. In it, he writes not as professor nor as technical critic (both of which he has done in other volumes), but as *book-lover*—which he defines as "one who loves men a little more than books." And to it, he brings the mellowness of many years and many experiences, together with the perpetual youthfulness of laughter and enthusiasm.

Dr. Egan is personal throughout these pages: one of the very best chapters is the story of his own varied and vagrant "Boyhood Reading." He is immensely tolerant, not sharing the popular belief that whenever a book is mentioned it must be either condemned or approved—and betraying quite as candid a *penchant* for the gallants of the Bourbon court as for the cloistral exquisiteness of Eugénie de Guérin. And he is hopeful: hopeful of contemporary fiction in spite of its occasional vagaries and vulgarities, and particularly hopeful because he believes that "any evidence of a sincere interest in poetry is a good sign." Finely human are his meditations upon St. Paul and the great "mouth-filling" sentences with which that Apostle praised his friends and pulverized his enemies. And there is something even more than human in the simplicity with which the poet-diplomat confesses his devotion to the letters of St. Francis of Sales—and in the sanity which led him, even back in the ecstatic 70's, to avoid the works of Renan, because he "could never understand why anybody should take a man seriously who was palpably wrong."

When Maurice Francis Egan protests that the present volume is not to be taken dogmatically, since it is a series of essays upon "the art of injudicious reading," he is merely hiding his light

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behind a very beguiling lamp shade. The book is brimful of wisdom, of humor, of well-digested culture, and of human sympathy. Its appearance at this particular season is certain to add many an extra plum to the Christmas puddings of the elect!

FOUR AND TWENTY MINDS. Essays by Giovanni Papini. Selected and translated by Ernest Hatch Wilkins. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.50 net.

Papini's essays are undoubtedly interesting. They grip the reader's attention, and lure him to continue reading, even when he differs completely from the views expressed. The sentences are so crisp and vigorous, so many striking and relief-pointing phrases occur that one experiences some difficulty in laying down the volume when once one has taken it up. These essays cover a wide range, stretching from Dante to himself in literature, and from Berkeley to Croce in philosophy. The author is a good hater, and words of blame and fault-finding flow eagerly, and indeed too readily from his lips. In the essay on Hegel, Croce is spoken of in most laudatory terms; while a few pages further on (p. 163 *et seq.*), Croce is chaffed most unmercifully, and his philosophy characterized as a theory which wavers constantly between nonsense and mere common sense. These two essays were written at different periods, but their appreciations by no means coincide, and what becomes of the consistency of their author?

Maeterlinck, likewise, another *idolum fori,* is reduced to very small dimensions. While real men of genius, and creators in poetry and prose like Verlaine and Mallarmé starved in slums, others gifted with scant literary ability, but much business acumen, picked their brains and attained wealth and renown for themselves. To sum up the whole crushing indictment, Maeterlinck is a translator, adapter, and popularizer.

The essay on "Hamlet" is the most extraordinary of the collection, and absolutely inadmissible. One really has to rub one's eyes to make sure one is not dreaming, so many literary blasphemies are heaped together there. What can we think of a "critic," who coolly asserts that Shakespeare is dead, that Hamlet is a tissue of incoherences, and that the wonderful passage, "To be or not to be," is no more than superficial commonplace? All we can say is, such a "critic" knows absolutely nothing of what he is talking about; and there is just as much sense in denying the power of the ocean or the tides, the glory of the sunshine or the rainbow as in denying the poetic inspiration of Shakespeare.

Astounding, too, is the perversity which brackets Shakespeare with Carlyle, and ranks the latter as one of the four greatest

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writers of England. What, then, about Milton, great in prose and verse? and Dryden and Scott and Newman? Does Signor Papini seriously mean that all Carlyle's writings put together would equal the "Ode on the Grecian Urn" of Keats, or the poetry of Coleridge, Shelley, or Francis Thompson? Surely, if he has any sense of what is lovely in words, fancy, imagination, or expression, he cannot maintain that. The essay on Nietzsche is the lament of a disciple for a most dear master. It is overstrained and exaggerated to represent Nietzsche as being victimized by men, and in no sense can he be called a saint. Other statements in this essay are controverted by Mr. Salter's laborious and authoritative work, *Nietzsche the Thinker*. On page 203, Remy de Gourmont's *Latin Mystique* is dubbed "almost a masterpiece." Experts in the subject are of a different opinion, and consider the volume amateurish and unequal.

In spite, however, of these faults, the essays make excellent reading, and summarize well many longish books. Professor Wilkins' translation is exceptionally fine.

PROPHETS OF THE BETTER HOPE. By Rev. William J. Kerby, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

Our Catholic literature is rich with authoritative, well-written books on the priest and the priesthood. The office of the priest, his powers, his responsibility, are ever the same. But since every priest is a product of his generation and must meet the new problems of his time, so there is ever need of new works for his guidance and his inspiration. That need in the present day has been supplied by Dr. Kerby through his volume, entitled *Prophets of the Better Hope*. It is a very modern book, written with the age-long faith and love of the Catholic priest. The author exemplifies his title. He knows intimately the modern world; and priests are not altogether—nor can they be—apart from it.

The present-day problems that the priest must face, the forces that will threaten his ideals and his fidelities, the challenge that will stimulate and inspire, are presented here with clarity and fullness. The priest is the sole prophet of a better world. With insight and exceptional thoughtfulness, the author shows how this prophet can effectively declare his message; what subtle forces will attempt his undoing; what mental, spiritual, and social forces in the economy of divine grace will keep him another Christ for the salvation of others, as well as of himself. The soul-searching of the book is very deep. No priest can read it without receiving that precious reward—a truer knowledge of himself.

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Dr. Kerby has done a larger work than, perhaps, he contemplated. He has been able, because of his experience, to chart modern seas of social unrest, of rebellion, of religious doubt and misgiving with religion itself. He would send the priest forth thereon, warned of danger, fortified by grace and knowledge as a pilot to guide the storm-tossed to the haven of peace.

Among its chapters is one entitled "Leisure in Clerical Life." We earnestly hope that every priest in our country will give himself the leisure to read this book.

ANTHOLOGY OF IRISH VERSE. Edited with an Introduction by Padraic Colum. New York: Boni & Liveright. $3.00.

While Padraic Colum's fascinating anthology is not liable to supplant the monumental *Dublin Book of Irish Verse*, it does supplement it admirably. That is to say, it is particularly strong in its modern note. It quotes generously from the poets of 1916—it is aware of the Irish-American contribution, as in the work of Eleanor Rogers Cox and Francis Carlin—and if, curiously enough, it neglects Emily Hickey, it has the grace to include Katharine Tynan. But by what false modesty has Mr. Colum been so niggardly in quoting his own work? His "Drover" is here, but not that superb piece of impressionism, his "Plougher;" and can he expect anyone to forgive him for excluding the unforgettable "Old Woman of the Roads?"

The introductory essay on Irish poetry is, naturally, of great interest. And Mr. Colum, unlike the *Dublin Book*, has followed the subjective rather than the chronological method in grouping his selections. Following the winds of national "moods," he gives us Songs of the Road and Home, Street Songs, Satires, Faery Songs, Personal Poems, etc. And while something may, very obviously, be urged against, as well as for, this method, it is undeniably dramatic. And to be dramatic is, perhaps, merely another way of being Celtic.

THE TOCSIN OF REVOLT, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

That Professor Matthews' hosts of readers, a clientele built up through half a century of faithful literary work, will welcome his new book goes without saying; but what would be more interesting would be the assurance that it will be read by that smaller, but nevertheless considerable, audience, the "younglings," to whom the opening essay is addressed, and whom the author describes as the sounders of "the tocsin of revolt." Sage counsel is given in this essay to both camps of the army of art,

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the conservatives as well as the radicals, but counsel given with such winning charm that not even the most rabid of the revolutionaries or the most rigid of the reactionaries could resent it. And there is not one of them who could not study the book as a model of style, its bland and fluent English flowing like a clear stream under the glow of an autumnal sky. While the discerning reader cannot help but regret that Professor Matthews, never commonplace in manner, should take a commonplace view of "the errors of Rome," and while others may not see eye to eye with him in his appraisement of the Gothic of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, none can fail to enjoy his essays, deft, good humored, and glinting with thought, "On the Length of Cleopatra's Nose," "On Working Too Fast and Too Much," "Theodore Roosevelt as a Man of Letters," "Memories of Mark Twain," and divers other subjects. Among these essays is one entitled "What Is American Literature?"—a good answer to which query might be said to be embodied in this volume. It is a worthy example of the American essay at its best.

THE GATES OF OLIVET. By Lucille Borden. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

Those who have seen the sunlight flooding the California meadowland; those who have watched the blue sea of the Pacific and heard its voice of welcome; those, who in western wanderings, have caught the spell of the white monastery walls and felt a peace and a benediction in their wearied souls; those who love fair France and the Lourdes she offers for their marveling—these, and others, too, will find *The Gates of Olivet* a thing of charm and joy.

The tale of Damaris as she is guided to the convent cloisters, is a sweet idyl that will appeal to those who believe that life is more than the pursuing of pleasure on an ever-widening circle of vanity. Throughout the book are to be found charming pictures of the streets of Lourdes, vignettes of inns and inviting shops, and, best of all, a simple, compelling philosophy of life and love that will comfort the believer, and ask the faithless to pause and think. For the pilgrimage of Damaris is a philosophy that will give joy to the discontented and solace to those who have found worldly life, even at its fullest and richest, not quite equal to their hearts' desires.

Though not her first book, this is Mrs. Borden's first novel. She has succeeded admirably in mastering problems of technique. Her characterization, direct and indirect, is handled with much skill, and her plot, unusual in conception, never lags on its way

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to its high points. All things considered, the tale is written with a deftness and a finish that serve fully to present another novelist to the readers of contemporary literature.

DOGMATIC THEOLOGY. Vol. IX.—*The Sacraments;* Vol. X.—*Eschatology: Indexes.* By Rev. Francis J. Hall, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.25 each.

In this course of "Dogmatic Theology," justly called the Anglican *Summa,* Dr. Hall presents, in most attractive, readable form, the achievements of a life-long scholarship. He fed his mind on the marrow of giants, and synthesizes the best results of Anglican historical and Catholic Scholastic theology. He is familiar with the *Summa* of St. Thomas and with the courses of other eminent Catholic theologians, and makes free use of their studies. Anglicans may well rejoice and return thanks to Dr. Hall for placing at their disposal a thorough and comprehensive exposition of dogmatic theology, such as able and learned men have long since made available to students of Catholic theology. But Dr. Hall's work has the advantage of greater accessibility in that it is composed in the vernacular, and is rendered attractive by a clear and simple style that makes its perusal a pleasure.

The style of treatment is positive and irenic, never polemic or controversial; while the doctrines expounded are derived from divine revelation as recorded in Sacred Scripture, and attested and interpreted by Christian history and tradition during the so-called period of the undivided Church. The author has no sympathy with the Protestant principle of independent private judgment; and is wholly uncontaminated by the pervading and pernicious spirit of modernistic liberalism or rationalism. On this account, the Catholic is much pleased, and, in view of the general tendency to disintegration of dogmatic faith outside the Church of Rome, is agreeably surprised to find such a conservative and constructive work from a non-Catholic pen.

While the Catholic student can find much pleasure and profit in the perusal of Dr. Hall's work on the seven sacraments, he cannot admit his claim of Catholic continuity in the Anglican Church through the "Reformation," when the Mass-priest was repudiated in form and intent of ordination and the Mass-altar destroyed: nor can he see why he demurs to Transubstantiation while admitting "identification:" nor why he declines to admit the penal aspect of satisfaction—except as excuses for the Anglican break of the sixteenth century. Doesn't Henry VIII. give a simpler explanation?

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The volume entitled *Eschatology* studies the important problems concerned with the Last Things—death and judgment, purgatory or the intermediate state, hell and heaven, the *parousia*, the resurrection of the dead, and eternal life. All these doctrines, which the author, in common with the Catholic Church, accepts as matters of divine faith, are surveyed in the broad light of Scripture and Christian tradition. The author has the happy art of simplifying his subject to make it attractive. This he effects by not overburdening his presentation with detailed proofs, but is satisfied with a summary and positive statement of the best positive results of scholarship, while referring the reader, for fuller information, to monographs on each special question. That the author depends much for theological precision on Catholic scholars is evident from his many references.

His exposition of the doctrine on the Communion of Saints and on the nature of eternal life is admirable: while his strictures on the caricatures that have made belief in hell (despite the clear evidence for the dogma in revelation) difficult, if not repugnant, to many, are entirely acceptable. Yet the Catholic may not accept his assertion that a *penal* purgatory and admission to the Vision of God before the Last Day are speculative problems that lack ecumenical authority. (His appeal is to Christian antiquity; ours is to the infallible voice of the living Church of Christ.) His speculation as to post-mortem probation and possible salvation for those denied supernatural light on earth; and his theory to explain the continuity and identity of the resurrection body by assuming that a germ-body (as it were) begotten in baptism and nourished by the Eucharist, accompanies the soul after death; and his surmise that the pains of hell are mitigated and become more tolerable in course of time, are views that Catholic theology does not favor; but they are not placed wholly beyond the pale of discussion.

The Bibliographical Index is very complete; and the Subject index is excellent, and most valuable as a ready means of locating the treatment of any question comprised within the scope of the ten volumes. The publisher, too, has done his work most satisfactorily; each volume is neatly printed, well bound, light, and portable.

THE APOCALYPSE OF ST. JOHN. By Rev. E. Sylvester Berry. Columbus, O.: John W. Winterich. $1.50.

Of all Apocalyptic literature, canonical and uncanonical, *The Apocalypse of St. John* is the most picturesque. It abounds in symbolism and imagery, allusions and references, which were un-

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doubtedly more familiar to the readers of the time of composition than they are to us of the present day. The genius of St. John under the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Spirit has reached spiritual heights never attained by the Old Testament Apocalyptical writers. Parts of the book of the Apocalypse offer no serious difficulty of interpretation. The letters are self-explanatory. The last section is evidently eschatological. Some of the symbols are explained by the author. The body of the book has, however, puzzled exegetes. Three leading interpretations have been advanced: (1) The book describes the infant Church of Christ; (2) the author prophetically pictures the history of the Church from the beginning to the end of time; (3) the book is entirely eschatological.

Father Berry adopts and defends the second interpretation. In his opinion, the author of the Apocalypse sees in a vision the future of the Church—her trials and her triumphs. It is, however, not easy to associate the symbols of the Apocalypse with actual great events in the history of the Church. The application must remain broad and general. Probable applications of prophecies are made by Father Berry to many important events in the history of the Church—*v. g.*, to Arianism, Reformation, Luther. He refers to the possibility of the complete destruction of Rome and the transfer of the papacy to Jerusalem. The likelihood of such an event is to say the least extremely improbable: the view is opposed to the general teaching of theologians. Nevertheless, Father Berry's work deserves to be classified with the two principal volumes on the Apocalypse, those of Charles and Allo.

GENERAL AND PROFESSIONAL BIOLOGY, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO MAN. By Edward J. Menge, Ph.D. Milwaukee, Wis.: Bruce Publishing Co. $6.50.

This volume contains an extremely valuable compilation of biological information. A thoroughly scientific book, without any tinge of controversy, it is meant for pre-medical students as an introduction to the biological sciences. It seems well fitted to fulfill this purpose. A score of practical teachers of the subjects included in it at various institutions have given it the advantage of their technical criticism. The author has had years of experience in teaching the subject and, above all, in writing of it, for it is of great importance to have written other books to make the wording of a text-book of this kind direct, simple, and to the point.

So much of the terminology of modern science and the principles underlying it, have crept into modern literary usage and the discussion of social problems of all kinds, that it would be well

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worth the while of the educated man to renew his acquaintance with the biological sciences to date by means of such a book as this. One turns over the pages of it to find such varied subjects as Immunity, Animal Psychology, Genetics, General Biology of the Plant World, the Earth Worm, the Insects, and then the Principles of the Physiology and Anatomy of the Higher Creatures. There are besides chapters on the history of biology, a thoroughly, scientific discussion of evolution showing the present status of the question, and an immense amount of information with regard to the development of individuals. It is, on the whole, a very interesting contribution to the teaching of science, made by a professor in the Catholic University, of which we may be proud. If there were more thoroughly conservative scientific text-books such as this, all the talk about the opposition between religion and science would cease.

THE OLD HOUSE. By Cecile Tormay. Translated from the Hungarian by E. Torday. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $2.00.

From a literary standpoint, this book is unquestionably a piece of fine art, written with an unusually high degree of skill and insight—though in parts heavy with excess of detail. Yet we find in it a misuse of the rare gifts of the writer, since its story of decay and death is anything but one to uplift, inspire, and leave us better for the reading. One faint note of hope is struck, however, at the end, when ". . . her two sons came down the graveled path. She looked at them, and her head rose."

THE VALUES EVERLASTING. By Edward F. Garesché, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net.

Much of our devotional literature makes appeal to a very limited number of the spiritual-reading public. One book will be of interest to priests, another only to cloistered religious, a third to working-girls, a rare fourth to all persons living in the world. We know no class that will not read Father Garesché's book with interest and profit.

Father Garesché has treated a large range of subjects: everyday heroism, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, considerations on heaven and purgatory, a much-needed and eminently sensible treatment of devotions in general and some in particular. It is a book to be highly recommended. It is unfortunate that so many of our writers and preachers will quote Acts xvii. 28: "In Him we live and move and have our being," which is not the Catholic version.

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AMERICANS BY CHOICE. By John Palmer Gavit. New York: Harper Brothers. $2.50.

It is difficult in a short review to give any adequate idea of the excellencies of *Americans By Choice.* This volume of the "Americanization Studies" is a scholarly treatment of the immigrant in his political relations. It is written in a style that grips and holds the attention every minute.

Naturally, Mr. Gavit gives large space to the working of the naturalization law. In a great measure, it is a revelation of governmental red tape that frequently works out most unjustly for the immigrant. Only one who has had some direct contact with the operation of this law, or who has made a study of it, can realize all of the technicalities by which thoroughly desirable aliens can be denied citizenship; and, on the other hand, how powerless it is to keep out many undesirable citizens.

Incidentally, Mr. Gavit takes up and demolishes certain superstitions that have attached to thinking of the alien. One is that the immigrant is the cause of much political corruption in this country. He has not been the cause of corruption, but older Americans have sometimes used him corruptly. Put, tersely, a man cannot sell his vote unless somebody buys it, and the buyers have been the older Americans. Mr. Gavit shows that naturalized citizens are about as much interested in the ballot and use it as unselfishly as any others.

Another superstition fostered by certain writers is that there is a distinction in assimilability and desirability between the "older" immigration—that from northern Europe—and the "newer"—from southeastern Europe—with a decided advantage on the side of the "older." But, after the most thorough study that has yet been made of the actual facts in the case, Mr. Gavit concludes that "if there is any substantial difference in 'quality of assimilability' between the 'older' races and the newer, *it is in favor of the latter*" (p. 252). A smaller percentage of the "newer" than of the "older" races, for instance, was refused citizenship on the ground of immorality. And if the length of time elapsing between arrival and the filing of a petition for naturalization indicates assimilability, the facts are decidedly in favor of the "newer" immigration. At one end, we have Canada with 16.4 years and at the other Turkey in Europe with only 8.1. The average for all races is 10.6, and the only "older" race under ten years is Ireland; whereas there are six of the "newer" races below this figure.

Most heartily, we recommend this study to all who are interested in the problems of immigration and Americanization—and all ought to be interested in them.

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A JESUIT AT THE ENGLISH COURT. The Life of the Ven. Claude de la Colombière, S.J. By Sister Mary Philip, of the Bar Convent, York. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00 net.

This book fills a gap in the library of literature on Devotion to the Sacred Heart. The holy priest who was St. Margaret Mary's spiritual guide during the period of the Revelations and who was her stanch defender against those who misunderstood and opposed her, deserves to be more widely and intimately known. Sister Mary Philip has given to the English-reading world a biography both interesting and devotional. Extracts from Father de la Colombière's letters and retreat notes afford us an insight into the deep spirituality of this truly saintly priest.

NATURAL JUSTICE AND PRIVATE PROPERTY. By Rev. Daniel Merino. Eindhoven, Netherlands: N. V. Lecturis.

Within the brief compass of one hundred and twenty pages, in clear, concise, convincing style, the author deals with the fundamental problems of natural justice and private property. In discussing the origin of private property and the natural titles thereto, such as occupation and production, he joins issue with some of our modern Catholic moralists, such as Dr. Ryan and Father Antoine, in favor of the sounder view of the mediæval Scholastics. Such questions as justice and exchange, justice and profits, interest on capital, and justice and wages are considered in a condensed and illuminating manner. The author, with seeming reason, insists that in *commutative* justice the laborer is entitled only to the current value of what he produces, even if this falls below the living wage—as an enterprise cannot afford, and is not bound, to return to a man more than he contributes. But the need of, and claim to, a living wage, such as Pope Leo XIII. insisted upon, is met by the exercise of *distributive* justice on the part of society, which must so dispose conditions of employment as to ensure to each man, able and willing to work, a salary sufficient to maintain him and his family in frugal and decent comfort. The author seems well versed in the best literature on the subject.

THE ALTAR STEPS. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00.

Readers who enjoyed the youth of "Michael Fane" and his entertaining childhood which Compton Mackenzie gave us in *Youth's Encounter*, will be inclined to welcome the picture of another boy that the author draws in *The Altar Steps*, which although not marked by the same sparkle as the earlier work, is

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happily free from the patches of gratituous morbidity, which disfigured it and *Sinister Street.*

The book has the pleasant flavor of Mackenzie's style, and one enjoys the same facility of expression which is found in all of the author's work. The types are done amazingly well. Even the elusiveness of Anglican bishops is photographed. The whole phantasmagoric jumble which confronts earnest members of the Church of England is depicted with astonishing accuracy. Mark Lidderdale, the hero, is made to come into touch with all shades of Anglican "churchmanship"—high, low, and moderate.

The volume has much excellent character-study to recommend it that is not the work of a caricaturist. It gives a good idea of the protean nature of the Church of England in such a way as to interest those who know that Establishment only by name. One can form a rather good conception of the almost incomprehensible divergencies of opinion, that allow members of the Anglican Establishment to measure each for himself the amount of doctrine that the individual wishes to accept. The different characters show the liberally undefined pale of Church of England orthodoxy.

There are many touches of humor in the book. It is a trifle irritating, however, to feel that Monsignor Cripps, a Catholic priest who appears for a few uninteresting pages, is typical of Catholic priests in England. He seems too English to be Catholic, and somewhat insignificant to be a Monsignor. This, however, is a minor point. The book has much of the quiet and wholesome romance of every-day living, which pleases the reader, because he feels that it is true to facts. Such work goes far to prove that it is not necessary to make a book noisome in order to make it entertaining.

Since *The Altar Steps* is professedly a prelude to a forthcoming one, to be called *A Parson's Progress,* one can form no complete judgment regarding the final development of Mark Lidderdale. One hopes that the end will justify the beginning.

PSYCHOLOGY. A Study of Mental Life. By Robert S. Woodworth, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

Everyone who is at all familiar with the notable contributions made by the laboratory investigations to the progress of Psychology, will be willing to acknowledge and appreciate all legitimate claims of experimental psychology. Ignoring, however, the rational or synthetic, the metaphysical aspect of this science will leave the subject matter of this study incomplete and fragmentary. Numerous problems, most vital and important, de-

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mand solutions that only metaphysics is in a position to offer. There is a sense of incompleteness in our modern text-books on psychology owing to this disregard of all metaphysics.

The work of Dr. Woodworth, whose name is familiar to students of psychology, is a thoroughly modern, strictly up-to-date book on this subject. It is, in many respects, a model text-book. The student will appreciate the clearness of diction, the simplicity of style, absence of unnecessary technical terminology. Drawings and diagrams are numerous, carefully made and clear; they will be of great help to the reader. "Exercizes," appended at the close of each chapter serve as a review of the preceding material, and stimulate the student to broader views and independent thinking. Carefully selected books of reference at the termination of a chapter give the opportunity for further reading and study. Dr. Woodworth's *Psychology,* undoubtedly, deserves a place of honor on the long list of modern text-books on this important subject.

ROSEMARY AND VIOLETS, by the late Very Rev. James E. Coyle (privately printed), is a tribute to the poetic fervor of Father Coyle and to the devoted admiration of its editor, Miss Isabel Beecher. Father Coyle was a true child of Thomas Moore, and his little book is fragrant with the piety of his warm faith and his unconquerable love of Ireland. Poem after poem rings with his spirited and poetic eloquence. It is an eloquence of an Ireland thrilling with the aspirations of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet, and those who made Easter Day of 1916 forever memorable. (Dispatch Printing & Stationery Co., Birmingham, Ala.)

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT, by Hon. Thomas Dillon O'Brien (New York: The Encyclopedia Press. $1.25), is an essay on the State and Federal Constitutions as securing liberty to our citizens. Certainly, we need to have our attention called emphatically to these documents. There is much wild criticism of our Government, particularly of our courts, and there are even proposals to abolish the Supreme Court of the United States. In addition to many individual violations of constitutional rights, there is a serious organized disregard of constitutional provisions. But Judge O'Brien, we regret to say, has not given us the study we need. His essay can best be summed up in his own words: "The analysis of the American Government, attempted in the preceding pages, is very incomplete."

NOTES OF A CATHOLIC BIOLOGIST, by Rev. George A. Kreidel. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $1.50.) Not many writers have the facility of making the dry facts of science attractive to the general reader. The Rev. George A. Kreidel, of Dunwoodie Seminary, New York, is one who deserves much praise for his pleasing, intelligent, and lucid presentation of scientific facts to the popular mind. In this

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book, the author asserts "that the facts of science should not be allowed to stand by themselves, isolated and alone. Ultimately, such facts are not self-explanatory, but rather contain in themselves an appeal beyond. They aid us in making the step from Nature to the Author of Nature." In chapters two, three, and four, where he treats of "God in Nature," "The Beginning and End of the World," and "The Origin of Life," the writer clearly emphasizes this view, and thereby performs a real service to the general reader, who has become nauseated with the modern methods of pseudo-scientists. By holding the mirror up to nature, the writer reflects the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, without sacrificing scientific thoroughness. There can be no doubt that this book will be welcomed as a splendid contribution to popular scientific literature.

A HOOSIER AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by William Dudley Foulke. (New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50 net.) In all modesty, Dr. Foulke suggests that the life story of one who has been active in Civil Service and Municipal Reform and other important movements, may perhaps be accepted as a small contribution to the history of his day and generation. Without desiring to detract in the slightest degree from the meed of merit that is his for leadership in these causes, we venture the opinion that the future historian will find in this volume material of a nature perhaps unsuspected by the writer of the autobiography. For in this record of service is to be discerned not only the figure of Dr. Foulke, but the figures also of others of his kind, studious yet simple, cultured yet kindly, who have made articulate the soul of hundreds of thousands of their fellow-citizens, who, if they had not equal educational advantages, had the same standards of righteousness and ideals that are imperishable. These are they whose leaven of wholesomeness has worked silently, yet powerfully, to preserve the Republic against the nostrums of noisy notoriety-seekers.

Informing every effort of Dr. Foulke for his city, his State, or his country, was love of the greatest of American institutions—the home. There is an intimacy in the telling of the story that is far removed from boastfulness and a buoyancy of optimism that is communicated to the reader in a manner both sensible and satisfying.

MYRRHA: A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS, by Charles V. H. Roberts. (Boston: The Four Seas Co. $2.00 net.) The Rome of the days of Nero has been used by many novelists and more than one playwright, but seldom with such satisfying results as are achieved in this tragedy. Not only is the verse itself of an even excellence, but the sense of dramatic values, of the effectiveness of contrast and the significance of suspense is repeatedly revealed. The character drawing is definite, and the character development consistent. Withal, there is a freshness of treatment and a fluidity of action in the big scenes, which mark the play as a production apart from many of the more learned and more labored presentations of the life of the period treated.

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Too much cannot be said in praise of the religious aspects of the play. The Christianity disclosed is virile and appealing; that it should permeate the piece is not merely proof of piety, but very practical playwriting, for the gripping power of the greatest of all tragedies is used to carry the five acts in climactic crescendo to a convincing culmination. In a day when Catholic dramatic societies are looking for material for stage presentation, *Myrrha* should be welcomed as a decidedly valuable addition to the available and really actable plays.

THE GIFT: A PLAY IN ONE ACT, by Marie A. Foley. (New York: Samuel French, Ltd. 35 cents.) This short play, offered to amateur players for use without payment of royalty, had a successful presentation in New York several months ago—at Columbia University, if memory serves. There is no reason why it should not have many successful productions. It should give to Catholic dramatic societies opportunity for strong acting, while not making too great demand on those having to memorize the individual parts.

THE LOVE OF THE SACRED HEART, illustrated by St. Mechtilde. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00 net.) This is the third in a series of books for special spiritual reading on the love of the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Saviour. The two previous volumes dealt with the communications of the Sacred Heart to St. Margaret Mary and the Blessed John Eudes and to St. Gertrude. The readings in this present book are based on the revelations to St. Mechtilde as related in *The Book of Special Grace*. The tender intimacy, which is there shown to have been granted by the Sacred Heart to this Saint of the thirteenth century, may well inspire those who meditate upon it with so ardent a love for the Heart of Christ as to obtain for them some share in that same intimacy. This volume forms a worthy addition to our Catholic devotional literature.

INSTITUTIONES DOGMATICÆ, by Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S.J. Vol. III.—*De Verbo Incarnato*. (Chicago: Loyola Press. $3.50 net.) Students of theology will welcome this new dogmatic text-book of Father Otten's, which treats of the Incarnation, the Redemption, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints. Father Otten lays more stress than most authors on the proof of the divinity of Christ, and he gives his students a fairly complete and up-to-date bibliography.

THE ORIGIN OF LETTERS AND NUMERALS, by Phineas Mordell. (Philadelphia: Published by the Author. $2.00.) The Sefer Yetzirah, the difficulties of which Mr. Phineas Mordell endeavors to clear up in his thesis, *The Origin of Letters and Numerals*, is one of the Jewish writings dealing with the mysteries of letters and numerals. Its difficulties are due not only to the obscure style of the book, but also especially to the composite character of the extant work. For, according to the author, commentators of the eighth and ninth cen-

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turies combined with the original Sefer Yetzirah (=S. Y. I.) an early commentary (=S. Y. II.), which often misses altogether the sense of the primitive work, while making the S. Y. I. two or three times larger than it was originally (pp. 5, *et seq.*, 36). In the course of his inquiry, the author notes a number of resemblances between the S. Y. and the Pythagorean system—a point treated again especially in the supplement to the book, and ventures the suggestion that the S. Y. may represent the genuine fragments of Philolaus, who was the first to publish the Pythagorean philosophy: the Pythagorean system would thus be of Hebrew origin!

Mr. Mordell's thesis is rather hard to read. The reasoning is not always clear, and one is liable to become confused when trying to follow the author in matters where so much is conjectural: the S. Y. I. is not a model of clear thought and simple expression! Few will look to that strange book for the real explanation of the origin of the Alphabet. Several statements of the author will appear surprising, and in need of proof or explanation, as, for instance, the original vowel value of the Ain, or that the Arabic Alphabet was originally invented to represent the Assyrian-Babylonian language. The Table of Corrections is far from complete: however the rather numerous misprints of English words will not cause any difficulty. A little more serious is the failure (p. 9) to mark properly the emphatic letters, which are thus printed just like the ordinary letters. On page 57 (Mishnah 8), the punctuation signs of the last two lines have been misplaced in the Hebrew, and on page 62 in the English translation, one clause ("stormed them through air") has been transposed, as appears from the Hebrew.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. Supplement I. Volume XVII. (New York: The Encyclopedia Press, Inc.) The preface to this volume calls attention to the permanent value of *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, as shown in the fact that, in issuing this first Supplement, scarcely any revision was required of articles already published on subjects other than biography and geography; additional or supplemental matter on these heads chiefly being needed to cover the changes brought about since 1914. Noteworthy among the new articles are valuable contributions by specialists on Americanization, Bolshevism, Prohibition, Psychoanalysis, Soviet and Union of Christendom, to name but a few, which renders the *Encyclopedia* a valuable reference book to all those who wish to be informed on these timely questions.

THE October issue of *The Font Hill Dial* is an example of beautiful workmanship and, both in format and matter, reflects credit on the College of Mount Saint Vincent, which is celebrating, this year, the seventy-fifth anniversary of its foundation.

THE LIFE OF LIVES—The Story of Our Lord Jesus Christ for Young People, by Louise Morgan Sill. (New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.) Beautiful simplicity and reverence are characteristics of the

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Life of Our Lord, which comes from the pen of Mrs. Louise Morgan Sill, a writer already favorably known to discriminating readers. The volume will give young people a clear idea of the chief events in the divine story of the New Testament, though, of course, it will not familiarize them with Catholic doctrine nor with the words of the Catholic text.

HELGA AND THE WHITE PEACOCK, by Cornelia Meigs (New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00), is a play in three acts, for children. It is a fairy tale, fanciful and delightful, and the moral it points is one that any child can understand. Another Macmillan book, *Charlie and His Kitten, Topsy,* by Violet Maxwell and Helen Hill ($1.25), is a fascinating series of stories, all about Charlie, who is the most real of real small boys. The illustrations add greatly to the charm of the text.

Other children books recently issued are *The Wonder Story* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents), that of the birth and childhood of the Infant Jesus, here told by Miss Marion Ames Taggart in her own inimitable way. It will bring home to children the true meaning of Christmas, only too often lost sight of in their very natural delight over the Christmas tree and the Christmas stocking. *Chico, the Story of a Homing Pigeon,* by Lucy M. Blanchard (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75), takes the small reader to Venice and introduces him to many of its wonders. We love the little Chico from the time he breaks through his shell to the time when he is one of the acknowledged heroes of the World War.

Of especial interest to boys is Father Finn's *On the Run* (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00), the story of Joe Ranley, an American boy, and his stirring adventures in the stormy Ireland of today.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Der Heilige Bonifatius, by J. J. Laux. (Freiburg i. Br.: Herder & Co. 53 marks.) In this small volume, of less than three hundred pages, Father Laux portrays the sympathetic human side of the character of St. Boniface, which, to many of us, remains buried in the extensive correspondence carried on by the Saint with relatives and friends and brethren-in-religion in his homeland across the Channel. We see St. Boniface take an interest in the poetic efforts of a youthful relative in England. We see him write riddles in verse and give advice regarding the rules of metre. We see him receive from King Ethelbert II. of Kent a golden chalice and two waterproof raincoats with the request to procure for him two German hawks for crane-hunting. We see him write to the Abbot of Wearmouth for Bede's works, preferably his *Homilies* or *Commentaries on the Proverbs,* which might be of use to him in his preaching. At the end of this request, we read the following: "Instead of a kiss, we send your Highness, through the carrier of this letter two little kegs of wine, and ask you to prepare, mindful of the love that is between us, for your brethren, a joyous holiday." The book is written for the general reading public. A student of history will find in the appendix, of thirty pages, an up-to-date bibliography and also a short discussion of fifteen disputed or un-

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certain details of chronology, locality, genuinity, etc., of matters mentioned in the book.

L'Orient Vu de L'Occident. (Paris: P. Geuthner. 4 *frs.*) E. Dinet and Sliman ben Ibrahim present us in this work with a brief apology of Islam in reply to some misrepresentations of the faith by western Orientalists. According to the authors, western historians are incapable of a correct and fair estimation of the Mohammedan Orient. Two are singled out for the purpose of showing the errors into which false methods and bias may lead scholars: Father Lammens, S.J., of the St. Joseph University, Beyrouth, and Mr. Casanova, of the Collège de France. Father Lammens (pp. 19-42) is evidently the authors' *bête noire.* They recognize, indeed, his great learning, but they are provoked to bitterness by his tone, which they find needlessly offensive, and by his readiness to accuse or suspect Mohammed and his friends, who hardly ever get the benefit of the doubt, while Mohammed's enemies are rehabilitated (pp. 26-30). Mr. Casanova, on the contrary (pp. 43-80), is praised for his fairness (pp. 44, *et seq.*; 79, *et seq.*), although his thesis as to Mohammed's successor is declared extremely dangerous to the Coranic Revelation (p. 46). In the Bibliography, the description of the works is too vague—without any mention of place or date—and the principle on which the works are selected is not clear: several other recent volumes, adapted to the needs of the general reader, could easily be added.

From P. Téqui, Paris: *Explication du Petit Office de la Sainte Vièrge Marie,* by Rev. Charles Willi, is an excellent French translation of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, accompanying its every verse with a most detailed and helpful commentary (314 pages). In six preliminary chapters, he gives a brief historical sketch of devotion to the Mother of God, and initiates her devout clients into the beauties of the Little Office. *Petit Manuel des Congrégations de la T. S. Vièrge.* (1 *fr.*) This little manual contains a number of prayers in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, and the rules and regulations of the Congregation of the Immaculate Mary. *Futures Epouses,* by Abbé Charles Grimaud. (5 *frs.*) The conferences of this interesting volume are written for young women with a view of preparing them for their future vocation of motherhood. The Abbé's themes are purity, piety, home and social life, education, marriage, divorce, race-suicide, and the like. *L'Abbé Jean-Baptiste Debrabant.* (10 *frs.*) Mgr. Laveille, the biographer of the Abbé Jean Marie De Lamennais and the Abbé Champagnat, has added, in this, another striking figure to his gallery of French ecclesiastics. *Direction de Conscience Psychothérapie des Troubles Nerveux,* by the Abbé Arnaud d'Agnel and Dr. d'Espiney. (8 *frs.*) Priests and physicians will find this new volume on psychotherapy most useful, for it analyzes most carefully all the symptoms and conditions common to morbid conditions of both soul and body. A Catholic priest and a Catholic doctor join hands in telling us all that modern science knows of the proper treatment of nervous diseases, and all that Catholic theology teaches regarding the proper spiritual guidance of neurotic and scrupulous souls. *Les Chevaliers du Poignard,* by Albert Monniot. (7 *frs.*) This is a stirring tale of the French Revolution. It begins at the siege of Yorktown, in America, and ends with the death of Robespierre. The author has drawn a good picture of the reign of terror at its height, and gives a most vivid account of the adventures of the Chevaliers du Poignard.

From Bloud et Gay, Paris: *L'Enseignement du Catéchisme en France.* (4 *frs.*) In this interesting volume, the Abbé Bricout, one time editor of the *Revue du Clergé Français,* gives us a detailed history of catechetical instruction in France from the days of the Council of

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Trent. After a brief introductory chapter on the ideas and methods of Gerson, St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, Olier, Fénelon, and Bossuet, the writer discusses the causes of present-day ignorance in matters of religion, the make-up of the three classes of the catechism in current use, the duties of the efficient catechist, the use of modern methods of teaching, etc. *L'Education du Clergé Français*, by the Abbé J. Bricout. (4 *frs.*) This volume sums up, in a brief, but accurate, outline, the history of clerical education in France during the past four hundred years, both in the Petits and the Grands Séminaires. The writer contrasts the methods of the Sulpicians, the Vincentians, and the diocesan clergy, and discusses in detail the course of studies, the text-books in current use, the ideals proposed to the students, the training of the professors, and the results obtained.

From P. Lethielleux, Paris: Dom Bede Lebbe, of the Benedictine Abbey of Maredsous, has translated Bishop Hedley's *Lex Levitarum* (4 *frs.*) for the Benedictine series of ascetical and mystic volumes, known as "Pax." These twelve conferences treat of vocation, purity of heart, zeal for souls, the seminary life, the study of philosophy, literature, and the Holy Scriptures. *Les Mystiques Bénédictins, des Origines au XIII. siècle* (6 *frs.*) contains those conferences given by Dom Besse, which treat especially (with a general introduction) of the Benedictine mystics up to the thirteenth century.

From Victor Lecoffre, Paris: *Evangile Selon Saint Marc*, par Pére Lagrange (4 *frs.*), is an abridgment of the author's more scholarly work, divested of every appearance of erudition, and intended for popular use. It consists of a translation of the Gospel, together with a brief, though satisfactory, commentary. *St. Jean-Baptiste*, par D. Buzy (8 *frs.* 50), is an historical and critical study of the highest order, in which every phase of the Precursor's only too short life is fully dwelt upon and all objections satisfactorily solved. Much space is devoted to topography and controversy, but this is necessitated by the nature of the work, which will be highly prized by teachers and students of Sacred Scripture.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Catholicism and Criticism. By Etienne Hugueny. Translated by Rev. Stanislaus M. Hogan. $3.50. *From Vita Nuova to Paradiso.* By Philip H. Wicksteed. $1.75. *Liberalism, Modernism, and Tradition.* By Oliver C. Quick. $2.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Human Nature in the Bible. By William Lyon Phelps. $2.00. *Dante and His Influence.* By Thomas Nelson Page. $2.00.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, New York:
Ireland's Literary Renaissance. By Ernest Boyd. $3.50. *Prejudices.* Third Series. By H. L. Mencken. $2.50.

RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION, New York:
Plans and Illustrations of Prisons and Reformatories. Collected by Hastings H. Hart. $2.50.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Poems. By Canon Sheehan. $1.00. *The Literary Life and Other Essays.* By Canon Sheehan. $2.25. *The Divine Counsellor.* By Martin J. Scott, S.J. $1.75.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
A Manual of the Short Story Art. By Glenn Clark. $1.75. *The A B C's of Business.* By Henry S. McKee. $1.00. *The Psychic Health of Jesus.* By Walter E. Bundy. $3.00.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, INC., New York:
The Epistles of St. Paul. By Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P. Vol. I. $6.00.

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E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Life of the Spirit and the Life of Today. By Evelyn Underhill. $2.50. *English Short Stories from Fifteenth to Twentieth Century.* $1.00.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York:
Single Blessedness and Other Observations. By George Ade. $1.50. *My Life and Work.* By Henry Ford. In Collaboration with Samuel Crowther. $3.50. *Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement.* By Ray S. Baker. 2 vols. $10.00.

Boni & Liveright, New York:
The White Heart of Mojave. By Edna Brush Perkins. $3.00. *Tramping On Life.* By Harry Kemp. $3.00.

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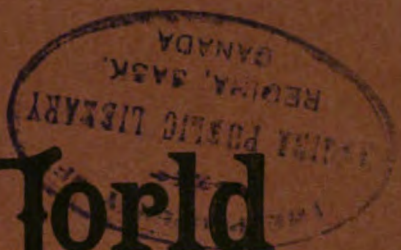
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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

VOL. CXVI. JANUARY, 1923. No. 694.

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PUBLISHED BY

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK
(The Paulist Fathers)

New York:
THE OFFICE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD,
120-122 West 60th Street.

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N.B.—The postage on "THE CATHOLIC WORLD" to Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, and Italy is 5 cents per copy.

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Entered as second class matter July 8, 1879, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 9, 1918.

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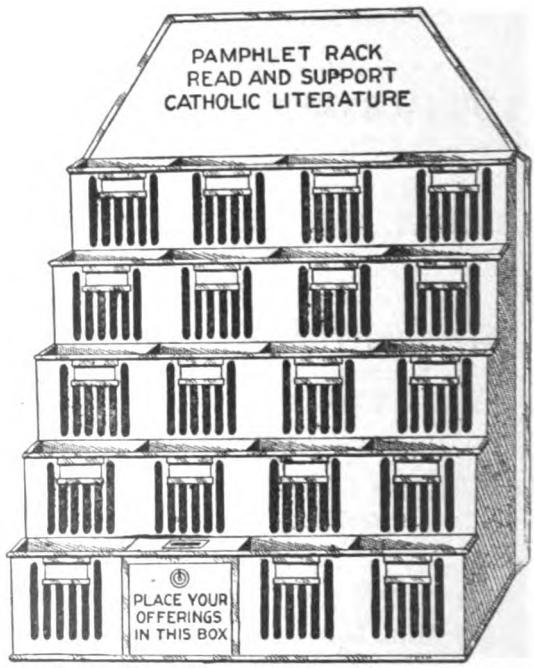
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VOL. CXVI. JANUARY, 1923. No. 694.

THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE most curious combination of comedy and tragedy, of melodrama and burlesque, of buffoonery and villainy that has appeared in America, is the Ku-Klux Klan. At this late date in the history of the world, it is difficult to achieve distinction in the commission of crime. But the Klan has at least achieved peculiarity. It combines nonsense with murder. If one were to meet a mob of Klansmen leading their victim to a whipping party or a tarring and feathering "bee," one might imagine, from their appearance and their antics, that they were a class of sophomores hazing a freshman. Even as they built a fire and heated their irons, to brand their victim with the insignia, K. K. K., one might imagine that they were still joking. The proceedings might be only an initiation into a college fraternity. When the jokers have frightened the candidate to "within an inch of his life," surely, one might think, they will suddenly laugh at him and let him go. Here and now, so far away from Fiji or Borneo or the Cannibal Islands, and so long after Cotton Mather and the human bonfires at Salem, it seems incredible that men could sear the flesh of a fellow human being, or actually burn him alive. Incredible,

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but it is true. One of the paradoxes of civilization is that in this land of libraries and schools and churches, in the era of the automobile and the aëroplane and the radio, it is still possible for men to put a human being in a steel cage, and roast him, while they dance around the fire, shouting, laughing, merrymaking as if at a barbecue. It is still more paradoxical—and more humiliating—that America is the only land in which such atrocities really take place. The Bolsheviki do not burn people alive. Canadian soldiers were not crucified by the Germans in Belgium. Even the inferential insult to Tahiti and Borneo must, on second thought, be withdrawn. No such things are done in the Cannibal Islands as are done in Texas and Georgia and Alabama, and in some more northerly States. The Ku-Klux Klan is indeed a malignant phenomenon.

But—again the curious combination—the Klan is none the less ridiculous. Even in the act of crime, the Klansmen act like clowns. The murder-gang masquerades as a Halloween party. Therein lies its chief distinction. Therein, also, is one of the difficulties of dealing with it. We need a champion to fight against the Klansmen. But if we could choose our champion, from the living or the dead, I hesitate to say whether we should summon Daniel Webster or Mark Twain. Webster would thunder at them. Mark Twain would make game of them. And—for the moment at least—I think that the humorist would be more efficient than the statesman and orator. One thing is certain. If we do not laugh at the Klansmen, the rest of the world will laugh at us. As a caricature of America, the Klan is infinitely more absurd than *Main Street*. Babbitt is not nearly so preposterous as William Joseph Simmons,[1] the "Imperial Wizard."

As is always the case with those who appeal to the sense of humor in others, without having any humor in themselves, the masters of the Klan are never so funny as when they are most solemn. Their ritual is claptrap. Their sacred ceremonies are extravaganza. Their official documents are "high-falutin," "bunkum." Witness this grandiloquent salutatory of the "Imperial Wizard" to his worshipful underlings:

[1] William Joseph Simmons later was succeeded by a man named Clarke. Clarke was ousted and Simmons became a second time head of the order. In November 1922, Simmons was "kicked upstairs," being given the title, "Emperor for Life." The present Imperial Wizard is H. W. Evans.

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To all Genii, Grand Dragons, and Hydras of Realms, Grand Goblins and Kleagles of Domains, Grand Titans and Furies of Provinces, Giants, Exalted Cyclops and Terrors of Klantons, and to all citizens of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku-Klux Klan—in the name of our valiant, venerated Dead, I affectionately greet you. . . .

And the conclusion of the same manifesto:

Done in the Aulic of his Majesty, Imperial Wizard, Emperor of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku-Klux Klan, in the Imperial City of Atlanta, on this the ninth day of the ninth month of the year of Our Lord, 1921, and on the Dreadful Day of the Weeping Week of the Mournful Month of the year of the Klan LV.

Duly signed and sealed by His Majesty,
(Signed) WILLIAM JOSEPH SIMMONS,
Imperial Wizard.

Is this lunacy or charlatanism? Or both? It is so silly, and yet so serious. Chesterton has remarked, with his usual acumen, that those who take themselves most seriously are the insane. Perhaps, then, the Imperial Wizard should be committed to a madhouse rather than a jail. The Kleagles, and Klexters, and other nabobs should go with him. The rank and file—the Klanfools—might then be sent to sanitariums to undergo treatment for gullibility.

But let us make no mistake. William Joseph Simmons may be as "mad as a March hare," but he is as shrewd as P. T. Barnum. He knows his America as well as Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. We shall see this presently. But, meanwhile, let us have a bit of Klan melodrama.

"After fourteen years of preparation" (it is the original Imperial Wizard who is speaking), "on Thanksgiving Night in the year 1915, thirty-four intrepid spirits made their way to a

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mountain near Atlanta, and there on the mountain top, at the midnight hour, while men braved the surging blasts of the wild wintry mountain winds, and endured a temperature far below freezing, bathed in the sacred glow of the fiery cross, the Invisible Empire was called forth from its slumber of half a century."

O sacred recollections of the good old guileless days of melodrama! "It's a hard night on the banks, boys! Heaven help those who go down to the sea in ships on such a night as this!" "It's a hard night on the mountain top, boys! Heaven help the 'intrepid spirits' who brave the wintry blasts of a Thanksgiving Night in Georgia!"

Picture those patriots of the peak leaving the open fireplace, or the barber-shop stove, or the Union Station radiator, pressing on fearlessly by trolley to Stone Mountain, twelve miles away, and climbing in a "temperature far below freezing" even to the very tip, reaching the dizzy altitude of eighteen hundred feet. How insignificant, by comparison, are the exploits of Peary, or Amundsen, or Robert Scott!

Unfortunately, at this point in the record, the Imperial Wizard's English becomes a bit blurred. We cannot tell whether it was the Invisible Empire, or the intrepid thirty-four, or the mountain top, that was "bathed in the sacred glow of the fiery cross." But though the syntax be somewhat scrambled, the story is, none the less, graphic and thrilling. Under the spell of the Wizard's words, the Invisible Empire becomes visible. We can see it, awaking like Rip Van Winkle, from its long sleep, stretching its arms, blinking in the light of the fiery cross, stiffly and laboriously rising to its feet, yawning wearily: "Ho! ho! there's bloody work to be done, negroes to be burned, solitary men to be tarred and feathered, women to be stripped and whipped. Yea, there's work for 'intrepid spirits' to do! Fe, fi, fo, fum!"

Of course, this sophisticated generation, which only laughs at melodrama, will ask irreverently: "Had the intrepid spirits no homes? Are there no halls to be hired in Atlanta? Would not the landlady let them use the back parlor for the evening? Or could they not have assembled on a vacant lot, safe and warm behind the billboards? Why should they go to the top of a mountain, far, far away in the suburbs?"

The Imperial Wizard has not recorded the message de-

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livered that terrible night on the mountain top, but very probably it was in substance the same that he has frequently delivered ever since: "This great nation, with all it provides, can be snatched away from you between the rising and the setting of one sun . . . in the space of one day, and that day of no more than ten hours; when the hordes of aliens *walk to the ballot box (!)* and their votes outnumber yours, then that alien horde has got you by the throat. Americans will awaken from their slumber and rush out for battle. The soil of America will run red with the blood of its people." [2]

I confess that I cannot visualize that scene as vividly as the scene on the mountain top. The description is rather puzzling. The "aliens" walk to the ballot box. But if they are aliens and walk to the ballot box, they will simply have to walk right home again. Aliens do not vote in the United States. If the "aliens" vote, they have been naturalized, and if they have been naturalized, they are no longer "aliens," but citizens. Are we to understand that the Klan is opposed to all naturalization? And are they, then, opposed to the Constitution, which legalizes naturalization?

It seems also that while the "aliens" are voting, the "100 per cent. Americans" are slumbering. Do the "aliens" outnumber the Americans at the polls because the Americans take advantage of the holiday to remain in bed? And are they who remain in bed on Election Day one hundred per cent. pure Americans? Is it blameworthy for naturalized citizens to exercise their constitutional right to vote? It is all rather confusing. However, the aliens seize the sleeping patriots by the throat: the patriots awake: the soil of America runs red with their blood. So much, at least, is clear.

I have, perhaps, insinuated that Simmons is insane. But "though this be madness, yet there is method in it." He is "but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly," he knows "a hawk from a handsaw." He knows which side of his bread is buttered. And he knows how to get the bread and butter. While he was still occupying the position of "Imperial Wizard," he claimed that there were two million members of the Klan. The initiation fee is, or was, $10.00 per head. For regalia, the Klanfools pay $6.50. But the regalia consists only of a nightgown and a mask, and is worth, perhaps, $1.50.

[2] *The Searchlight*, William Joseph Simmons. April 30, 1921.

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Therefore two million initiations produce a profit of thirty million dollars—and all this in five or six years. I have compared Simmons with Barnum and with Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. But, after all, compared with the Imperial Wizard, Barnum and Wallingford were only tyros. Even the editors and owners of the *Menace* were, likewise, amateurs at money-making. Earl McClure made $100,000; W. L. Phelps made $300,000; Marvin Brown made $50,000. But what are the paltry sums of $100,000 or even $300,000 in fifteen or twenty years over against $30,000,000 in five years?

But let us not fail to notice that there is always a mine of religious bigotry, here in America, and that those who work it are sure of quick and substantial profits. Wallingford made his money on carpet tacks. Others go in for patent medicines. Still others invent a "sure cure for baldness." Recently, bootlegging has become the favorite path to sudden wealth. But of all frauds and "fakers," the "brewers of bigotry" are the shrewdest. They make money faster and more abundantly than any other kind of charlatans; and while they grow rich, they have the added consolation of being reputed patriots or saints, or both. Barnum was right. "The public loves to be humbugged." And Ben Franklin was right. "A fool and his money are soon parted." But the Imperial Wizards are not the fools. Nor the Grand Goblins, nor the Titans, nor the Kleagles, nor the Exalted Cyclops. They are "getting theirs while the getting is good." The fools are those who pay $10.00 for initiation and $6.50 for a sheet.

However, it is time to be serious—though not too serious. There is always a tendency to maintain that any contemporary evil is "the worst ever." But there have been far worse outbursts of bigotry than that of the modern Ku-Klux Klan. It may be that the Klan has not yet reached the peak of its pernicious activities. Conditions may get worse before they get better. But it is a fact that thus far the Ku-Klux Klan has not accomplished nearly so much villainy as the "Native American" Movement, of the thirties and forties, or the "Know-nothing" Movement, of the fifties, in the last century. In those troublous times, when Catholics were as few all over the United States as they are now in the Southern States, they suffered more persecution than the Klan can possibly inflict today. Mobs were formed and ran riot everywhere, burning

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or dynamiting churches, convents, academies, and even hospitals.

In Philadelphia, in 1844, two Catholic churches were burned to the ground. Catholic worship was suspended, the homes of Catholics were invaded and destroyed and their occupants deliberately murdered.

At Cincinnati, a mob of six hundred, with firebrands and ropes, attacked the Cathedral, with intent to burn it and to hang a papal nuncio, who was the guest of the bishop. Similar disturbances, and worse, took place in dozens of other cities and towns. From Louisville, Bishop Spalding wrote in August, 1855: "We have just passed through a reign of terror, surpassed only by the Philadelphia riots. Nearly one hundred poor Irish have been butchered or burned and some twenty houses have been consumed in the flames. The city authorities, all Know-nothings, looked calmly on, and they are now endeavoring to lay the blame on the Catholics."

Politically, too, the Know-nothings were active. In Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco (to say nothing of scores of smaller cities), mayors were elected on anti-Catholic platforms. Fifteen States elected Know-nothing governors. In the Thirty-fifth Congress, which sat from 1857 to 1859, one hundred and thirteen representatives out of two hundred and thirty-six, were either actual members of the Know-nothing Party or Republicans who had been elected to office after an open declaration of their anti-Catholic convictions.

In the national election of 1852, the Know-nothings claimed to control 1,500,000 votes—half of the grand total.

But the Know-nothing Party collapsed as suddenly and as mysteriously as it had originated. When, in 1856, it nominated Millard Fillmore for the Presidency, he was ignominiously defeated, receiving only eight electoral votes, all of which were cast by one State, Maryland. There is consolation in that fact for those who are now worried about what may be the future for Catholics if the Klan continues to grow. Organized bigotry, above all things else, is spasmodic. It comes in waves, but the waves finally—and suddenly—break. The Ku-Klux Klan, up to the present, has had no such political success as the Know-nothings. It has voted the parochial school out of existence in Oregon, and elected a Senator from

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Texas, but, beyond that, it has achieved no very important results by the ballot.

As for crimes of violence attributable to members of the Klan, the New York *World,* which conducted a thorough and painstaking investigation, reports that in one year, October 1920, to September 1921, there were 4 murders, 1 "irreparable mutilation," 1 branding with acid, 41 floggings, 27 cases of tarring and feathering, and 5 kidnappings, by cloaked and hooded law-breakers in the United States.

In the year 1922, conditions were worse. Senator D. I. Walsh, of Massachusetts, addressing Attorney General Daugherty, quotes from a letter written to him by a lawyer in Texas:

> I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that Texas has had, within the last eighteen months, five hundred tar and feather parties and whipping bees, not to mention a number of homicides, assaults, and other offenses directed against the person; threatening letters by the score have been given to the victims of this huge criminal conspiracy, ordering them, in many instances, to leave their homes; women have been tarred and feathered and old men in their dotage have not been spared their vengeance; young girls in their teens and not hardly in womanhood have been the victims of these letters, and, in many instances, they have been forced to leave their homes on account of the slander and ignominy heaped on them.
>
> So far as I know, not one of these criminals has been brought to justice. At Waco, the home of the Governor of Texas, police officers arrested three masked and hooded men with their victim, covered with hot tar and feathers, in their possession. The Grand Jury of McClennan County voted "No bill." In Dallas, a Klan stronghold, it is reported that at least fifty men have been whipped at one place. One man, prominent in the business life of the city, was taken from his home and away from his little motherless girls, and beaten. One of his children, a girl, was knocked down and injured while trying to defend her father.
>
> At Teneha, a woman was tarred and feathered and beaten with a wet rope, because she had married a second time. At Austin, the capital city of the State, numbers of outrages have been perpetrated upon individuals. Every little town, hamlet and city in the State, with but few exceptions, have

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had their little "patriotic fêtes," featuring hot tar, feathers, and wet ropes. It would astound the people of the United States if the truth about this organization in Texas could be given.

The Governor of Louisiana thought it necessary to make a personal visit to President Harding to ask federal coöperation in a campaign against the outrages of the Klan. While the Governor was at the Capital, alarming accounts were printed in the newspapers, declaring that "the invisible Empire" had grown to such an extent, and had so far usurped all power that the administration of law and order had become "*negligible*" in certain parts of the State of Louisiana. Governor Parker denounced these reports as exaggerations. But the actual seriousness of the situation, which led him to make his visit and his appeal to Washington, he did not deny.

The conditions existing in Texas and Louisiana fairly illustrate the state of the case throughout the South and Southwest. In the North, the Middle West, and parts of the far West, the Klansmen are equally virulent, and perhaps would be equally violent were it not that in these sections Catholics are too numerous to be seriously molested. Right there is a hint as to the principal characteristic of the Klansmen—their cowardice.

It is conceivable that a mob may sometimes be a random aggregation of heroes. But a masked mob is always an aggregation of cowards. The French revolutionists, who stormed the Bastille, in the days of Louis XVI., were risking their lives. They were a mob only because they could not be an army. They wore no masks. The mob that came by night with swords and staves into the Garden of Gethsemane to apprehend Jesus Christ, wore no masks. Even Judas did not conceal his countenance. But a mob of men, who cover their faces with hoods and their forms with sheets, is a mob of cowards. When a man is afraid to show his colors, it must be because he is "yellow."

Furthermore, the Klan, in its attacks, never allows a man to have a fighting chance. One man never fights one man; the man must fight the mob. A mob that attacks an army, like the mob that precipitated the revolution in Russia, is certainly courageous. It is no lark to go armed only with pikes

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or pitchforks into the face of machine guns. The Bolsheviki may be savage, but they are not cowards. But the mobs of Klansmen that attack one solitary defenseless person are obviously cowards. If one gang of street boys attacks another gang, there may be "fair play" between them. But if a whole gang attacks one defenseless boy, the gang is despicable. If there were even an iota of chivalry in the heart of a Klansman, he would recognize that obvious fact.

They have no courage. Likewise they have no logic. They claim to be "100 per cent. American." The truth is that they would ruin America. There could not possibly be a more dangerously anti-American society than one which is a law unto itself. Obedience to law, observance of the established means of obtaining justice, acceptance of the decisions of the courts, are a *sine qua non* of the existence of our form of government. But the Ku-Klux Klan makes itself a police force, judge, jury, attorney, executioner, mayor, governor, supreme dictator in all matters pertaining not only to government, but to manners, morals, and religion. This arrogant society has taken the duty upon itself to warn gamblers, adulterers, "joy-riders;" to teach editors what they may write or publish; to dictate to judges on the bench about their decisions. It has violated the habeas corpus act. With the alleged purpose of punishing crime, it has been guilty of more serious crimes—unlawful seizure, abduction, punishment without trial. It is a state within the state, or rather a state above the state. Indeed, it claims to be that most dangerous of all institutions, an Invisible Empire. Being invisible, it is likewise intangible and irresponsible. If Louis XIV. ever said, "*L'Etat c'est moi,*" he spoke like a tyrant. The Ku-Klux Klan repeats the words attributed to the King, "I am the state."

The only possible justification of such a society would be the utter absence of law and order, a condition of anarchy with which the State is unable to cope. The Vigilance Committees of early days in California were necessitated and justified by the chaotic social conditions incidental to the rush for gold. No such conditions prevail now in any American State. So long as there is no condition of anarchy, there is no call for a Vigilance Committee, and still less is there any justification for a "Klan." The Klan will cause anarchy, not cure it.

Again, the K. K. K. is a menace to the peace of the country,

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because its wicked and violent methods might easily lead to retaliation. If the Klan antagonizes and persecutes Catholics, Jews and negroes, then Catholics and Jews and negroes have at least equal right to antagonize their antagonists, and to persecute their persecutors. This will not be done—at least Catholics will not succumb to the temptation to correct crime with crime—but if the day does come when the Ku-Klux Klan becomes strong enough to nullify the administration of justice in any State, or in the Union, the Catholics, Jews, and Negroes will have to defend themselves in the most effective way possible. When the Know-nothings, in 1854, threatened to burn St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, Bishop Hughes asked of his legal advisers the question: "Does the State guarantee compensation for damage done by rioters?" The lawyers replied that the State makes no such guarantee. "Then," said the Bishop, "the State intends that citizens shall defend their own property." And he published a declaration, saying that, "in case all other protection fail," Catholics should "defend their property even with their lives. In this, they will not be acting against, but for, the law."

That principle of self-defense is, of course, indefeasible. It may be brought into effect once again if the Ku-Klux Klan gets out of hand.

Catholics will not be driven to retaliation. But they may be driven to self-defense, even to the extent of bloodshed. It is natural, therefore, that governors and magistrates generally should bestir themselves to anticipate and to prevent the anarchical conditions that will prevail if the Klan is not soon interrupted in its dangerous and un-American campaign of disseminating racial and religious animosity.

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THE LITERATURE OF LIBEL.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY, LITT.D.

SUPERFICIALLY, it seems a little curious that just when the professional psychologists of the world had about persuaded us of the enormous value of asserted optimism—just when, as a climax to years of dutifully cultivated cheerfulness, we were (in spite of occasional misgivings!) about to make daily confession of growing in all ways *better and better*—the popular fiction of the world should rise up almost with a single voice to proclaim that we are growing worse and worse. Superficially, the contrast is baffling: under the skin, it was probably to be expected. For the natural reaction from obligatory optimism is, of course, pessimism, naked and unashamed. And if the optimism has been a little forced, a little hectic, the reaction will be equally noisy and hysterical. The inevitable and immemorial result of not calling a spade a spade is for some shrill young voice to proclaim it a "damned shovel." So, by degrees, is the equilibrium of things restored.

At the best, our feeling out after reality is a pathetic thing: and they are the wisest seers who admit that they see "darkly," and fight on, for the most part, "driven against the wall." What those see who trust simply to their own rush candle, and the eye or hand of the very "natural" man, is a sad, if highly suggestive, nightmare. There is nothing hidden about it. The Mirrors of the world have multiplied exceedingly, moving out from the boudoir to the street-corner or council-chamber—while all the younger realists proclaim their visions loudly and lustily from the housetops. Candor, as hinted before, is the expected reaction from censorship: and after the war—and the peace—had shaken the world, nobody cared especially about the assault upon Downing Street or Washington. These were fair enough targets, and the archery was wittily, if not always wisely, performed. Politics, indeed, have grown to be considered a perennially safe quarry, and to announce their immediate corruption has long been as popular as to discuss the degradation of the contemporary

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stage. But why stop with politics and the theatre? There remains Society, a *grande dame* of proverbially questionable virtue—or the Very Poor, most aching and acute in their problems—while the Very Rich are even worse. However shaken, the State is still with us to attack: however divided, so, too, is the Church. Moreover, there are concrete, individual men and women—never, perhaps more visible in their vulnerability. And the *lèse majesté* has been lifted. From every corner of Grubb Street and Main Street rises the slogan, *Now it can be told!*

It has been told, quite manifestly. Realism and pessimism, the disappointment of age and the impatience of youth, have done their little worst. Humanity is on exhibition, not merely naked, but skinned and psychoanalyzed. It is not a little instructive to glance over that copious Literature of Libel (if one may call it so) which has grown up during the past four or five years. Only, one is embarrassed by the richness of one's poverty. There is, literally, nowhere to turn, if one does not want to turn down one's thumb. In former times, when a writer attacked the plutocrat, for instance, it was generally in favor of the poor. When he attacked the morals of the young, it was usually that he might show the superiority of the old. And when he attacked any particular form of belief, it was almost invariably because he wished to promulgate some pet belief or unbelief of his own. But the makers of this new Literature of Libel would be the first to disclaim any such missionary purpose. Except in the rare instances where they are avowed pacifists, bolshevists, birth-controllers—or Bernard Shaw—they evidently consider it inartistic to suggest any remedy. They are merely painting, quite meticulously, what they believe they see. And to single out just a few examples of this recent vision in British and American letters—without analyzing the debt to recent French, Russian, and even German letters—is somewhat disquieting.

It did not, of course, require *Glimpses of the Moon* to show the futility of a certain moneyed minority of American society, who had "intermarried, interloved, and interdivorced each other over the whole face of Europe." France had a similar minority—as irresponsible, but somehow, through the glamour of years, more interesting—before the historic episode

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of her first Revolution. Mrs. Wharton, an enormously fine artist in fiction, has merely exploited the type in one of her less fine novels; just as Mr. Maugham, usually an expert dramatist, exploits it in such unsavory plays as *The Circle* and *Our Betters*.

Such people may, at moments, in the newspapers or in some sudden and violent vagary, seem evilly symbolic of their age, of their country. In point of fact, they are symbolic of neither. They are a lawlessness unto themselves. But the prosperous young married couples who populate the suburbs and country clubs—and the younger, generally unmarried, ones who frequent the summer hotels and city cabarets—are much nearer the standards of everyday living. They do smoke cigarettes—most of them: they do drink cocktails—when they can get them. They are a little indiscriminate in distributing their kisses, and frightfully reckless in driving their motor-cars. They do not know very much about religion, many of them, nor care very much about the Commandments. But does anyone seriously believe Mr. Hergesheimer's *Cytherea* representative of our modern American civilization? The erotic woman is not a new type to fiction—neither is the neurotic man, although he is newer. The whole repulsive story *could* happen, to be sure. Anything could happen, in fact: and almost everything has happened since the world began. But probably the greatest weakness of this Literature of Libel is that it treats the exceptional, abnormal case as though it were usual. It proves too much.

With all the faults of the flappers, one knows that even *Nice People* are not quite so hopeless of manners and morals as Rachel Crothers paints them in her recent comedy. And are even the "beautiful" as insidiously, incurably "damned" as young Mr. Fitzgerald seems to find them? The saddest thing, as it is the cheapest, about such books is not their youthful candor and sophistication—it is the cruelty of their youthful cynicism. Far worse than Gloria's tippling and temporizing, her rather tiresome uselessness and self-absorption, is her reaction to the bigger things, which rise unasked upon her horizon—motherhood, for instance; and, when war came, her reflection "as the drive toward Paris progressed, that here, at length, went the world to inevitable and well-merited destruction." But then, perhaps, such a reaction was a direct result

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of the tippling and temporizing and uselessness. For nothing is more infuriating than an enthusiasm one cannot share.

Perhaps that is the real explanation of the more abusive and violent of our recent "pacifist" literature. By this is meant not the books which honestly seek to root out of human hearts and human governments that hate and enmity of which war is only one manifestation, but the books which "take it out" on the military authorities, as it were; reveling in every record of mismanagement, fancying that manly dignity is being outraged by the discipline of the camp at the same time that it is being demoralized by the freedom of the camp. As a rule, these are written either by radical theorists or by disgruntled young idealists who saw the seamy side of the training camps or ambulances. Very seldom are the authors men who have actually fought at the front. *Le Feu* was one of the most celebrated of these volumes: but even before the war, Barbusse had accumulated the horrors of *L'Enfer*, and his work of genius perverted was sufficiently outnumbered by that enormous French war literature (Claudel's *Nuit de Noël de 1914* is only one example) which fairly glowed in its recaptured idealism.

In the United States, one of the most regrettable—and during its day one of the most read—of these productions was the novel, *Three Soldiers*, a sordid story libeling about equally the American man and the French woman. Now it is not likely that anyone with a head on his shoulders—or a heart in her breast—will care to defend the beauty of war. Even its external romance has been almost wholly stripped away by modern science. It remains so stark, so gigantic, so utterly incredible a thing that it becomes a hot-bed of incredible vices *and* virtues. Only the phlegmatic, common-sensible man, or else the man with God before his eyes, can come through without some species of shell-shock. But human nature is very like the fantastic Jurgen who, whether he went down to Hell or climbed up to Heaven, could never escape himself and his own grotesque shadow. It is to be presumed that Joyce Kilmer, being one of the earliest of our fighting men to speed overseas, knew about all there was to know of official blunders, tyrannical officers, the hardships and the frailties of the armies in France. Yet he thought it worth while not only to lay down his life for his friends, but to leave

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imperishable records of what he saw and felt in *Holy Ireland* or *Rouge Bouquet*. But what John Dos Passos saw and felt, he put into *Three Soldiers!*

They are young, as a rule—the makers, as well as the subjects, of this new and often nasty realism. That is why they are so vivid and so violent in their disenchantments. Other young hearts know how bitter is the first drop of gall—how hard the first stone, which was believed to be bread—how hopeless that first revelation of the poor old world's corruption and commonplaceness. Pessimism is the perfectly natural reaction: and there is, perhaps, no other escape except the supernatural one of idealism. But once admitted, pessimism will soon go all the way. One knew, to be sure, that the immoderately rich, the immoderately pleasure-seeking, were a menace to society. One knew that modern war was not precisely a blessing in itself. But how about the other end of the pole? Is there no comfort in the *workers* of the world? Alas, the very name has taken on a sinister association. What one must reckon with is the Frankenstein (or is it the Robot?) of modern industrialism—the suicidal duel of labor and capital—strikes, hatred, penury. And where a powerful young poet (he happened also to be a saint!) once pointed to the Lady Poverty, a powerful young dramatist now points to the Hairy Ape. That way, madness and the abomination of desolation lie, surely. For if even the humblest man is so crushed that he no longer "belongs" anywhere on God's earth, there is nothing left for us but (to quote the title of a recent treatise) "The Revolt Against Civilization" and the "Menace of the Under Man!"

One used to be told, of course, that the middle classes were the hope of the world—with the sturdy, bourgeois barrel of beer pointed to by way of apt illustration. But that illusion has passed with its illustration, too. Nobody dares now to dream of finding stability or salvation or a solution in *Main Street!* Mr. Sinclair Lewis writing of the small town, Mr. Sherwood Anderson writing of the countryside, Mr. Waldo Frank writing of the back streets of the city—what choice of mediocrities do they give us? Their people are stupid and sensual, surly and submerged beneath the weight of modern standardized living. Those who have spirit enough left to fight, merely and ineffectually beat the air.

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Nor are the individualists of this particular school of fiction much better. Always, individualists have been the hope and the despair of the race. But, then, every man who makes a new law or breaks an old one believes himself an individualist. And the women are just the same—only considerably more so. In fact, the whole cult of feminism has been inextricably bound up with individualism—being a protest against the herd and the bellwether. And, in many senses, the protest was just. The woman with real personality has always been able to project her individuality, loving, achieving, sinning, sacrificing as she chose: but other women ought to have at least the chance, also.

Yet, surely, when so professed a feminist as Mr. W. L. George writes his epic of the emancipated, post-war woman, one expects something a little better than *Ursula Trent.* Here is a young person who, after her freedom in war work, chafes (as who does not chafe?) against the petty tyrannies and conventions of family life. So she leaves the commonplace, uninspired English country house for London—and drifts into a series of equally commonplace, but considerably more sordid, intrigues. She *may* find happiness in the marriage into which she finally drifts: but, after all, why should she? For, if there is one institution which the Literature of Libel has left stripped and bleeding by the wayside, that institution is marriage. Christians themselves have been bowed and sometimes broken by the burden of the "Terrible Sacrament:" but it remained for these young pagans to reveal how utterly terrible it might be when it was not conceived as a sacrament at all. Even Mr. Hutchinson, who is emphatically not a pagan, showed us in one book a family and a life disintegrating chiefly because of the woman in the home. And then he showed us, in another book, a family and several lives disintegrating chiefly because of the woman who, for professional reasons, went out of the home. No, it is not to marriage—even the emasculated modern marriage, with its "voluntary parenthood" and even more voluntary divorce—that Ursula and her kind will turn with any hope of security.

One could forgive many a frailty and folly to these rabid young individualists, if only it ended by "stabbing their spirit broad awake." But the tribe of poor Ursula never find themselves—perhaps, because there is nothing much to find! But *is*

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Ursula the typical modern woman—Ursula, who achieves the "single standard" with a vengeance, and who, when she loses her baby, feels chiefly that she has been "done out of adventure?" It does not quite measure up to one's daily experience, somehow—it is a little bit too sinister and too sensational for credence. To quote one of Henry Arthur Jones' eloquent titles, *We Can't Be as Bad as All That!*

There is, indeed, a weary and weighty pathos about the fruitless, multitudinous experimenting of these books. One turns from them, murmuring with the aching disillusion of Francis Thompson:

> I sought no more that after which I strayed
> In face of man or maid . . .

For the people of this literature flee on and on as madly as Thompson's unwilling soul—only there is no Hound of Heaven to overtake them. Their pilgrimage is as painful as St. Augustine's—only they find at the last no rest and no God. To most of them, God is not a reality: which is to be expected, since what we are calling the Literature of Libel is essentially pagan. When it does occasionally touch upon the "philosophy of the religious instinct," it is with a curious and complacent condescension.

Even Mr. Harold Begbie—the "Gentleman with a Duster" —revealed quickly enough that, while he could see many amusing things in a Mirror, he could not escape from himself long enough to see anything very clearly through a Window; especially if the window were painted ("storied" was Milton's richer word!) with the emblems of faith. What he tried to do was, in his own phrase, to seek, by means of various studies in religious personalities, "a reason for the present rather ignoble situation of the Church in the affections of men." The "Church" which he has chiefly in mind is, of course, the Anglican Church, of which his father was a minister; although the only "message" upon which Mr. Begbie spends much praise is that of the Unitarian, Dr. L. P. Jacks. Toward most of his chosen "personalities," he is not unsympathetic, although often gently patronizing. So far as Anglicanism is concerned, he finds the "zealotry of the sacerdotal south" only a trifle more absurd than the "genial modernism of the latitudinarian

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north"—and like a goodly number of his contemporaries, he delights in discussing modern psychology, modern science, and "paganized" doctrines. Significantly enough, the only personality he has cared to attack from all sides at once, is Father Ronald Knox—who found that "rather ignoble situation" of the English Church so intolerable that he recently joined the innumerable and exasperating army of converts to Catholicity. For the priest is still a thorn in the flesh of the worldling: the apostle is to be tolerated only when he becomes an apostate.

The cloister, in fact, fares as badly as the hearth or the camp in this particular byway of literature. Many of us, with premature optimism, had fancied that the ancient custom of wordy nun-baiting and priest-baiting was obsolete—except among the elect clientèle of the Ku-Klux Klan or the *Menace*. Apparently, the trail of the serpent has not yet rounded its course. One of its most conspicuous examples is a recent novel from the pen of the Irish ex-priest, Gerald O'Donovan. The book is not primarily an attack on the Catholic religion; it is simply an attack of the most insidious and malicious kind upon convents and the whole institution of celibacy. It is the story of two rather colorless young girls, daughters of an Irish publican, literally forced into the convent by a pietistic, peasant mother to atone for "her own lapse into marriage." During the probationary years while they are postulants and novices they learn, apparently, nothing. But with their vows comes immediate illumination—of the wrong kind. One sister stays on in the convent, a hopelessly self-deceived and rather depraved little hypocrite. The other packs her trunk and starts cheerfully for Dublin, where she fancies there may be opportunities of meeting "lots of nice men." It is a very sad, a very sardonic, and a very futile book—and it is one of the best possible illustrations of the difference between *realism* and *reality*. For it is as though a novelist should start out to show that modern Catholics always celebrated Good Friday as a particularly festive holiday—and proved his point by exactly describing all the dishes served at a formal banquet, the cooking utensils in the kitchen, the gestures of the waiters, and the disedifying hilarity of the guests. He might be as graphic as Mr. Fitzgerald or Mr. Dos Passos—or as the daily newspaper—but he would be a liar still. And that is the case with any book which presents a fundamentally

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false, even if superficially true, picture of life—which treats an abnormal situation or an abnormal psychology as though it were the average. To return to *Vocations:* it defeats itself by its very preposterousness. To attack religious for keeping their vows, and then for not keeping their vows, is a very, very old business: in these latter days of personal freedom and publicity, it really is not worth the trouble of a defense. And to describe the convent as a "tortured human waste heap" is almost more stupid than it is morbid. For to those who have any intimacy with nuns, the most trying thing about them is certainly not their melancholy. To the unregenerate, it is more probably their persistent optimism—their determination to read the will of God into everything. It is, of course, conceivable that they do occasionally mistake their vocations: so, alas! do other women, both married and unmarried. But even leaving the supernatural aside, there is no doubt that the majority of nuns are more content and less complaining than the majority of wives. They are obviously happier than the wives in this same recent fiction! But, perhaps, after all, life is not quite as black as it is being painted. Perhaps God is still in His heaven, even if all is not precisely right with the world.

If it were not so, Bernard Shaw's solution might be worth looking into. In his latest play, the "metabiological pentateuch," *Back to Methuselah,* we see Mr. Shaw in conflict with the universe; and unlike most critics, even the most adverse, he never accepts the universe. Instead, he makes it over again. One may not particularly care for his re-creation. The He Ancients and the She Ancients, who have outgrown the body, and outgrown love and the "lunacy of art," are not particularly prepossessing. One would scarcely wish to live three hundred years (or longer!) merely to attain their austere ideal. One would incline to wonder, with Lilith, if it might not be better to annihilate the whole race and try over again. But Mr. Shaw is at least logical in looking forward to the time when "there shall be no more people, only thought." He has evidently read—as well as helped to write—the Literature of Libel!

It is perfectly obvious that all contemporary literature does not fall under this heading. Even a few of the "best sellers" have escaped, such as *Maria Chapdelaine,* a book as

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cold and as clean as its own Canadian woods. But the note of libel—the note of making things and people and ourselves appear just as bad as possible—is undeniable and inescapable in contemporary letters. It is present in the novel, in the drama, in biography, even in poetry. In one sense, of course, it is a reaction from the sentimental sweetness of our earlier literary vogue—just as it is a reaction from the studied optimism of a popular philosophy. In another sense, it is perhaps a reaction from war-time tension and its at least theoretic idealism. Many "complexes" have gone into the making of this state of mind: and if the craving for truth be one, the craving for novelty and sensation is emphatically another.

After all, the whole viewpoint is not so very new. The Literature of Libel appears and disappears periodically—*The Beggar's Opera* and *Gulliver's Travels* being simply two contemporaneous specimens from the eighteenth century. It is incongruous, but it may be the wisdom of the ages, that people should nowadays think of Gulliver as a book for children, and of Gay's melodious immorality as an academic revival. For it is never safe to take pessimism too seriously, just as it is never safe to take optimism too lightly. Either one can destroy society at any given moment; but the two together can build up society. Our monumental Chesterton has the key—Gilbert Chesterton, who worked his way back to the primal wisdom, which "stretches from end to end mightily and orders all things sweetly," and came by way of the Lady Folly. For he wrote long ago that if a man would help the world, he must "hate it enough to change it, and yet love it enough to think it worth changing." It is humiliating, when one is a little young, a little proud, a little perverse, to admit compromise and achieve truth by a middle course. But that is the answer to the Literature of Libel.

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THE PROSE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON.

BY SISTER MARY MADELEVA, C.S.C.

IN these days, when the present is held personally accountable for what the past has been or the future may be, studies in transition are inevitable. A discussion of Francis Thompson's prose as transitional from the prose of Coventry Patmore to that of Gilbert K. Chesterton may, therefore, be of interest.

To speak of the prose of Francis Thompson sounds almost paradoxical, so nearly has the name of this shy genius become a synonym for quintessential song. Yet "Coventry Patmore thought his prose better than his poetry, and his talk better than either."[1] To himself, it was, candidly, as the blear-eyed Lia to the beautiful Rachel; he accepted it honorably, nevertheless, and, through it, has become the parent of some of his sturdiest contributions to nineteenth century literature.

Briefly, the prose of Thompson comprises three volumes, the *Life of St. Ignatius*, the *Life of St. John Baptist de La Salle*, and a book of essays, which includes "Shelley" and his highly ascetic "Health and Holiness." Not a week's reading in all, if one were to judge by bulk, but of a quality and substance to give one pause. It will be convenient to consider this work under three heads: the literary criticisms, the biographies, and the purely personal essays.

What have been called literary criticisms were originally "stories" for the literary sections of the magazines for which Thompson wrote: *Merry England*, the *Academy*, and the *Athenæum*, particularly. Their subjects are as interesting or uninteresting as a card-catalogue: Bacon, Coleridge, Crashaw, Dante, Emerson, Milton, Pope, Thomas De Quincey, etc. Their average length, to apply the tape measure, does not exceed six pages. But, after having shrunk and warped themselves into the stunted limits of newspaper "space," how they have kept their fine thoughts free! His sentences are compact

[1] K. Tynan, "Francis Thompson," *Living Age*, vol. ccxcviii., pp. 630-632, September 7, 1918. Also B. Champney, *Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii., p. 133.

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almost to explosiveness, and, to borrow a figure from Santayana, burst into a thousand suggestions. Take such a sentence as this, in which he protests against the charge of affectation that critics hurled at Coleridge:

> Wordsworth wrote simple diction, and his simplicity was termed affected; Shelley gorgeous diction, and his gorgeousness was affected; Keats rich diction, and his richness was affected; Tennyson cunning diction, and his cunning was affected; Browning rugged diction, and his ruggedness was affected. Why Coleridge was called affected passes the wit of man. . . . If this old shoe were not thrown at the wedding of every poet with the Muse, what would become of our ancient English customs? [2]

The essay on Milton bears it easy company. This calm telescoping of the unprotesting Puritan into a sentence is an example:

> An extraordinary mélange of Hebrew and heathen, this Milton—something of Job, something of Æschylus, not a little of Plato, with an infusion of the Ancient Fathers to "make the gruel thick and slab."

Coleridge, Milton, these are wide spaces in which to wander; in the narrow limits of Pope's well-trimmed didacticism and neat satire, Thompson's critical steps are equally sure. The opening paragraph of his essay on this little wasp of a man must delight the heart of Chesterton with its demure satire on poets and glory; it is in the manner now known as Chestertonian, but preceded that brave style by a decade. Passing this, however, passing also the clean-cut comparison with Dryden, one comes to this criticism of *The Rape of the Lock.*

> It is Pope's masterpiece, a Watteau in verse . . . this epic of the boudoir . . . the fairyland of powder and patches, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* seen through chocolate fumes.[3]

Upon the threadbare question, Was Pope a poet? he is clear-

[2] *Works of Francis Thompson*, vol. iii., pp. 184, 185. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 204.

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headed and conclusive. "Call his verse poetry or what you will," he says, "it is work in verse which could not have been done in prose and, of its kind, never equaled."

These, in brief, are examples, not of the best nor of the worst, but of the very golden average of Francis Thompson's essays. Uncommonly good stuff for periodical copy, one thinks, and understands the patience with which editors waited for his articles, knowing what they would get at the end of unpredicable delays. One is inclined to agree, too, with Mr. Lewis Hind, at that time (1897) editing the *Academy*, who wrote: "A Thompson article in the *Academy* gave distinction to the issue.[4]

The essay on Shelley has been consciously omitted from the foregoing group because it does not seem to belong to it. Critical prose it may be; elegiac, poetic prose it surely is, the singing prose in which one natural mystic greets another as he meets and recognizes him, in spite of anarchistic disguises, as a brother. It is like nothing else in English prose, and so is not legitimate material for comparison. One would hardly call it the high-water mark of Thompson's prose; it is so much more one rushing highest wave, breaking into the brilliance of thought and expression, and drawing back to leave its burden of grave fact upon the washed shore of the reader's mind. Comment on its style is idle; for those who have read the essay, unwelcome, and for those who have not, useless. Since its publication, in 1908,[5] critical and appreciative literature on Shelley is incomplete without it.

Biography was the second class of prose to which Francis Thompson adapted himself, and biography of the least naturally attractive kind, the life of the saint. Hagiography has been, until very recently, about as unpopular as a thing can be and get itself printed. And the fault is its own. Through some foolish fear of disedification, biographers fell into the habit of suppressing such facts in the lives of their subjects as might betray the truth that they were human and natural. A far cry from the story of Peter, of Thomas, of Magdalen. And not relevant here except in connection with the *Life of St. Ignatius*, which is an antidote for the fatty degeneration of pietism, from which so many such biographies have happily

[4] C. L. Hind, "Poet Journalist," *Harper's Weekly*, vol. lii., p. 24, January 18, 1908.
[5] F. Thompson, "Shelley," *Dublin Review*, vol. cxliii., pp. 25-49, July, 1908.

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expired. *Requiescant!* It was not published until 1910, three years after Thompson's death, and represents the last of all his loving, careful work.

One is surprised to find the writer of "the multitudinous simple thing," of the "Orient Ode" or "A Corymbus for Autumn" a master of the monosyllabic sentence. Here are a half dozen such, ripped from their context, but aimed between the eyes, nevertheless. "Then, things grew worse." "It was to be a change of flags." "He did it." "He was right." "Ignatius, like the small Teresa, had the mediæval inspiration hot at heart." Less circumscribed examples of his directness are: "Such was the preliminary skirmishing; the battle was to come." "Audacious, willful, gallant, turbulent, hot-tempered, quick alike to letters and all manly exercise or accomplishment, he was the stuff out of which greatness comes for good or ill, a Clive, a Byron, or a Saint. For"—and this is the style of Chesterton, but the pen of Thompson—"it is the crudest of fallacies to suppose that saints are fashioned customarily from tea and carpet-slippers."[6] The point lies in the fact that it was written before Chesterton had published any but his earliest and least representative books.

Everywhere in the book, one meets with the careful, well-poised scholarship that can, in one brief paragraph, set the stage with the merging backgrounds of the Spanish court, the German empire, the kingdoms of France and England for the entrance of the hero. There is also a bright audacity of spirit shining through the book, a happy freedom begotten of a congenial subject and abandonment to it. It is a whole-hearted, but reverent, unconventionality which one associates with Chesterton above all men of the present day, and is significant because, again, it is before him.

Many spirits were abroad in letters during the nineteenth century; unmistakably among them the spirits of mysticism and symbolism, of epigrammatic style, and of a brilliant ease and boldness in choice and treatment of subject. These three terms are, so to speak, the common denominator of a number of fractions, whose sum is the Catholic spirit in nineteenth century literature. Alice Meynell, Hilaire Belloc, Theodore Maynard are terms in the numerator; Patmore, Thompson,

[6] F. Thompson, *Life of St. Ignatius*, p. 142.

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and Chesterton are, in some ways, more dominating ones. With them, at any rate, our concern is.

Coventry Patmore wrote two books, *Religio Poetæ*, in 1893, and *The Rod, The Root, and The Flower*, in 1895, which became immediately the dominating influence in Thompson's manner of thought and expression. They are the quintessence of this common denominator, mysticism, and symbolism, epigrammatic style, boldness in choice, and treatment of subject. But as they stand, they are patently esoteric. Thompson has made them tangible; Chesterton has made them popular.

The truth of this will be evident if we consider the substance of Patmore's books, the reappearance of their themes in Thompson's personal essays, and their spirit ranging through Chesterton. The personal essays of Thompson have been chosen because they are personal. Chesterton's *Orthodoxy* will be used in the comparison for the same reason. It is not the present writer's contention that Chesterton has consciously imitated either Patmore or Thompson; only his own statement could prove that. But that the spirit of one, the style of one, the manner of one, embodied by the other, has passed on to him, conscious or unconscious, is the point. Chesterton was quite aware of the spirit of both men. In his *Victorian Age in Literature*, he says of Patmore: "He was bursting with ideas, like Browning—and truer ideas as a rule. . . . No one will ever forget the first time he read Patmore's hint that the cosmos is a thing that God made huge only 'to make dirt cheap.' . . . These things are not jokes, but discoveries." [7] And of Thompson, in the same passage, he says: "But none of these (the Victorians) were able even to understand Francis Thompson; his sky-scraping humility, his mountains of mystical detail, his occasional and unashamed weakness, his sudden and sacred blasphemies." From which one may infer that he, at least, claimed to understand him. That he also recognized the kinship of the two his own speech betrays. Speaking of Newman, he says: "The suggestion of him lingers on in the exquisite Elizabethan perversity of Coventry Patmore; and has later flamed out from the shy volcano of Francis Thompson." [8]

One must come to the *Religio Poetæ* with St. Augustine's key to all true mysticism, this statement regarding the Scrip-

[7] Page 201. [8] G. K. Chesterton, *Victorian Age in Literature*, p. 48.

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ture: "The more interpretations the better." Patmore proceeds to interpret John the Baptist the precursor of Christ, as human love is the precursor of Divine Love. His food, honey and locusts, signifies natural good; his garment of camel's hair and leathern girdle denote also what is natural. Then the whole significance of natural love, its relation to the divine, its reflection in the love of man and woman, its fulfillment in the nuptial relation of Christ and the Church is worked out.[9]

Similarly, in *Rod, Root, and Flower,* the language of religion is interpreted, the meaning of the points of the compass explained. "The West in Scripture and all ancient mythologies symbolized the flesh, as the East the spirit."[10] Mysticism he calls, by Cardinal Wiseman's name, "the science of love." "God," he says, "is at once the mirror and the mirrored, the Lover and the Beloved."[11] God is defined as "an Act" (St. Thomas) or as "the embrace of the First and Second Persons, and their unity is the thence proceeding Spirit of Life."[12] God's relation to the world is interpreted as a nuptial relation; all human loves in their relations, whether of marriage or consecrated virginity are reflections of this. "God has declared to us His mystic rapture in His Marriage with Humanity in twice saying: *'Hic est Filius meus dilectus in quo bene complacui.'* "[13]

This most fragmentary of summaries will illustrate both the mysticism of Patmore and its extreme esotericism. That these are hard sayings he himself realized, and addressed them only to those who had ears to hear. Francis Thompson was one such listener, and through him, more readily than through Patmore himself, do we come to some of the easier meanings. His biographer says, *"Rod, Root, and Flower* set him (Thompson) to work in the same nursery-garden."[14] In his "Sanctity and Song," he echoes his teacher. "To most, even good people, God is a belief. To the saints, He is an embrace."[15] Again, in the same essay, his statement, "now grace does not supersede, but acts along the lines of, nature," is a simpler form of Patmore's "he conquers nature only by reconciling it."[16] In

9 C. Patmore, "The Precursor," *Religio Poetæ.*
10 *Rod, Root, and Flower,* p. 136. 11 *Ibid.,* p. 65. 12 *Ibid.,* p. 108.
13 *Ibid.,* p. 216. 14 E. Meynell, *Life of Francis Thompson,* p. 227.
15 *Works of Francis Thompson,* vol. iii., p. 90.
16 *Rod, Root, and Flower,* p. 124.

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"Paganism Old and New," he discusses the rite of pagan marriage as the goal and attainment of Love, and turns to the mystic's understanding of marriage as a foreshadowing of the ultimate union of souls in God. The essay needs only to be read in connection with "Love and Poetry" in *Religio Poetæ* to make evident the kindred minds of the two men.

The doctrine of the Trinity, the espousals of Christ and the soul, the mystical union of Christ with the Church, which are the constant themes of *Rod, Root, and Flower,* are clarified and simplified in Thompson's "Form and Formalism." Turning to "The Bow Set in the Cloud" in *Religio Poetæ,* we have: "The mystery of triple Personality in one Being . . . may be best approached by the human mind under the analogue of difference of sex in one entity; nature herself adding her crowning witness, without which men are incapable of effectually grasping any spiritual truths." In "Nature's Immortality," Thompson says: "If the Trinity were not revealed, I would, nevertheless, be induced to suspect the existence of such a master-key by the trinities, through which expounds itself the spirit of man."

"Health and Holiness" is a highly ascetic essay of Francis Thompson on the relation of soul and body. Here is mysticism, indeed, but still of a sort more tangible than Patmore's. To take a single example, Patmore says in *Rod, Root, and Flower:* " 'The human form divine.' It is actually divine; for the Body is the house of God, and an image of Him." Thompson expresses the same idea thus: "The whole scheme of history displays the body as 'Creation's and Creator's crowning good.' "

Of the common mysticism of these two nineteenth century writers, their works abundantly testify. If they did not, here is a letter from Francis Thompson to Patmore in proof:

> Pantasaph, June 15, '93.
>
> Dear Sir: The esoteric essays—which I naturally turned to first—could only have come from the writer of *The Unknown Eros.* . . . Against one reprehensible habit of yours . . . I feel forced to protest. In a fragment of a projected article I had written of "poets born with an instinctive sense of veritable correspondences hidden from the multitude." . . . Now if you will turn to your own *Religio Poetæ,*

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> you will see of what I accuse you. Masters have privileges, I admit, but I draw the line at looking over their pupils' shoulders various odd leagues away.[17]

And Patmore writes back to Thompson: "I see, with joy, how nearly we are upon the same lines," and again: "My heart goes out to you as to no other man." [18]

Does it not seem reasonable, then, to conclude that Patmore and Thompson met upon the same common ground of mysticism? But where Patmore is obscure and abstract, Thompson is clear and concrete. Patmore theorized on the mystical religion of the poet; Thompson concretizes it in the canticles of St. Francis of Assisi; Patmore speaks of the relation of the First and Second Persons of God and the simultaneously proceeding Third Person; Thompson finds footprints of the Trinity in the marriage of Soul and Body and the resulting Life.

Proceeding in our study, we find next that Chesterton also is a mystic in his writings, and that he has popularized the truths made tangible by Thompson. His spiritual autobiography, *Orthodoxy*, has already been agreed upon as the text. Of mysticism, he says in it: "Mysticism keeps men sane. . . . The ordinary man has always been sane, because the ordinary man has always been a mystic. . . . The whole secret of mysticism is this: that man can understand everything by the help of what he does not understand. . . . The mystic allows one thing to be mysterious, and everything else becomes lucid. Like the sun at noonday, mysticism explains everything else by the blaze of its own victorious invisibility." [19] Because Chesterton is so much a man of the world, his interest in the mystical is of a popular nature and deals with subjects of more general speculation; original sin, the freedom of the will, redemption, optimism, and pessimism. But even upon these he speaks in Assisian transports, as "the Christian optimism is based on the fact that we do not fit into the world. . . . The modern philosopher had told me again and again that I was in the right place, and I had still felt depressed even in acquiescence. But I had heard that I was in the *wrong* place and my soul sang for joy. . . . I knew now why I could feel home-

[17] E. Meynell, *Life of Francis Thompson*, p. 192. [18] *Ibid.*, p. 221.
[19] G. K. Chesterton, *Orthodoxy*, pp. 48-50.

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sick at home." [20] Francis Thompson, in his most transcendent poetic yearnings, or, indeed, that other Francis, of Assisi, never expressed more directly St. Augustine's "Our hearts were made for Thee, O Lord, and they cannot rest until they rest in Thee."

Mystic and journalist meet on the common subject of Nature, in its pagan and Christian relations to men. The mystic says: "What is this heart of Nature, if it exists at all? Is it, according to the conventional doctrine derived from Wordsworth and Shelley, a heart of love? . . . No; in this sense, I repeat seriously what I said lightly: Nature has no heart. Absolute Nature lives not in our life, nor yet is lifeless, but lives in the life of God: and in so far, and so far merely, as man himself lives in that life, does he come into sympathy with Nature, and Nature with him. She is God's daughter, who stretches her hand only to her Father's friends. Not Shelley, not Wordsworth himself, ever drew so close to the heart of Nature as did the Seraph of Assisi, who was close to the Heart of God." [21] Chesterton follows Thompson like a shadow here. He says: "Unfortunately, if you regard Nature as a mother, you discover that she is a step-mother. The main point of Christianity was this: that Nature is not our mother: Nature is our sister. . . . Nature was a solemn mother to Wordsworth or to Emerson. But Nature is not a solemn mother to Francis of Assisi, or to George Herbert. To Francis, Nature is a sister, and even a younger sister: a little dancing sister, to be laughed at as well as loved." [22]

Again Chesterton says: "Certainly the most sagacious creeds may suggest that we should pursue God into deeper and deeper rings of the labyrinth of our own ego. But only we of Christendom have said that we should hunt God like an eagle upon the mountains: and we have killed all monsters in the chase," which is a reversed aspect of "The Hound of Heaven," or a postscript to "the mysterious life," "the heavenly contest" of the soul in its pursuit of God, described in "Sanctity and Song."

Further examples will only multiply evidence already sufficient to prove not only the mysticism of Chesterton, but its similarity, even in expression, to that of Thompson. This

[20] G. K. Chesterton, *Orthodoxy*, p. 147.
[21] *Works of Francis Thompson*, vol. iii., pp. 81, 82.
[22] G. K. Chesterton, *Orthodoxy*, p. 207.

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final instance is unmistakable. Chesterton concludes *Orthodoxy* with a panegyric on joy, which changes before one's eyes into this exquisite, mystical picture of Christ. "The tremendous figure which fills the Gospels towers in this respect, as in every other, above all the thinkers who ever thought themselves tall. His pathos was natural, almost casual. . . . He never concealed His tears. . . . He never restrained His anger. . . . Yet he restrained something. . . . There was some one thing that was too great for God to show us when He walked upon our earth; and I have sometimes fancied that it was His mirth." A decade before, Thompson had written in *"Mœstitiæ Encomium:"* "Sorrow is fair with an immortal fairness, which we see not till it is humanized in the sorrowful. . . . Of the most beautiful among the sons of men, it is recorded that, though many had seen Him weep, no man had seen His smile."

A brief statement of dates is pertinent here before making a conclusive summary. Patmore's last prose was written in 1895; Thompson began writing prose in 1887, and continued until his death, in 1907; the greater part of it was done, however, during the last ten years of his life. Chesterton published *Orthodoxy* in 1904, and his other most significant books have been written since that time.

The steps now seem pretty clear; first, that Patmore, Thompson, and Chesterton are all mystics in spirit and in their most personal prose; second, that as Thompson is less esoteric than Patmore, and less clamorous than Chesterton, and stands between them in the order of time, he may be regarded as transitional between them. An incidental corroboration of this theory comes in this statement from *The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature,* a recent book by George N. Shuster: "Another sort of relationship (mystical) is discernible between Coventry Patmore and the author of *Manalive* and *The Man Who Was Thursday.* . . . Neither would it be extremely difficult to trace a parallel between *What's Wrong With the World* and *Religio Pœtæ.*" [23] Remembering Chesterton's own statement of the relation between Patmore and Thompson, one comes rather close to a set of equations in which things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

The second term in our common denominator is the epi-

[23] Page 242.

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grammatic style. *Rod, Root, and Flower* is a book of epigrams. So, one may say, are Bacon's *Essays;* so, indeed, are the Books of Wisdom and Proverbs. But that it was Patmore's epigrams rather than Bacon's or Solomon's that influenced Thompson's style immediately, we have from his biographer. He says: "His notebooks reflect Patmore's aphoristic habit. He himself defended or denied the 'fragmentary' nature of Patmore's book. 'It might as well be said that the heavens are fragmentary because the stars are not linked by golden chains.' " [24]

But that his epigrams ever took on themselves the impertinence of the paradox sounds rather far-fetched, until one diverts himself from the fascination of Thompson's substance to regard the manner of his style. Then one is reminded of no person so much as of Chesterton. His very definition of mysticism sounds the note. "Mysticism," he says, "is morality carried to the n^{th} power." Again: "Ritual is poetry addressed to the eye." Or: "The perfectest human sympathy is only the least imperfect," [25] which is half Patmore, half Chesterton. This is of a piece with most of Chesterton's comments on his countrymen. "As a writer, De Quincey has been viewed with the complete partiality dear to the English mind and hateful to his own. He loved

to divide
A hair twixt south and southwest side;

the Englishman yearns for his hair one and indivisible." [26] His essay on Macaulay is more Chestertonian than Chesterton. He says: "The good old times were the bad old times; the very kitchens of Olympus bear witness that there has been such a thing as progress." His summary of the *Divine Comedy* might have been written by Chesterton: "It is the most narrow, most universal; it is the Middle Ages, it is Dante; it is Florence, it is the world." His very adjectives are of the paradoxical type—"the heavenly Quixote," "the band of celestial adventurers," "divinely unprincipled sleights . . . heavenly cunning."

His parallels are as startling and as bold as any that Chesterton has dared. Who else but he would dream of comparing Ignatius of Loyola with John Wesley, or parallel

[24] E. Meynell, *Life of Francis Thompson*, p. 227. [25] *Ibid.*, pp. 199, 201, 99.
[26] *Works of Francis Thompson*, vol. iii., p. 218.

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Rodriguez' methods of evangelization with those of the Salvation Army. Thompson does both these things.[27] Nor would anyone but the irrepressible G. K. C. have retorted thus to an attack upon the usefulness of poetry: "Nay, if necessity be any criterion of usefulness, the universal practice of mankind will prove poetry to be more useful than soap; since there is no recorded age in which men did not use poetry, but for some odd thousand years the world got on very tolerably well without soap." [28]

This handful of examples would be enough to point Thompson's use of the paradox, prior even to his, to whom it now belongs by right of eminent domain. But, for whole pages of evidence, one need only go to the essays on Pope or De Quincey and discover Chesterton foreshadowed with an accuracy that is as beautiful as it is surprising.

The certain bright bravery and boldness in choice and treatment of subject that was designated as the third term in the common denominator of these three writers, ought to be plain from the numerous quotations, or from the very titles of their essays: "Limericks and Counsels of Perfection," "The Precursor," "In Darkest England," "Possibilities and Performances," "What I Found in My Pocket," "Paganism, Old and New," "The Limitations of Genius," "On Running After One's Hat," "The Prehistoric Railway Station," and "The Fourth Order of Humanity" are varied and suggestive enough. That "The Precursor" is an essay on the relation of human to Divine Love, that "In Darkest England" is chiefly an essay in high praise of the Salvation Army, that "The Fourth Order of Humanity" is dolls, and that these are essays of Patmore, Thompson, and Chesterton, chosen at random, are suggestive evidence for a case which the actual reading of a number of these essays would prove.

Here our discussion ends. If it has led to no positive conclusion, it has, at least, indicated certain facts and furnished specific instances to substantiate them. Likeness with a difference is the great pattern of all existence. Francis Thompson was like some one, quite as truly as he was unlike almost everyone. That his prose was like Patmore's, he himself recognized. That the mysticism, the paradoxes, the parallels so unquestioningly attributed to Chesterton, were used earlier

[27] *Life of St. Ignatius*, pp. 151, 157. [28] *Works of Francis Thompson*, p. 107.

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by Thompson has also been shown. Whether these things were accidental or coincidental or deliberate is of no matter. That Patmore was the esoteric and epigrammatic mystic, his own words to Thompson prove. That Chesterton is the popular and paradoxical mystic, all present-day critics will agree. In that Francis Thompson partakes of the spirit of both, the content and style of both, and stands in point of time between them, he seems, in his prose, to be a transition from Patmore to Chesterton.

A BALLAD OF THE ROAD.

BY ELEANOR CUSTIS SHALLCROSS.

THESE are the three who walk with me—
Faith and Hope and sweet Charity.

Faith is tall and young and strong,
She leads the way as we walk along;
If I complain that we must be wrong
When the road is rough, and climbs still higher—
"This is the way,"
I hear her say,
"For it leads to the Kingdom of Heart's Desire."

Hope is gentle and, oh, so kind!
Sometimes she walks with her arm in mine;
Then it is easy as up we climb.
Her stories are always of others she knew
Who followed of old
This same steep road,
And reached the Country of Dreams Come True.

Singing and gay is Charity—
Dearer than all, she is to me;
For she tells me a road must often be
Happy and fair, that leads at last
To the Promised Land
That God has planned—
Where Love and Beauty are unsurpassed.

Now praise be to God, Who sent these three—
Faith and Hope and sweet Charity.

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CARDINAL GIBBONS, AMERICAN AND CATHOLIC.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

BIOGRAPHIES and autobiographies are now very much in vogue, and they always will be—especially when they are well written—since there are three things which every observer of the tastes of the American people must admit they find perennially interesting: important personalities, or even notorious personalities; recitals of how poor men became rich and the way they used their wealth; and the exposition of new religions. Even the written expression of an ancient religion, seen in a new light, may become extremely popular, for, as Cardinal Gibbons firmly believed, the American spirit is neither essentially irreverent nor non-religious.

A biography has vital qualities when the author of it understands how to correlate the character, the force, and the influence of his subject with changing atmospheres of his time; and Dr. Allen Sinclair Will has done this in his *Life of Cardinal Gibbons* with distinguished perception, exquisite tact, reasonable sympathy, and admirable discretion.[1] Probably, these very qualities would not make him so capable a biographer of that august figure in the American hierarchy, the late Archbishop Ireland, where a certain amount of indiscretion would be expected; but Cardinal Gibbons was the soul of discretion. Apparently as pliable as a reed swayed by the winds that precede frequent storms, he had a steel-like quality, for which, while he was living, he was not given due credit.

It is time that both Archbishop Ireland and his friend, Bishop Spalding, were made the subjects of adequate biographies, written not from that conventional point of view, which is the curse of biographies when churchmen are in question, but with frankness, "appreciation" in the real meaning of the word—and boldly analytical. The fierceness of the old controversies has been almost forgotten. The Great War tore a tremendous gulf between the year 1880 and the year 1923,

[1] *Life of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.* In two volumes. By Allen Sinclair Will, M.A., Litt.D., LL.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $10.00.

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and the time has come when personages and their hopes, works, successes, and failures, so important in the history of the American republic, should receive a proper appraisal, for only the sciolist will attempt to draw a rigid line between the religious activities of potent Americans and the secular events of their time.

It is reasonable enough that Catholics in this country are desirous that their fellow-citizens should understand the workings of their religion—the highest and most permeative form of Christianity—and should welcome any exposition of personal character and real success which can be illuminating. It is not true that they are devoted to concealment, or that their passion for "edification" renders them willing to hide the defects of their qualities and the blunders of themselves and their representatives. All that they ask is that their attitude to God, their country, their neighbor, and to life itself should be fully understood. To understand fully is—as we all know—to learn, love, and even to respect.

In the *Life of Cardinal Gibbons*, one discovers that James Gibbons thoroughly understood this. Owing to the circumstances of his birth and education, he had none of those tendencies, called "foreign," which have, in certain ecclesiastics, caused the Catholic Church in this country to be looked on as alien and unsympathetic with what is called "Americanism." It is true that "Americanism" and "democracy" are very much abused terms, and often as badly used on one side as on the other. But he knew them in their true sense.

From the beginning of his education, James Gibbons was never obliged to force himself to reconcile the teachings of the Catholic Church with the aims of the government created by Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Monroe, and Charles Carroll. The spirit of Charles Carroll and of the Archbishop, his cousin, were part of the traditions of the future Cardinal; and he had the good fortune to live under the influence of the Fathers of St. Sulpice, who aimed to produce, not expatriated Frenchmen, but priests who were at once American scholars and gentlemen.

Who can find it in his heart to blame seriously the German, the Irishman, the Pole, or the Lithuanian for desiring to perpetuate the traditions and customs of his own race in what was to him a new country with no traditions of its own? or

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possessing customs which appear to him to be antagonistic because they seemed to be English in origin? It was against the sincerity of these people that ecclesiastics, who were impregnated with the ideas of the founders of our country, were forced to struggle. If this country is not today divided by rigid factions, it is largely due to the constant and gently persevering character of James Gibbons. The proof of this lies in the pages before us.

Although Church and State are, fortunately, separated in our country, it is always possible for a churchman—we had a shining example of this during Grant's administration, in the person of the Methodist Bishop, Newman—to influence legislation or the opinion of politicians, even illegitimately, in the right direction, because he is supposed to have great power over large groups of voters.

That the capital of the United States was included in the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore, might have been a danger, in the eyes of many Americans born in that attitude of fighting the Catholic Church represented in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* and in *Pilgrim's Progress*. But the career of the Cardinal, as set down in these volumes, shows that the vast majority of our separated brethren soon learned to welcome the relations of James Gibbons, as Archbishop and Cardinal, with the various Presidents of the United States. In fact, his activities in some cases were more approved by non-Catholics than by Catholics. He had bitter adversaries among us—adversaries as sincere as they were bitter—and many times, in those conclaves of the reactionaries, his downfall was predicted as a means by which he might be kept in a proper state of grace and humility.

The opposition to the Cardinal among devout Catholics, whose understanding was not so sound as their faith, is not emphasized by Dr. Will. He is wise in not recalling what is best forgotten; and, in the Cardinal's case, his struggles left no scars—he could almost say: "They laugh at scars that never felt a wound." Arrows might be aimed at him; he never took the trouble to get in their way, or to pick them up in order to find whether they were poisoned. And one reason for this—which was sometimes called a lack of sensitiveness in his make-up—was that he never loved greatly outside the small circle of his immediate friends, and that he honestly regarded all men, good or bad, as his neighbors in Christ; and this feel-

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ing had nothing emotional in it. It was different with Archbishop Ireland and with Archbishop Keane, for whom, as a matter of principle, he frequently took an attitude of defense.

It would be a waste of time to expose the circumstances, the aspirations, and the progress of James Gibbons in his youth and early manhood. They have been often related, and they are told here in a very charming manner; it is sufficient to say that, as these pages show us, every step made by Gibbons was a step towards that great work of construction, in which his faith, common sense, and intuitive knowledge of his own people were to play such a distinguished part.

His life advanced step by step; he was humility itself, and neither did he foresee or desire to foresee what was in store for him. He had the firmest conviction from his earliest youth that the Providence of God watched over and directed him; and, in reading his *Life*, one can easily understand why Cardinal Newman's "Lead Kindly Light" was his favorite hymn.

The literary skill, the sympathy and the power of understanding, of his biographer is nowhere more manifested than in the account of his visit to Rome as the youngest member of the Vatican Council. Two great wars separate us from that epoch-making event; and the upheavals in Europe since 1870 have not been caused—as was predicted on the part of the opponents of the definition of the infallibility of the Pope—by the autocracy of Rome or the determination of the Holy See to stifle progress. To one who lived through the polemics that succeeded the definition of the dogma of infallibility, and heard the dire prophecies which were a part of the intolerant propaganda of the time, how direct, how right, the attitude of the Pope and the majority of the Council seems today.

Cardinal Gibbons—then Bishop Gibbons—interprets in his utterances the position of the priests and laity of the Catholic Church in the United States of America. If many of the American bishops had doubts as to the opportuneness of the definition, they had no doubts as to the validity of the dogma itself.

The future historian of the psychology of the American people, who will be expert enough to know the great part that Catholics have played in the cause of righteousness in our country, need go no further in his interpretation of their

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ideas and ideals than Dr. Will's pages describing the position of the Cardinal. His visit to Rome was

> one of the principal formative experiences of his life; a survey of the impression which it produced upon him, of the part which the American prelates took in it, and of its general outlines is necessary to a comprehension of many conceptions and acts of his subsequent career. He acquired, in the first place, ineffaceable confirmation of what he had learned in the theological seminary, and in his then comparatively brief work as an ecclesiastic, of the unity of faith held by the Church throughout the world. He saw this put to the test in the differences of human opinion, voiced with such high ability and so much energy in the debates on the doctrine of Papal infallibility. Then he saw the calming of the troubled waves as if by a miracle in the unanimous adherence to the doctrine when it was promulgated with authority.

Among the lessons he learned during this visit was one which he never forgot to emphasize: that the greatest danger to the Church in Europe was its *liaison* with civil Powers, to which it was compelled to look for its support. Archbishop Spalding and the young Gibbons called at the Bishop's Palace at Annecy, in Savoy. It amused Gibbons to compare the simplicity of Baltimore and the frugality of his own lodgings in his Vicariate Apostolic in North Carolina, with the palace of the French prelate. It could not have been more splendid in the days of Louis XIV. The government, treating the Bishop with princely honors, had placed a sentinel at the door. He had all the state and panoply of a Royal Highness. The titular Bishop of Adramytum, the youngest bishop in the world, whose flock consisted of eight hundred Catholics, was very much impressed by this outward sign of spiritual power within; he expressed his pleasure to the Bishop of Annecy. "Monseigneur," said the French Bishop, "all is not gold that glitters. I am not able to build even a sacristy without the permission of the government!"

As Dr. Will tells us, non-Catholics vied with Catholics in praising the selection of Bishop Gibbons to the Archdiocese of Baltimore. Bishop Carroll, his first predecessor, had been consecrated in 1790. He had great influence in forming the traditions of the see, but neither he nor his successors had

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mixed in the complicated secular activities of the citizens of Baltimore and of Maryland. The new Archbishop—remembering, perhaps, the vision of St. Peter—looked on himself as the shepherd of the invisible, as well as of the visible, Church. As an example:

> On one occasion, when he was passing through the streets with a visitor, they came to the door of a beautiful church, from which a large congregation was beginning to emerge. Archbishop Gibbons was saluted so often, and gave so many salutes in return, that his companion remarked: "You seem to be well acquainted in this parish?" "Ah!" he replied, "these are our Episcopalian friends." . . .
>
> In the Revolution, Catholics had been eminent in the halls of statesmanship and on the field of battle. None craved more than they the full freedom of religion and civil government which, under Washington, had been won for the fringe of struggling colonies planted by adventurous Englishmen. They had felt far more than Protestants the restraints of alien rule. . . .
>
> Still, in Baltimore, as elsewhere, there was no denying that some distrust of Catholics remained. It had been too deep-seated a feeling to be erased in less than a century. The keynote of Gibbons' attitude was liberality. As a churchman, none was more devoted to his Church; as an American, it was soon evident, none was more devoted to America.

To any of us who knew the Maryland of an elder day, Dr. Will's picture of the Archbishop's progress through the country, will recall amusing and pathetic memories. The days when the gentry, who still held to the religion of the first Lord Calvert, went to High Mass in cavalcades, have passed away, and even the leading Catholic family, at the picturesque old manor house of Doughreagan, has apparently joined the absentees—but, in other respects, rural Maryland is much the same as it was in 1878. It is still, like Kentucky, a country of traditions.

More and more, the public life of Archbishop Gibbons broadened. Some of the old-fashioned were shocked when, in November 1881, he delivered a Thanksgiving sermon in the Baltimore Cathedral, in which he recommended that feast, created by the Puritans as an antidote to the "Papistical"

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keeping of Christmas, as a time of gratitude for the benefits conferred upon the American people during the current year.

The Solemn High Mass celebrated every year at St. Patrick's Church, Washington, on Thanksgiving Day, at which the highest officials of the Government and the South and Central American diplomatists assist, is taken now as a matter of course; and many things today are taken as matters of course, which then startled Catholics accustomed to take somewhat of a foreign view concerning the action of the Catholic Church in this country.

We were fortunately spared the appearance of a De Lamennais, of a defection like that of the great Döllinger, or of the letters of a Lord Acton; and there was no Loisy to create a scandal after the appearance of the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on what was called "Americanism." The danger was rather from the other side. It threatened from the exalted zeal of firm believers, who could not understand that the Catholic Church, while preserving absolutely intact the treasury of faith and morality, was all things to all men.

To the folk born in the United States, who had been brought up in an American atmosphere, the ideas and practices of the Archbishop of Baltimore were as illuminating, as refreshing, as fraught with hope for the future, as the founding of the new Congregation of St. Paul by Father Hecker.

They meant to the younger Catholic an emancipation from the reproach that Catholics were aliens in spirit; and efforts of certain well-meaning groups, under the influence of Cahensly, to introduce permanent foreign influence into the United States might have succeeded, if the majority of the hierarchy, headed by the Cardinal, had not made such a determined intervention. Archbishop Keane—then Bishop Keane and Rector of the Catholic University—suffered greatly from this spirit of intolerance, which, if it had been permitted to live with the apparent sanction of the Church, would have confirmed those suspicions which helped greatly the progress of the American Protective Association among honest people, who today look on activities of the Ku-Klux Klan with hatred and horror.

The reader of this *Life*, who knows something of the struggles within the Church, which did not in any way affect faith or morals, but which would have greatly influenced her

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exterior action in relation to conditions in the United States, must be pleased with the manner in which Dr. Will has handled some delicate situations. It would have been easy for him to have reawakened old controversies; to have perhaps evoked the faint shadows of those hatreds from which the most sincere theologians—perhaps because of their very sincerity—are not wholly free. The tact and the truthfulness of the author of this *Life* are almost marvelous. He extenuates nothing; he sets down naught in malice; but he manages, without suppressing anything vital, to avoid personalities which might give pain or offense.

The long career of Cardinal Gibbons touches on nearly every point of interest in the progress of the Catholic Church for much over half a century. He was a firm and constant friend of education. In the beginning, the Catholic University of America was as "suspect" as was Father Hecker and his devoted group of apostles. When Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, made his celebrated appeal for the higher education of the clergy, which led to the foundation of the University, he, too, was "suspect" by those groups in the Church, which Dr. Will is tactful enough not to call "Byzantine." Living in the camp of the sincerest reactionaries—of which that man of genius, McMaster, was one of the most *intransigeant*—the present reviewer, whose sense of humor alone saved him from hopelessness, could understand their point of view, which was to them the only orthodox one. If it had succeeded, the Catholic Church in the United States would have surrounded herself with a Chinese wall, impervious to progress and almost impotent to continue the real work of her apostolate. Why it did not succeed, and the happy consequences of its defeat, are among the important lessons, which this really monumental work seems almost unconsciously to teach.

One is constantly struck by the evidences of the courage and gentleness of Cardinal Gibbons. His victories seem today to have been easy, because he was so reasonable—but when one remembers what tricks before high heaven narrow, well-meaning, but bigoted or self-centred, men, vested in a little brief authority, may play, one is amazed by the strength of character, the steel-like determination, the exact foresight and sympathetic comprehension of a prelate who had none of those natural qualities which the majority of the world called

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"great." He was not as learned as Cardinal Manning or many of his contemporaries in the priesthood in America. The quality of his mind was mediocre compared with that of Cardinal Newman. What he said was seldom original or striking in itself; but never was the dictum of the great Roman orator, that the effect of oratory is largely dependent on the character of the speaker, more strongly corroborated than in the case of Cardinal Gibbons.

His sermons will not stand in comparison with those of Bourdaloue, which, in spirit, they greatly resemble, but it seems to me that he was truly the most eloquent of all the orators of our time.

The index to these two volumes, coupled with the table of contents, is an epitome of the history, not only of the Catholic Church in America, but of those important movements on which the progress and the essential life of the nation depends. In each episode, we find the Cardinal defending righteousness and peace with honor.

The part the Cardinal played against the possible condemnation by Rome of the Knights of Labor is memorable, and his letter to His Holiness on that occasion is one of the most interesting and valuable documents in the book. Such a condemnation, he proves to the Holy See, would be neither justified, necessary, nor prudent; it would, he said, have certainly been dangerous, inefficacious and destructive. His position in the case of Father Hecker is very clearly expressed; and, although one dislikes to say it of any man—as the Greeks hated to hear it said of Aristides—he was always right; and, if he ever blundered, it was in such small matters that important affairs seldom suffered from any defect of his qualities.

His relations with President Wilson, resulting in a very fortunate meeting of Mr. Wilson with the Holy Father at the Vatican, were as cordial as they had been with preceding presidents. In all the steps of his career, when, as in the matter of the Philippines, he could not avoid the task imposed upon him, of giving counsel to the head of the nation, he was never accused of "meddling in politics." When an ecclesiastic in his position, the cynosure of critical, and even hostile, eyes, can avoid such a suspicion, he almost deserves the appellation of a man of genius. Cardinal Gibbons was more than this—he was an Ambassador of Christ.

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THE PRIEST'S MOTHER.

BY ELISABETH MAYER.

I.

The Vocation.

I did not know that peace could pass
When life had gained a sudden goal—
So old, the solaced thought that he
To God would give his silent soul.

Yet with the low-declared desire
To answer to the awesome sign,
I could have prayed to Mary's Son
To let his days be dwelt with mine!

II.

The Ordination.

His soul is prone before the throne
In blind oblation to the Cross;
What grace in ardor's recompense!
What wonder won in worldly loss!

Tensely he kneels to take the seals;
Above his brow the chalice glows;
The babe that rested on my breast
Upon his way Anointed goes!

III.

The Sermon.

To God's still steps he bears the Book;
His worn face whitens as he slips
The ribboned leaves. He lifts his hand!
The Word comes firmly from his lips!

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Oh, Michael, send thy mighty sword!
Oh, gracious Gabriel, convey
Thy spirit to his speech! Oh, Love,
Let fall thy rain of flame today!

IV.

The Consecration.

He holds the Host within the hands
That one-time bore the lights and bell;
Melchisedech, he mounts the throne
Where sounded he the warning knell!

The white-clad lad whose eyes met mine
As flowered processions proudly passed—
Now, with the Sacred Victim one
Stands on transcendent heights at last!

V.

The Communion.

He gives his God unto my heart,
And I who gave him life, live mine
In height supreme! He is my gift!
Oh, Mary, what a might was thine!

He passes down the rail from me;
Forever swing our paths apart;
Oh, Mary, what a pang was thine
When God, Thy Son, gave man His Heart!

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WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

III.—The Case for Complexity.

I BEGAN with the power of the Church to grow young suddenly, when she is expected to grow old slowly, and remarked that this power in a creed was one which I could only conceive as thus regularly recurrent under two conditions: first, that it was really true; and, second, that the power in it was more than mortal. In the ultimate sense, these are undoubtedly the reasons for what is a revolution that really returns like the revolution of a wheel. But among the secondary and superficial causes of this rejuvenation may be specially noted, I fancy, the very fact of which religious reformers have so constantly complained; I mean the complexity of the creeds. There is a sense in which the Faith is the simplest of religions; but there is another sense in which it really is, by far, the most complicated. And what I am emphasizing here is that, contrary to many modern notions, it owes its victory over modern minds to its complexity and not its simplicity. It owes its most recent revivals to the very fact that it is the one creed that is still not ashamed of being complicated.

We have had during the last few centuries a series of extremely simple religions; each indeed trying to be more simple than the last. And the manifest mark of all these simplifications was, not only that they were finally sterile, but that they were very rapidly stale. A man had said the last word about them when he had said the first. Atheism is, I suppose, the supreme example of a simple faith. The man says there is no God; if he really says it in his heart, he is a certain sort of man so designated in Scripture. But, anyhow, when he has said it, he has said it; and there seems to be no more to be said. The conversation seems likely to languish. The truth is that the atmosphere of excitement, by which the atheist lived, was an atmosphere of thrilled and shuddering theism, and not of atheism at all; it was an atmos-

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phere of defiance and not of denial. Irreverence is a very servile parasite of reverence; and has starved with its starving lord. After this first fuss about the merely æsthetic effect of blasphemy, the whole thing vanishes into its own void. If there were not God, there would be no atheists. It is easy to say this of the nineteenth century negation, for that sort of atheism is already one of the dead heresies. But what is not always noticed is that all the more modern forms of theism have the same blank. Theism is as negative as atheism. To say with the optimists that God is good, and therefore everything is good; or with the universalists that God is Love, and therefore everything is love; or with the Christian Scientists that God is Spirit, and therefore everything is spirit; or, for that matter, with the pessimists that God is cruel, and therefore everything is a beastly shame; to say any of these things is to make a remark to which it is difficult to make any reply, except "Oh;" or possibly, in a rather feeble fashion, "Well, well." The statement is certainly, in one sense, very complete; possibly a little too complete; and we find ourselves wishing it were a little more complex. And that is exactly the point. It is not complex enough to be a living organism. It has no vitality because it has no variety of function.

One broad characteristic belongs to all the schools of thought that are called broad-minded; and that is that their eloquence ends in a sort of silence not very far removed from sleep. One mark distinguishes all the wild innovations and insurrections of modern intellectualism; one note is apparent in all the new and revolutionary religions that have recently swept the world; and that note is dullness. They are too simple to be true. And, meanwhile, any one Catholic peasant, while holding one small bead of the rosary in his fingers, can be conscious, not of one eternity, but of a complex and almost a conflict of eternities; as, for example, in the relations of Our Lord and Our Lady, of the fatherhood and the childhood of God, of the motherhood and the childhood of Mary. Thoughts of that kind have, in a supernatural sense, something analogous to sex; they breed. They are fruitful and multiply; and there is no end to them. They have innumerable aspects; but the aspect that concerns the argument here is this, that a religion which is rich in this sense always has a number of ideas in reserve. Besides the ideas that are

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being applied to a particular problem or a particular period, there are a number of rich fields of thought which are, in that sense, lying fallow. Where a new theory, invented to meet a new problem, rapidly perishes with that problem, the old things are always waiting for other problems when they shall, in their turn, become new. A new Catholic movement is generally a movement to emphasize some Catholic idea that was only neglected in the sense that it was not till then specially needed; but when it is needed, nothing else can meet the need. In other words, the only way really to meet all the human needs of the future is to pass into the possession of all the Catholic thoughts of the past; and the only way to do that is really to become a Catholic.

In these notes, I do not intend to say anything in very direct criticism of the Anglican Church or the Anglo-Catholic theory, because I know it in my own case to be the worst possible way of going to work. The Church drew me out of Anglicanism, as the very idea of Our Lady drew me long before out of ordinary Protestantism, by being herself, that is, by being beautiful. I was converted by the positive attractions of the things I had not yet got, and not by negative disparagements of such things as I had managed to get already. When those disparagements were uttered, they generally had, almost against my will, the opposite effect to that intended; the effect of a slight setback. I think, in my heart, I was already hoping that Roman Catholics would really prove to have more charity and humility than anybody else, and anything that even seemed to savor of the opposite was judged by too sensitive a standard in the mood of that moment. I am, therefore, very anxious not to make that sort of mistake myself. It would be easy to put in a much shorter and sharper fashion the conclusion to which I, and every other convert, have eventually come. It would be easy to argue merely that our whole position was a common contradiction; since we were always arguing that England had suffered in a thousand ways from being Protestant, and yet, at the same time, arguing that she had remained Catholic. It would be easy, and in a sense only too true, to call the whole thing a piece of English half-conscious hypocrisy; the attempt to remedy a mistake without admitting it. Nor do I deny that there are High Churchmen who provoke, and perhaps deserve this tone, by talking as if Catholicism

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had never been betrayed and oppressed. To them, indeed, one is tempted to say that St. Peter denied his Lord; but at least he never denied that he had denied Him.

But of most souls in such a transition the truth is far more subtle, and of all I knew far more sympathetic; and I have deliberately approached this problem by a route that may seem circuitous, but which I believe to be the right approach in such a problem of subtlety and sympathy. The first fact to be pointed out, I think, to the honest and doubtful Anglican is that this power of resurrection in the Church does depend on this possession of reserves in the Church. To have this power, it is necessary to possess the whole past of the religion, and not merely those parts of it that seemed obviously needed in the nineteenth century by the men of the Oxford Movement, or in the twentieth century by the men of the Anglo-Catholic Congress. They did discover the need of Catholic things, but they did discover the need of one thing at a time. They took their pick in the fields of Christendom, but they did not possess the fields; and, above all, they did not possess the fallow fields. They could not have all the riches, because they could not have all the reserves of the religion.

We hear a great many predictions of the future, which are only rather dull extensions of the present. Very few moderns have dared to imagine the future as anything but modern. Most of them have gone mad with the attempt to imagine their great-grandchildren as exactly like themselves, only more so. But the Church is Futurist in the only sane sense, just as she is Individualist in the only sane sense, or Socialist in the only sane sense. That is, she is prepared for problems which are utterly different from the problems of today. Now, I think the truth about the man who calls himself, as I did, an Anglo-Catholic, may most fairly and sympathetically be stated thus. He is, of course, in strict definition a heretic, but he is not a heresiarch. He is not merely founding a heresy of the moment. But he is merely *fighting* a heresy at the moment. Even when he is defending orthodoxy, as he so often is, he is only defending it upon certain points against certain fallacies. But the fallacies are merely fashions, and the next fashion will be quite different. And then *his* orthodoxy will be old-fashioned, but not ours.

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THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN OREGON.

BY EDWIN V. O'HARA, LL.D.

BY a vote of approximately 115,000 to 101,000, the people of Oregon, on November 7th last, passed an initiative amendment to the Oregon Compulsory School Law, whereby, after September 1, 1926, all children in the State of Oregon, between the ages of eight and sixteen, must attend the public schools for the period during which the public schools are in session. Some minor exceptions are provided in case of physical disabilities, of great distance from school, and of individual private instruction. The present article will review, first, the effects of the provisions of the new law, then the story of the campaign that led to its enactment, and, finally, the course of action open to those who consider their rights invaded.

I.

The so-called compulsory education act is not an amendment to the Oregon Constitution, as is frequently asserted, but simply an amendment to the existing compulsory school law. A comparison of the law as amended with the original law reveals, with one striking exception, only minor alterations; for example, whereas the original act included the years from nine to fifteen in the compulsory school age, the new act includes the years from eight to sixteen. The central point of difference introduced by the new legislation consists in omitting a provision in the earlier law exempting from public school attendance children who attend private or parochial schools, the educational standards of which are approved by the State educational authorities.

The new legislation makes no mention of private or parochial schools, and its proponents are emphatic in the declaration that it is not directed against any private schools, but simply is a measure supporting the public schools. The measure does not make it unlawful for anyone to build or to equip a school, or to maintain a teaching staff in a private or

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parish school; it undertakes only to see that such schools shall have no pupils, by requiring their attendance elsewhere. The penalty for non-observance of the law falls upon the parents and guardians, who will be subject to cumulative fines and imprisonments, because every day of non-attendance will constitute a separate offense. While the law has been enacted and placed on the statute books, its provisions do not become effective until September 1, 1926; the purpose of this delay in making the law effective was to allow time for public school districts to provide ample buildings for the increased enrollment which the enforcement of the law will bring; also to allow the private and parochial schools opportunity to dispose of or alter the use of their properties and thus minimize their financial loss. Another motive not to be overlooked was the putting off of the evil day when the public would have to face increased taxation, thereby increasing the prospects of passing the bill.

If the law becomes effective, it will result in transferring about ten thousand Oregon children now in private and parochial schools to the neighboring public schools. It will also render it impossible for parents to send their children, subject to the compulsory school law, to private schools outside the State; finally, it will result in the emigration from Oregon of many hundreds of families who still love to breathe the air of freedom, and will prevent the immigration to the fertile fields and salubrious climate of Oregon of many thousands of prospective settlers who cherish old-fashioned American liberties.

II.

Preliminary to a popular vote, signatures to an initiative petition were secured in June 1922; the petitions were circulated by a committee of Scottish Rite Masons, whose inspector-general in Oregon, Mr. P. S. Malcolm, publicly assumed, in their name, full paternal responsibility for the measure. The newspapers announced that 50,000 names had been signed to the initiative petition in a single day, giving the impression of an overwhelming public sentiment in favor of the measure. However, when the Secretary of State had checked the names, instead of 50,000 he found about 16,000

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legal signatures, about 3,000 more than were necessary to secure the proposed measure a place on the November ballot. With the filing of the measure with the Secretary of State, the campaign began in earnest. The official *Voters' Pamphlet*, giving information concerning the measure, carried a short argument in favor of the bill by the group of Scottish Rite Masons who had initiated it, stressing the importance of all children being democratically trained in the common schools. Arguments in the *Voters' Pamphlet* against the measure were filed by the representatives of the following groups: (1) a group of prominent taxpayers; (2) the Lutheran Schools Committee; (3) the Seventh Day Adventists; (4) a group of twenty-five well-known Presbyterian ministers; (5) the Episcopalian Girls' School; (6) the private non-sectarian schools; and (7) the Catholic Civic Rights Association, which came into existence as the result of a meeting of clergy and laity called by His Grace, Archbishop Christie. These negative arguments admirably covered the opposition to the measure, and were supplemental to one another.

The campaign against the bill was conducted by the Catholic Civic Rights Association, already mentioned, and the Non-Sectarian and Protestant Schools Committee, which brought into coöperation the Lutheran and non-sectarian private school interests; the Seventh Day Adventists pursued their own line of defense more or less independently. The Catholic Civic Rights Association conducted an energetic campaign chiefly through the local parishes, and by the distribution of literature and the holding of public lectures. The Lutherans and the Seventh Day Adventists circularized all the voters of the State with their literature, and the Non-Sectarian and Protestant Schools Committee carried on an extensive campaign of newspaper advertising and of public lectures against the bill. As the weeks went by, men and women of prominence in every field of activity declared themselves against the measure; practically every daily newspaper in Oregon opposed it; the leading ministers and the clubwomen of the State voiced public opposition to it, and many Masons took a pronounced stand against the measure. The following extract from a newspaper account illustrates the spirit of the campaign conducted by the Non-Sectarian and Protestant Schools Committee:

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A. F. Flegel, lawyer, Methodist, and a Scottish Rite Mason and Shriner, spoke in the courthouse tonight against the so-called compulsory school bill under the auspices of the Non-Sectarian and Protestant Schools Committee. He said in part:

"This bill was conceived in hate and intolerance, and has been urged upon the voters by such false and misleading statements as 'to make free schools,' 'to teach a common language,' 'it is not aimed against any sect,' 'whoever opposes it objects to taxes for schools, or send their children to private or religious schools;' when they know their statements are untrue and intended to deceive.

"I want no misunderstanding as to why I am opposing this bill. I hold no brief for the policy of the Catholic Church, and the Methodist Episcopal Church of which I am a member, has much of recent years to complain of in that policy as directed against it, and I am not here because this bill is an attack upon parochial schools, but I would not support it if that were its aim. The supporters of this bill are not content with that effect, but, in order to accomplish that end, blandly tell you it is necessary to sweep all parental control of the education of children away, in order to do away with parochial schools.

"It were sufficient cause for me to be here if I can save that ancient and honorable Order, of which I am a member, from internal disorder and disruption by directing their attention to the muzzle they would put on when they submit to the intolerant despotism of P. S. Malcolm, Inspector-General in Oregon of the honorable body, the A. & A. S. Rite. Recently, he called me on the telephone and asked if it were true that I had spoken against the school bill at St. Johns, and I said 'yes.' He then asked if I knew the Supreme Council was back of the bill, and I replied I did not, but it would make no difference to me. He replied he would report me to the Supreme Council, and I told him to report and be damned.

"I am met on every hand by Masons, who go out of their way to approve my course in this matter. As illustrating the extent to which ill-will and hatred are stirred up, Washington Lodge, in Portland, in its official bulletin, is opposing the election of an honorable Mason to an important office, and advocating the election of his opponent who has been refused admission into the Order.

"I am opposed to this because I am opposed to despotism,

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benevolent or otherwise. I am opposed to invisible government; I am opposed to the K. K. K., and I am opposed to any order which adopts, approves, or practises their methods or principles.

"The tyranny involved in the bill it is valuable to consider as showing the inevitable trend of opinion entertained by its sponsors—to rule or ruin with them, and ruin if they rule.

"My principal objection to this bill is that it is an attack upon the most ancient and precious rights of citizens—the right to educate their children in their own religious faith. It thereby involves the religious liberty and the personal liberty—offered, it is true, under the plea of one hundred per cent. Americanism, but a type of Americanism as represented by the K. K. K.'s who exemplify it by the practice of a court without a judge, trial without a jury, and execution in defiance of law. I oppose the bill, because I believe in a Christian civilization, and a Christian Church, and that a Christian civilization cannot exist without a Christian Church. I oppose the bill, for the reason that if this bill is a lawful exercise of power, then it is logical and reasonable that the process should be carried to the end that all education should be in State schools, and thus our educational system would be free from all semblance of Christianity. This is further illustrated by the fact that the Protestant Church receives ninety per cent. of its leaders from Protestant schools, while the Catholic Church receives one hundred per cent. of its leaders from its schools. I warn my Protestant friends who would punish the Church of Rome by lighting this fuse, that at the other end is a charge of T. N. T. which will destroy Christian civilization."

As the campaign drew to a close, there was a general feeling among political forecasters that the bill would be defeated, but when the ballots were counted, it was found it had carried by a majority of more than fourteen thousand votes. In the forecast of the defeat of the measure, to which I have just referred, ample consideration was given to the strength of the Ku-Klux organization, and the influence of political alignment. Mr. Olcott, who was running for Governor on the Republican ticket, was known to be actively hostile to the Ku-Klux, and was supposed to be hostile to the compulsory public school bill. On the other hand, Mr. Pierce, the Democratic

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candidate, had maneuvered for the support of the Ku-Klux forces and that of the "Patriotic" (Orange) societies by publicly espousing the cause of the bill. Notwithstanding the tangled political situation, the last month of the campaign saw a steady and effective drift of intelligent public opinion against the proposed measure, but at the same time the element entered which resulted in the favorable vote; namely, a campaign of calumny and vilification against the Catholic Church on the part of the suburban, small town, and rural Protestant churches. It was the sort of attack experienced by our Scottish co-religionist as described by Professor Phillimore in the latest number of the *Dublin Review*. It was part of the campaign described by Newman in his lecture on "Tradition, the Sustaining Power of the Protestant View." Suburban and rural Protestantism has inherited the duty "to watch over the anti-Catholic tradition, to preserve it from rust and decay, to keep it bright and clean, and ready for action on any emergency or peril." "It is the keeper in ordinary of those national types and blocks from which Popery is to be ever printed off—the traditional fictions, sophisms, calumnies, mockeries, sarcasms, and invectives with which Catholics are to be assailed." And so the bells in all the steeples bore testimony to all the old calumnies against the Church: that the assassins of the Presidents were Catholics; that indulgences were permissions to sin; and matters of equal relevance *ad nauseam*.

In view of all the circumstances, the result of the election is far from discouraging. Probably not ten per cent. of the total population of Oregon had any personal interest in private or parochial schools; this percentage will include the Catholics, Lutherans, Seventh Day Adventists, and the patrons of the private schools. To have secured the support of nearly one-half of the voters of the State on principle and in opposition to the bigotry in which Oregon has been steeped from the beginning of its history as an American commonwealth, is no small or unsatisfactory achievement.

III.

The compulsory public school attendance law is, in Oregon, no longer a theory, but a fact. While it does not become operative until September 1926, some of its effects

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will shortly begin to appear and none will be long delayed. The investments of the private schools become at once greatly depreciated in value, and a paralysis in action will naturally follow from the state of doubt concerning the future. Certainly, no new private schools will be built in the interval, and improvements and repairs will be held up, contracts with teachers will not be extended beyond 1926, and the wisdom of active liquidation before the blow finally falls will be open to discussion. On the other hand, public school boards will presently begin to prepare budgets, looking to the construction of public school buildings to accommodate the inflow of new students. About ten thousand pupils are in the elementary grades in the private and parochial schools of Oregon; of these about seventy-five hundred are in Catholic schools. It is to be noted, however, that the compulsory public school attendance affects children from eight to sixteen; consequently, the children, six and seven years of age, in the primary grades may still attend private schools. It has been estimated that it will require between three and four million dollars to build the required number of school buildings, and nearly a million dollars a year to maintain them.

In regard to the ultimate fate of the law, three possible avenues are open: (1) that the law will be held constitutional and go into effect in 1926; (2) that the people at the general election, two years hence, may reverse or amend the act which they have passed (it is highly improbable that the legislature, though it actually has the power to amend laws adopted under the initiative, will exercise such power); (3) that the law will be declared unconstitutional.

In the event that the law becomes effective, Catholics, and others, who value their parental and religious rights, will have the alternative of going to jail or leaving the State. It will be time enough to dwell on these alternatives when all other avenues of escape are closed.

There are many who expected the passage of the compulsory school bill and who have consistently looked forward to the re-submission of the measure to the voters in 1924, hoping in the meantime that the wave of bigotry might subside and that a campaign of education might be effective, thus effacing a stain from the fair name of Oregon. While the sentiment for such action is deeply rooted in certain minds, it

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does not seem to be general, and many non-Catholics who are opposed to the school measure insist that to bring it again before the people would simply be to prolong religious strife. It is generally felt that a reversal at the polls would give no assurance of permanent policy, and would have no significance for the cause of freedom in education in the country at large. Since the law has been enacted, the general feeling seems to be that it is an opportune time to bring the matter to the courts of last resort, and learn whether inalienable rights are still respected by our State and Federal Constitutions.

In the appeal to the courts, a preliminary question must be settled as to how the case is to be gotten there. Ordinarily, laws cannot be enjoined until some one can allege an immediate threatening injury. As has been said, three years will elapse before parental rights and liberty of conscience will be immediately threatened by the new law. Will it be necessary, then, to wait until 1926 before legal action can be taken? It would seem that as soon as any school board should undertake to levy taxes to provide school buildings required by the act, an injunction might lie, and it is probable that the depreciation of property and the paralysis of effort, which the measure is even now causing the private schools, may furnish ground for judicial action.

A multitude of indictments will be lodged against the constitutionality of the law, ranging all the way from an allegation of defective title to the law, through the gamut of property and franchise rights of incorporated institutions, and the right of teachers to follow a lawful occupation, on to the great fundamental, constitutional questions of the inalienable rights of parents to direct the training of their children, and the conscientious rights of children to receive religious education. The great question involved is the extension of the police power of the State into the field of education. In order to uphold the legislation in its violation of Section 1 of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which prohibits any State from making laws which abridge the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the United States, it will be necessary to show that the private and parochial schools have been inimical to the well-being of the country, and that, by no means short of suppression can they be rendered harmless. Here is raised an issue with its roots in

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history and American principles—an issue wider than any question of judicial precedent: namely, the whole question of the relation of private and religious schools to American life. And when the judges have conned the evidence which shows the debt of American institutions to non-State-supported schools, taking "judicial cognizance of the facts of common knowledge," they will follow the language of another historical case dealing with the extension of the police power: "What we know as men we cannot profess to be ignorant of as judges," and deeply penetrated with the knowledge of the importance of religion and morality to education and patriotism, their decision will vindicate for us our abiding conviction that we still live in liberty-respecting America.

TO DANTE.

BY JEAN DORÉ.

CROWNED with fair laurel keepest thou the height
Of thundrous song, where none may call thee peer;
The lambent lightnings of thy fame each year
Take added brilliance, rending with their might
The very heavens. Thou art chiefest knight
Of that round table flashing with the cheer
Of sweet-toned Virgil, and the bard most dear
The deep-browed Homer rimmed with holy light.

Thine is no puny piping; like the sea
Storm-stirred with magic music is thy song,
Or like the splendid chanting of that choir
Of wondrous seraphs when there walked with thee,
Flame clad, thy heart's belovèd, midst the throng
Of Paradise where thou did'st tune thy lyre.

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THE CATHOLIC EVIDENCE MOVEMENT.

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.



HILE in London last August, I paid a special visit to Hyde Park one Sunday afternoon with some American friends to listen to the open-air preaching of the lay apostles of the Catholic Evidence Guild. From a dozen or more platforms, near the Marble Arch entrance to the Park, I heard speakers of every sort—socialists, humanitarian deists, anti-Catholic ranters, atheists, low-church evangelicals, high churchmen—giving forth their various gospels to crowds of eager listeners. In the midst of them, I saw a large pulpit surmounted by a crucifix, and in front of it an audience of about three hundred men and women—non-Catholics for the most part—listening to a young woman, presenting, in a most attractive fashion, the claims of the Catholic Church. She gave a twenty-minute discourse on the Church—clear-cut, simple, kindly, and most effective in its direct appeal to the minds and hearts of her hearers. After she had left the pulpit, her place was taken immediately by a young man, who spoke of the Catholic doctrine of the Redemption in a way well calculated to meet the needs of the low-church evangelicals, who, as I afterwards discovered, formed the majority of his audience.

The second speaker was interrupted about six or seven times by eager inquirers, who seemed more intent on their own special difficulties than upon the theme of the speaker's discourse. They asked him, for example: Does your Church teach that all non-Catholics are damned? What is the use of pouring oil on a dying man? Why did the Pope condemn, the other day, the works of Anatole France (pronounced, as I remember, *Anatoly* France)? What proof can you give me that Peter was ever in Rome? What is your Church's view of the status of the English Church? The speaker refused to answer his questioners on the plea that they were out of order. He was only a tyro of the Guild, with a special license to speak on one subject only. The young woman in charge of the "pitch" alone had a general license to discuss every point of Catholic doctrine and to answer every query. If his

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questioners would be patient, they would be answered in a short time by the next speaker.

The present writer was invited to take the third speaker's place, and for one hour answered about a dozen questions, as he had done many hundreds of times before, in the lecture courses to non-Catholics, during the past twenty-four years in the United States and Canada. The audience increased to about six hundred souls, men for the most part. The audience was courteous and respectful, with the exception of one anti-Catholic bigot, who began denouncing the Americans for daring to send Catholic propagandists to England, and condemning most vehemently the superstitions of Rome, and the iniquities of the Inquisition. So bitter, indeed, were his words, and so insulting, that he was asked to desist by a most efficient "bobby;" and upon his refusal, was ignominiously dragged away, saying as he went: "You are one of them. You are one of them."

That afternoon's experience made me fully realize the splendid work that these lay apostles—men and women—are doing for the spread of the Faith in England. How it would have gladdened the heart of Father Hecker had he seen his dream realized in this great layfolk's apostolate of conversion. "Go after the other sheep directly." "Let your special devotion be devotion to the Holy Spirit." "If you can catch a few fish with a hook and line, why not let down the nets for a big draught?" "Appeal not only to the intellects, but also to the hearts of your hearers." "Our Saviour had but twelve Apostles to convert the world. We need a few trained apostles filled with the divine spirit to convert the modern world." "Show that the Church loves the age, and sympathizes with every one of its true aspirations." This is the spirit in which these lay apostles work. It is the spirit of Christ, the Good Shepherd of "the other sheep."

Father Browne, S.J., Professor of Greek in University College, Dublin, has written a most interesting account of the activities of the Catholic Evidence Guild—its history, its ideals, its methods, its hopes. We are certain that our readers will be interested in a brief summary of its contents.[1]

His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster,

[1] *The Catholic Evidence Movement: Its Achievements and Its Hopes* By Rev. Henry Browne, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00 net.

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in his preface to this volume, praises the Catholic Evidence Guild as the most interesting and the most hopeful of present-day missionary endeavors in England. He writes: "Though in close touch with the clergy and under the guidance of ecclesiastical authority, it is a lay movement in which duly attested and accredited laymen must take the chief part. It is, in reality, the application to modern conditions in this country of the methods so long and so successfully adopted in the Foreign Mission Field—namely, the employment of the lay catechist to do a work for which the priest cannot find time or, very often, opportunity. In many cases, a layman gets a readier hearing than the officially constituted exponent of the truth. He can penetrate to districts, and he can raise his voice in places, which are sometimes closed to the missionary himself."

In a preliminary chapter, Father Browne describes the pioneers of the mission work for non-Catholics in England, whose ideas and activities made the Catholic Evidence Guild possible. On November 29, 1887, Father Philip Fletcher and Mr. Lister Drummond, K.C., founded The Guild of Ransom for the Conversion of England, a society now numbering 70,000 members. Its patrons are the English martyrs, and to keep their memory alive, it holds, every year, processions and pilgrimages, such as the walk to Tyburn and the procession to Tower Hill—an excellent way of openly professing the Catholic faith, and at times more effective in conversions than even the direct preaching of the Gospel.

The procession from Newgate Gaol to Tyburn—the Martyrs' *Via Dolorosa*—takes about two hours, and occurs every year on the last Sunday of April, preparatory to May 4th, the Feast of the English Martyrs. Non-Catholics view it always with the greatest respect, and often join the ranks of the Ransomers. At Tyburn Convent, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given from the balcony to the assembled crowds —a most inspiring sight. The prayer of reparation and intercession is kept up perpetually before the Blessed Sacrament, exposed on the Altar, and the chapel is opened to outsiders, who come in numbers to adore and to pray for the conversion of England. Many Protestants come for instruction, and scores have entered the Church by means of the Ransomers' inspiring and supernatural appeal.

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In 1891, Mr. Drummond, convinced that the Church ought no longer to ignore the constant attacks made upon her doctrines and institutions by blatant anti-Catholic speakers in Hyde Park, determined to enter the lists with his Ransomers. For eighteen years, he appeared, week after week, in Hyde Park, setting forth the Church's claims with both intelligence and zeal. With him were associated men who were equally powerful debaters, and prominently identified with other Catholic works: Augustine Hilton, Raikes Bromage, George Anstruther, A. Hilliard Atteridge, Joseph Moores, Augustine Watts, Denis McCarthy, and others. Mr. McCarthy initiated the open-air lecture work in other parts of London, such as Mile End Waste, Victoria and Finsbury Parks, Willesden, Stoke Newington, and was the first to suggest the forming of a speakers' class, of which he became a most effective and successful leader.

The work of the Ransomers was practically at a standstill during the war, but it has resumed its active work for the past two years, opening new pitches at Clapham Road, Wimbledon, Thornton Heath.

Another pioneer society for spreading the Faith was the Barrow Brigade, founded as a branch of the Catholic Reading Guild by Ambrose Willis. Its original idea was to take out barrows displaying the Catholic Truth Society's penny pamphlets, and to sell them in the streets. They did their utmost to have non-Catholics converse with them about the Church's claims, and then they would give the inquirer a pamphlet on the subject they had been discussing. Cardinal Bourne presented these lay apostles with a barrow, which they had blessed and dedicated to his patron saint. The war suspended the activities of the Barrow Brigade, as all its members were called to the colors. Mark Symons, the present Master of the Catholic Evidence Guild, took a leading part in this work from the beginning.

In 1903, the Catholic Missionary Society was founded, on the model of the diocesan mission bands established in the United States in 1894 by the Paulist Father, Walter Elliott, the biographer and friend of Hecker. Father Herbert Vaughan, its present Superior, came to the United States to study the methods used by the Paulist Fathers in their special apostolic work among non-Catholics. He was their guest for

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months at the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, and attended some of the lecture courses to non-Catholics given by the present writer in New York City. The Catholic Missionary Society gives lectures to non-Catholics in churches and halls, uses the Question Box, and distributes books and pamphlets to inquirers. The motor-chapel used in the small towns and villages of England, where no Catholic church at present exists, was suggested by the chapel car used for the same purpose in this country under the auspices of the Catholic Extension Society.

These missionaries publish, every month, *The Catholic Gazette*, a magazine which contains important articles on apologetics, besides brief answers to the queries of non-Catholics.

We have seen that, during the war, the open-air preaching of the Ransomers practically ceased. It was far otherwise with the preachers of blasphemy and atheism. They were more bitter than ever in their attacks upon Christianity, holding that the war proved to the hilt that the Gospel of Christ was an utter failure. The speakers of the Metropolitan Secular Society—who have an American counterpart in New York—were especially bitter in their attacks upon the divinity of Our Lord, and no one came forward to answer them in the open. Father George Coote took up the matter in the pages of the *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle*, with an article under the caption: "Is Park Preaching Practical?" Towards the end of 1917, the Archbishop of Westminster called a conference of priests and laymen to discuss the problem, and all agreed that something must be done. The one problem was to find the right people for organizing the work on a sure and a practical foundation.

God always provides the men and the means, when His Church requires them. A leader appeared in the person of Vernon Redwood, a nephew of the Archbishop of Wellington, who had come to England from New Zealand to study music for two years under an Italian master. Circumstances made it impossible for him to carry out his plans, so much so that he began to feel that God had something special for him to do—what it was he did not know. One day he strolled into Hyde Park, and at once he realized his future mission. He called upon the Cardinal soon after, and asked his permission to take the field against the atheists in the open. The Cardinal

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was most favorable to the plan outlined by Mr. Redwood; his only question being whether a new society was needed. Could not the work be carried on by the Ransomers?

Mr. Redwood stood firmly for the formation of a new society, as he had his own peculiar notion of how the work ought to be carried on. Three things he insisted upon: a more aggressive attitude must be used; a crucifix must be placed on the platform; the meetings must begin and end with Catholic prayers.

A meeting of the clergy and laity was called on April 4, 1918, at Westminster Cathedral Hall, and it resulted in the formation of the Catholic Evidence Guild.

The Governing Body of the Guild is a Council, composed of His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop (ex-officio President), a President, Vice-Presidents, a Master and Vice-Master, Chaplains, a Director of Studies, Advisers, two Treasurers, a General Secretary, a Press Secretary, a Librarian, a Warden, and not more than nine other lay members.

The *Active* members promise to make a special study of Catholic apologetics, and to give all the time they can spare to the work of the Guild. The *Ordinary* members promise their moral and financial support—they must contribute at least one shilling a year—and are encouraged to attend all lectures of the Guild. They may vote for all officers, but they are not allowed to hold office themselves. Special committees arrange for actual work at the various pitches, recommend competent speakers, or train speakers in special study classes.

The work of the Guild has been blessed from the very beginning, and its progress has been most encouraging. Many questioned the possibility of attracting students, and they were rather astounded when the first three months of the London study classes recorded an average of eighteen students a week. From May to September, the number increased to fifty-two, and today, after four continuous years, the classes in the London district average over three hundred a week. Other dioceses have taken up the work, and students are getting ready for the lay apostolate in Liverpool, Birmingham, Portsmouth, and Brentwood. The greatest problem the Guild has to face is, without question, the securing of a competent body of speakers. They must be at the same time devout, zealous, intelligent, quick-minded, kindly, and sympathetic. They must

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never, like a professional debater, be on the lookout for a personal victory, for their one aim must be to win souls to God and His Church. They must be quick to meet the most bitter anti-Catholic heckler, and at the same time use his bitter tirades as a means to win others to the truth.

Speakers differ one from the other as leaves upon a tree. Some have great skill in marshaling arguments, and put their case in lawyer-like fashion; another is full of his subject, but wins more by his intense earnestness than by his logical ability or great scholarship; a third has a sense of humor, which wins any audience and disarms at once the most bitter antagonist; a fourth is slow of speech, but breathes forth in every word a love of God and the brethren—how to make these various types of men into the most effective platform speakers is the aim of the Guild instructor.

The London plan is to devote two nights a week—8 to 9:30 P. M.—to the work of instruction and practice, while a third evening is set aside for a specimen lecture given by some well-known priest. Two classes are carried on at the same time each evening, the one, elementary, for those who have never appeared on a public platform, and the other, an advanced class for speakers in the field. The instructor—priest or layman—gives a brief lecture on some point of Catholic doctrine, for example, the Primacy of the Pope, Indulgences, the Confession of Sins to a Priest. This model lecture is succeeded by a number of questions put by the lecturer to individual members of the class, who in turn question him on points which they wish discussed more fully. The students are encouraged to get on their feet as much as possible, to place themselves in the attitude of real inquirers. A course of reading is mapped out for the class, and the test of their ability as speakers is made at a future meeting, when they must face hecklers, clerical and lay, on the subject matter they have prepared.

Some speakers obtain a license to speak on only one subject or group of subjects, while others of greater efficiency receive a general license to discuss publicly any doctrine of the Church. The reason of this ruling is to provide learners with ample opportunity of practising before a crowd. He is always protected by a presiding chairman, who is one of the fully licensed speakers. This chairman may take the plat-

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form himself, if he feels that a bad impression has been made on the crowd by the speaker's ignorance or inexperience.

The work of the Catholic Evidence Guild is now being carried out in London every day of the week in twenty-one different pitches. In Hyde Park, since May 1918, meetings have been conducted every Sunday from 2:45 P. M. until 10 P. M. Twenty other pitches are in full swing one or two evenings a week, such as Tower Hill, World's End, Chelsea, Greycoat Place, Leather Lane, Hammersmith Grove, Southall, Ware, Highbury Corner, etc. Other dioceses are following suit: Brentwood has four regular pitches, Liverpool three, while Portsmouth has open-air talks on the Common, and Birmingham open-air talks in the Bull Ring every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday. Birmingham boasts of an apologetic library of 1,454 volumes, while Portsmouth has its monthly Day of Recollection for its speakers in the Cathedral Chapel.

Mr. Byrne, the Secretary of the Practical Training Committee, holds that one thousand speakers are needed to cover adequately the London area, while the work in Portsmouth calls for a corps of at least fifty speakers. Work of this extent would involve a great many study centres, and an army of instructors, but the Guild leaders are most hopeful of the future. Every good parish sodality of men and women ought to furnish some volunteers for the public platform.

The Guild insists most strongly on the personal sanctification of its members. It urges them to read every day a portion of the Sacred Scriptures, to attend daily Mass and, if possible, receive daily Communion, and make an annual retreat. It inculcates, as the chief devotion of its speakers, devotion to the Holy Ghost. We can hear Father Hecker of the fifties and sixties in the words of Father Browne in 1921. He writes: "Catholic doctrine about the teaching of the Holy Ghost is extremely consoling and not really very complicated. It maintains first and foremost that by His indwelling in the Church the Divine Spirit guides it as a whole, the head and the members taken together, and moreover guides it into the truth. But the indwelling of God in the Church is another name for that Sanctifying Grace by which He dwells in the hearts of the faithful. These, also, as individuals, He guides into all truth—He communes with them, inspires them, directs them, and assists them in all matters appertaining to their

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salvation. He is in the whole and He is in the parts. But as the whole is greater than the part, if there should be any apparent discrepancy—such as self-deception may induce—between a man's personal inspirations and the external line of conduct, the conclusion is simple enough. No real guidance of God granted to individuals can run counter to the Church's universal belief, its discipline, its approved practice, its corporate feeling, much less to its authoritative teaching."

Father Browne devotes a brief chapter to the apostolate for non-Catholics in the United States and Australia. He speaks of Father Isaac Hecker as the prime mover in the crusade for the conversion of non-Catholics in the United States, and says rightly that the Paulist Fathers have always been distinguished for their zeal in this cause. We are pleased to find Isaac Hecker commended "for the strictness of his orthodoxy and his passionate loyalty to the Apostolic See."

A few pages describe—rather inadequately—the origin and development of the diocesan mission bands of the United States, due to the initiative of the Paulist Fathers, Elliott and Doyle, and special mention is made of the work of Father Price in North Carolina. Father Browne calls particular attention to the fact that as early as 1904 Father Price, in a speech at the Washington Conference of Missionaries at the Catholic University, practically outlined the idea of the Catholic Evidence Guild. He said: "Reverend Fathers, you could organize, with little effort, a lay apostolate. You could pick out prudent men and women in your congregation who could do the work of visiting and finding out well-disposed Protestants and working upon them. You could also have your congregation aglow with the idea of sharing the blessing of Catholic Faith with those who have it not. In comparison with the results, your efforts would amount to almost nothing."

Father Browne also mentions the work accomplished by the Catholic Truth Guild of Boston. Mr. Goldstein, a convert from Judaism, and Mrs. Avery have been preaching Catholic doctrine in the open for the past six years. In fact, they began their apostolate a year before the birth of the Catholic Evidence Guild in England. They hold about eighty open-air meetings a year in the summer months, and in 1918 took an auto trip of some 13,000 miles from coast to coast, preaching the Gospel in a score of States from their auto-car. In the

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first three years, they sold 52,000 bound books (Father Martin's *The Catholic Religion*), and distributed 50,000 pamphlets and 13,000 newspapers. By selling these books, they managed to pay the expenses of their trip, and at the same time spread most effectually a knowledge of the Faith.

We have, in New York City, a Catholic Unity League—5,800 strong—whose aim is to promote Catholic Unity by enlisting thousands of lay apostles in the United States and Canada to explain the teachings of the Catholic Church to those outside her fold. It was founded on September 14, 1917, the very time they were discussing in England the possibility of the Catholic Evidence Guild. In its five years' activity, it has distributed gratis to non-Catholics over 62,000 books, and 210,000 pamphlets, besides financing twenty-one courses of lectures to non-Catholics. May we hope this League, founded by one of the Paulist Fathers, may one day send forth its lay apostles with episcopal approval to preach the Gospel in the highways and byways of the large cities of the United States and Canada?

REMEMBRANCE.

BY EUGENE P. BURKE.

I WAS walled up by silence all day long:
No vagrant song,
No fledgling laughter frightened from the nest
Of joy had chanced to wimple my calm rest

Until thy name out-blossomed in my mind:
Lo, down the wind
Of memory swift-fluttered olden laughter,
And flocks of homing songs came winging after.

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"IT'S A PLAY!"

BY EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT.



HIS winter is proving that at last an American audience knows and likes and wants a play. Acting and character studies we have always appreciated—*Rip Van Winkle*, the *Music Master*, and *Lightnin'*, despite their rather creaking vehicles, having become a national tradition; but at the moment three plays by foreigners, without a real hero or heroine between them, hold the boards and—what is more—pay expenses.

"It's a play!" was the pith of the whispered enthusiasm that surged about us at *Loyalties*—a financially successful tragedy, which, by the way, lays forever the last ashes of the "happy ending" fetish. Foreshadowing, perhaps, another Elizabethan era, the dramatic taste of our public is ripening until the logical conclusion to a good plot need no longer be compromised by a penultimate embrace.

Miss Repplier has rallied us as a nation more than once on the glad philosophy so popular in the Pollyanna type of fiction. The Czecho-Slovaks, at any rate, cannot be accused of super-optimism, if one may judge them by the works of the Capek brothers. Their *R. U. R.* and *The World We Live In* are both enjoying fairly successful runs, but, of the two, the former is by far the more important, the latter being mainly the embodiment of the genius of Fabre, and of the imagination of Lee Simonson who designed the setting.

The four acts of "The Insect Comedy" *(The World We Live In)* are roughly held together by the musings of a drunken vagrant, whose dreams we follow. No phase of human relationship is spared the lash of satire. The butterflies reduce love to the crudest terms of sex allurement; family life is degraded by the beetles; patriotism is punctured by the militaristic ants; and death itself is robbed of significance by the lovely futility of the dying moths.

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It is through very earth-grimed microscopes that the insect cosmos is visualized for us as a mirror of our own. Despite the amusing and fantastic designs of Simonson, the Butterfly Ballroom scene remains an epitome of decadence. If you have ever marveled at the fluttering beauty of the ethereal yellow butterflies clustered about a mud puddle, the mystery is solved. Capek butterflies prefer to sip pollution. Not all the orange spats of the butterfly beaux nor their undulating yellow gloves—which simulate hovering wings—can mitigate the offensiveness of that act.

What a relief to meet Mr. and Mrs. Beetle in the world under the grass stalks. Mr. and Mrs. Beetle are as convincingly real as some of Alice's acquaintances in Wonderland. With their little hard shiny bowler hats, their round red faces, their rotund purplish figures, they have the full-blooded flavor of the jolly cabmen of the past, but, according to the Capeks, their years of frugal partnership have merely served to rob them of all illusion about each other, and their middle-aged enthusiasm is centred on a huge ball of dung—"their little all." We had hoped that the gloomy Czechs might have a moment of gladness at this point and would let the Beetles keep their treasure. But they didn't. The "little all" was soon acquired by a predatory Beetle financier.

Another neighbor, the Ichneumon Fly, holds up to scorn the blind pride of parenthood. A polished villain is he, in pale green, whose murderous business it is to bring home live crickets for his darling child to dismember. "What an intelligent larva it is!" exclaims the adoring father when his little daughter asks for more. She is certainly a grotesque little horror, with her red hair-ribbon and pinafore and elongated proboscis.

Young love is next satirized in the newly wed crickets. They congratulate themselves on finding vacant a nice little home, though the vacancy is due to the tragedy of one of their friends, who has been impaled alive on a thorn by a robin. The description of the victim's agonized squirmings gives pleasurable thrills to the little bride. She, herself, is soon stabbed by the fly. But the crickets are shortly avenged by a lean parasite who, after a discourse on the injustice of the world in letting him starve, discovers the fly's well-filled larder and at once gobbles up larder and larva and all. He

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reappears, drunk with success and swollen to an I. W. W. of Humpty Dumpty-like form.

In the Black Ant-hill—symbolized by factory chimneys against a glowering sky—we witness the endless procession of bowed workers plodding round and round the treadmill of their highly efficient life. When war is declared on the White Ants, each Black is transformed into a well-drilled soldier, ready to die without question for his Ant-hill. "Spare neither women nor larvæ!" shouts their General, and in the next breath calls on God to help their righteous cause. A Red Cross Worker begs for alms to cure the wounded, so that they may again be wounded. A Bond Salesman appeals for funds to prolong the carnage. In the end, the White Ants are victorious. The road between two grass spears—the cause of war—is safe for posterity.

It is in the last act that the chrysalis, who has been busy all through Act II. announcing, in a hollow voice, the wonders she is to accomplish when born, bursts her bonds. She joins her sister moths fluttering in the moonlight—dances—and dies. The stage is strewn with dead moths—ergo beautiful young women. It is too much for the vagrant. He also dies, for no apparent reason but that it is the last act. Two morose snails are sole survivors. Next morning, the vagrant's body is found by a woodcutter. A young wife, with her newborn baby, pronounces over it the valedictory of the play:

"That's life. One dies and another is born, and so it goes."

On the strength of its arraignment of militarism, Dr. Frank Crane has written an encomium of *The World We Live In*, which its producer has been using as an advertisement. We should hardly endorse it as a morality play, nor yet as a Pantomime for babes, for which one searching parent mistook it. To rob even war of all idealism seems almost as harmful as war itself. It is not that men and women have died that is really important; it is what they died for. Even before a certain star once shone in the East, the love of man for a woman—for his child—for his country—had become a far nobler thing than the instinct for the preservation of the species. After all, why be so hard on the beetles? And even among the snails there may be some Pollyannas!

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The action of *R. U. R.* takes place on a lonely island, where Professor Rossum had built a plant for the manufacture of his Universal Robots. The Robots are automata fashioned like men and women and guaranteed to last for twenty years. The inventor had thought that men, thus released from the bonds of manual labor, would be able to lead a fuller intellectual life. The result has been quite different.

True, the demand for Robots grows and grows until they outnumber men on the earth. But they are not being used for constructive purposes, but to compose armies with which man may conquer and destroy his neighbors. The inevitable catastrophe is hastened by the wife of the Business Director. She had originally visited the plant to try to better the condition of the Robots; she now persuades the physiologist to make them more and more like human beings. Pain nerves had already been added to make them less careless of their valuable synthetic organisms; now, urged on by the earnest young woman, the scientist experiments with their nervous systems until a Robot is produced which can feel the more primitive emotions. That is the end. So soon as even a few Robots learn to respond to stimulus, they urge their fellows to rise against man. A manifesto addressed to the Robots of the World results in the extermination of the human race—except for the handful at the Robot Factory.

The Directors of the R. U. R. Co., who have caused the ruin of mankind for their own financial gain, even when facing annihilation, feel no regrets except that they had manufactured universal instead of nationalized Robots. They now decide to bargain with the Robots over the secret of their mechanism. It is then discovered that the young woman with ideals has burned the MS. containing the formula. As it was her effort to improve the Robots which accelerated the cataclysm, so it is now her effort at atonement that consummates it.

Thousands and thousands of Robots wait woodenly outside—a sea of expressionless figures, cast from the same mold, clothed from the same design. "If I'd ever imagined this moment, I'd have given them different faces," groans one of the Directors. Nothing intervenes between the men and the Robots except some charged electric wires. So long as a bulb burns on the table in the Manager's apartment, there is hope. It goes out. The Robots have wrecked the power plant. Man

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is doomed. Nowhere is the vein of satire more remorseless than at this point, when one man insists on building a barricade of six chairs against fate. Silhouetted against the sky, the Robots surge up over the balcony. It is a superb melodramatic climax. It is the great moment of the play. Nothing more horribly uncanny than the Robots have ever walked the stage.

The Directors and the woman have perished. Only one human being in all the world is spared. That is the Technical Director, the only one of the executives who knew how to work with his hands. It is he only who has pondered on the sin of man aping the function of the Godhead. It is he only who has suggested that to rob man of all manual labor might not be a blessing but a curse. It is he who is now left alone in a world of Robots.

Had the play ended here, its logic would have remained consistent and clear. Unfortunately, there is another act. It shows the Technical Director, a year later, trying unsuccessfully to piece together the secrets of the lost formula. The present Robots will soon wear out. The world faces depopulation. The Director is in despair. Then two young Robots are heard to laugh, and the Director realizes that somehow they have acquired the attributes of human beings, and that they will love and multiply. The earth will not be given over to the animals—a happy ending has been achieved.

Personally, we doubt if a Robot-filled world would be preferable to the honest society of the Zoo. We should, also, like the mystery elucidated of how these two young Robots were produced, as the Robots were sexless. If man is supposed to supplant God as a Creator, his mechanistic universe should contain no secrets. Possibly, the last act was written to prove that it is only a sense of humor that separates man from sensitized Robots. At best, it is an insipid icing to an otherwise spicy cake. On the whole, *R. U. R.* is an unpleasantly stirring melodrama. It is also responsible for one of Mr. Heywood Broun's happiest witticisms in his skit on *Lowell's Universal Cabots.*

Next, Italy contributes a novelty in Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author.* Onto a stage on which a play is about to be rehearsed, there suddenly steps a singular pro-

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cession. A garrulous father, armed with much philosophy and a high silk hat; an ingenuous daughter; a sallow, silent son; and a tragic, black-veiled mother, followed by a little boy and girl. They are, explains the father, six characters abandoned by the author who created them, six wretched characters who seek an opportunity to express themselves and to finish the tragedy in which they are involved. The producer and the actors stare in amazement. Their amazement is not lessened when treated to a bit of Platonic idealism.

"You say we're not real!" cries the silk-hatted orator. "Pray let me ask you then who is real? Are you? You know yourself that you change from one moment to another, that you can assume almost another character at will, while we—we can only be ourselves. To the end of time, we must remain exactly as our author conceived us."

The producer, chewing the end of his cigar, though unconvinced by dialectic, is arrested by the dramatic possibilities latent in the six characters, as the father and daughter let fall startling hints of their family history. He decides to allow them to enact the drama of their lives, with a stenographer there to take down their lines. It is then that Pirandello superimposes, upon a theme so terrible that it has been eschewed in literature, some moments of broadly satirical farce. On a plot which Shelley has handled with horrified awe, the Italian has hung his scathing satire of theatrical methods. On the heels of a scene between the father and daughter which sears one's very soul, there follows its travesty by the actors cast for the same rôles. The Characters are aghast.

"You have lost the whole essence of the scene," they protest. "This lady and gentleman are no doubt excellent, but they are not ourselves. They have lost the very thing that made us—us."

"Of course," returns the producer blandly, "it's a different conception of the part." And every author who has ever seen the children of his creation clothed in flesh on the stage must thrill with sympathy.

At a highly effective theatrical moment, the spirit of that Madame La Pace who ran the questionable millinery establishment is evoked. A corner of her shop is set up on the stage. The tools of her trade—the hats of the company—are

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placed in the window. There is a pause. The door opens—Madame is there. She is a short, but welcome, diversion. The first curtain falls on the scream of the agonized mother as she realizes the ruin of her family—such a scream as curdles the blood.

The final catastrophe is stressed by indirect methods—reminiscent of Henry James. We are constantly reminded of the little girl picking flowers—playing by the fountain; of the little boy who is always peeping round doors. The sullen, silent brother, forced at last to speak, bursts out with the story of his mother coming to his room to sob out her broken heart. He can't bear a scene. He rushes out into the garden. That is worse. There—there in the fountain—is his little sister—drowned. A revolver shot rings out. The little boy has killed himself. The mother falls by her children. The rehearsal is ended.

In Italy, this play evoked a storm of protest over the story that Pirandello had dared to use. Here the critics have made no such stir. Can it be that they consider the story unimportant because the characters are real only in a Platonic sense? After all, who is more real, Hamlet or the legion of actors who have essayed him? Did Pirandello wish to show how the most terrible of human emotions may be viewed simply as so much dramatic material? We can only hope that the rest of the audience digested the plot as slightly as the lady next to us, who thought it was about a wicked stepfather. As for those who have not seen this Latin *tour de force*—lest they choose it for a theater party, let us warn them that the child suicide is by no means the worst moment of the play. One can only echo the words of Mrs. Godkin after an Ibsen afternoon: "We were so happy before!"

Loyalties, though far removed from comedy, is not drenched in either horror or pessimism. To us, it seems the outstanding play of the season from the viewpoint of dramatic skill and technique.

As in *The Skin Game*, Galsworthy, in *Loyalties*, presents quite equitably both sides of the question involved. De Levis, the Jew, who is robbed of fifty thousand pounds at a smart house party, is entirely within his rights in demanding justice. It is the atrociously bad form in which he does so, that alien-

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ates from him the sympathy not only of his host, his fellow guests, the servants, and the country police, but of the audience as well. This does not mean that one must, therefore, sympathize with the thief, who, even before the first curtain, one knows to be a Christian, and, supposedly, a gentleman, a young officer with a distinguished war record, many devoted friends, and numerous pressing debts. One could ask for no better example of the difference between drama and melodrama.

Were *Loyalties* a melodrama, the identity of the thief would, of course, be concealed until the final trick ending. Misleading clues would place the blame successively on every member of the caste. The Jew would be a deep-dyed villain, whom it would be a patriotic, religious, and social duty to rob, while Dancy, the erring Captain, would be a paragon of every virtue, save for that minor inhibition suggested in the Seventh Commandment. As the play *is* written, villain and hero are hopelessly commingled. Though it is certain that de Levis would never have taken Dancy's pocketbook, we feel equally positive that if the circumstances had been reversed and Dancy had bought the Jew's pet filly for a song because of her owner's financial straits, and won fifty thousand pounds with her, he would never have kept on twitting de Levis with his luck, but would probably have insisted on sharing with him some of the winnings. It is illuminative of the ancient canons of dramatic technique to find that this early knowledge of the thief's identity in no way detracts from the interest of the play. Quite as absorbing as the solution of police court problems are the reactions of the human soul.

The constitution of one phase of society is skeletonized in the study of Dancy's friends. They have hushed up the scandal temporarily by tempting de Levis with the bait of an ultrafashionable Club. He is blackballed when he applies for membership. It is the last straw of injustice. Even his social ambitions are swallowed up in his heritage of the past. No longer is he the young man about town who, despite an exotic name, is tolerated in fairly exclusive circles. He is the exiled child of Israel, who feels the hand of society against him. To an alien civilization, he flings his defiance. The thirteenth amendment to the Mosaic code—"It isn't done!"—means nothing to the outraged Hebrew. His Oriental pas-

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sions are shamelessly exhibited to the horrified gaze of the helpless Anglo-Saxons. He publicly denounces a fellow club member as a thief. He makes a horrid scene. Dancy's friends are fairly nauseated by the whole affair. They are morally sure that Dancy must be the thief, but according to their code they must stand by one of their own kind. They cut de Levis in the street. Dancy himself wants to cut and run. His wife insists on a lawsuit to clear his name. She soon guesses the truth, but she is loyal, too. The case is almost won when the solicitor finds proof of Dancy's guilt. Torn between his professional ethics and his client's cause, his professional loyalty wins. He throws up his brief, turns over the proof to the police, but gives Dancy a chance to escape. De Levis withdraws his charge. It is too late. He explains he never cared about the money. He simply wanted justice. Dancy discovers his wife is ready either to join him in flight or to wait while he serves his sentence. Even then he remembers, with real pride, the dare-devil leap he made to de Levis' windows, but he is still a moral coward. He cannot face the suffering that he has brought on his wife. As the police knock on his door, he takes his life. Shylock has exacted his pound of flesh.

It is a play provocative of thought. There are no great speeches, no theatrical curtains—nothing but the cumulative interest of the story and the development of the two men caught together in the mesh of circumstances. In short, it's a play!

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RELIGION IN IRELAND.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

MORE than once, recently, I have heard it suggested that there is great change in the attitude of the Irish people in Ireland toward religion. As, after a forced absence of eight years, I returned to Ireland last spring, and spent more than five months there, and since, both by nature and profession, I am somewhat of a student of Irish human nature, I had fair opportunity for observing what changes had taken place in the Irish people and in Irish life—and how far the aforementioned suggestions were warranted by fact.

During the long summer that I spent in Ireland, I did very little of what is called practical work—just roamed around, absorbing things, charging my soul from the rich reservoirs of the atmosphere. I took in much regarding Irish life in its three aspects: the social, the political, and the religious. I met more than one priest who said to me: "The religion of the Irish people isn't what it used to be. They have lost respect for their clergy." Now, the like suggestions which have confronted me since my return to America, were, on this side the water, unquestionably started by Irish Americans who met and heard just such priests as I have referred to, and accepted their pronouncements and denouncements without thoroughly testing them. Anyone who so desires can easily find in America, in Canada, or in any other country under the sun, a number of clergymen who are ever ready to pronounce in the same way regarding the state of religion in their country. But, unless one knows that the clergyman who makes such a statement is a thinker as well as a preacher, a bit of a philosopher as well as a zealot, one needs to be wary of giving gospel value to all his utterances upon the sorry state of religion.

For more than forty years—since the Land League was founded at the close of 1878—Ireland has been in the throes of a rapidly succeeding series of crises which, keeping in violent agitation the life of the nation, induced a sort of national

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neurasthenia that tends to confuse and mislead most casual observers, and renders it difficult for them to separate the normal from the abnormal, the radical, and permanent from the superficial and transient.

And maybe the people themselves, the actors and sufferers, are even less able than outsiders to separate the real from the imaginary in their condition, the permanent from the passing. The crisis which the nation has been undergoing during the past eight years has more deeply stirred and shaken it, body and soul, than all the previous crises of the stormy third of a century preceding. This last extraordinary upheaval has worked it up to a state of such violent storm as, for the time being, obliterates many of the most notable old mental and moral landmarks—making this the most unfortunate time which anyone could choose to survey, map, and appraise, either the spiritual or any other side of the Irish character. Many of the big moral landmarks of the nation today are certainly not those that were there yesterday—and as certainly are not those that will be there tomorrow.

And, on tomorrow, after this tremendous crisis has passed and the nation finds and calmly possesses her soul again, the Irish people will not be exactly as they were yesterday. The studious searcher, who dives beneath the storm-whipped surface, will find that, as was only to be expected, great changes are taking place, more or less affecting the religious as well as almost every other aspect of Irish life. But, so far as I can judge of the religious change, it is more in the accidentals than in the principles. And the grumbler, who tells you that religion isn't what it was in Ireland, is partly right and partly wrong; correct in a minor way, incorrect in a major. To his statement, that the people have lost respect for the priest, the answer is decidedly, and absolutely, "No." If he had said—what was probably in the back of his mind—"They have lost their fear of the priest," the answer might well be, "Yes." And if he had said—what was probably a feeling inarticulate with him—"They have lost their worship of the priest," the answer is, "Yes, they have lost their worship, but not their love." But this indicates a radical change in the people. In frankly admitting that it does, it would be misleading to refrain from pointing out that it indicates a change in the priest also. And both changes are readily accounted for by the

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radical change in social and intellectual conditions. And there lies the crux of the matter.

During several centuries, education in Ireland was banned by law. The young man intended for the priesthood was smuggled abroad, educated at one of the hundred Continental colleges to which our wanderers went, and returned to reign, almost the only educated man, in his little domain—a domain where he should ever live in dire poverty, and be forever harassed and hunted. It was only the singularly good and beautiful souls who ventured so much, for no worldly reward. So, his office shone and sparkled to the worshiping people. Ninety years ago, we were first permitted a public school system in Ireland. It took two generations to build up that system and make it available to all the children of the land. So, almost down to one generation ago, the priest still remained the one outstanding intellectual figure, to whom everyone could turn for worldly, as well as spiritual, comfort.

As, in the Irish priest, the kindly, the loving, the affectionate qualities of our people were, by nature of his position, accentuated, and as, consequently, he used to shoulder all the burdens of all his people, be elated in their joy, suffer in their sorrow, think for them, act for them, advise them, direct them, command them, two natural consequences ensued: the priest became in all things the true father and benevolent tyrant of his people; and they, his children, became his loyal worshipers. He lived only for his people. His people would readily die for him. Many of us who still like to flatter ourselves that we are not old, can remember mountain parishes in which these wonderful relations existed between priest and people. One of the most poignant memories of my childhood is the story which my mother (God rest her!) often told to us around the fireside, of the tragic transfer of such a priest from such a flock (Father Dan Gallagher from Drimholme); of the wildly despairful sorrow of a people who would not be comforted; of Father Dan's frequently climbing a high hill in the parish of his exile, to strain his eyes toward the Lost Land; of his dying of a broken heart within two years; of the never-to-be-forgotten day on which he "was brought home;" of the people—men, women, and children—traveling miles and miles to meet the funeral cortège; of my mother herself, then a child, awaiting it at the bridge of Laghey; of the wild wail which,

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going out from near a thousand breasts, struck to her heart such terror that she fled for refuge under the bridge arches, and, with fingers in her ears, there remained till the cortège and the cry were lost in the distance.

Those extraordinarily affectionate relations between priest and people gradually changed with the changing conditions of the changing decades. In recent years the spread of education necessarily made his people less dependent on the priest in worldly matters; and naturally also made him much less anxious to shoulder their burdens. Also, it is obvious that the secular priesthood has now become more of an avocation than it was in times of greater stress and greater poverty. These are the two very natural reasons for the abatement of the wonderful affection which signalized the relations between priest and people in Ireland. And the explanation throws partial light upon the present position.

Now the priest of old time, and of even a generation ago, was for good reason, as we have seen, the benevolent tyrant and absolute dictator in his domain. It was not only right, but necessary, for him to be dictator at a time when he had to shoulder the consequences of his people's actions—to bear with them the burden of all their sorrows. To refuse to give up a power that comes to one traditionally, is the most human thing in existence. When the worldly burdens of their people were lifted off the shoulders of the Irish priests, they, willingly enough resigning these, still persistently clung to the power which had been invested in them. They had always known, better than their people, the right and wrong of political action, and, consequently, their loving people had always unquestionably accepted their political guidance. But now that their people were becoming able to think for themselves, many became impatient of the dictation of that portion of the clergy who insisted on exercising their old prerogative of political power. A clash was bound to ensue. It came first at the time of the Parnell split, when, as now, the great majority of priests and people lined up against a small minority of priests and people. Then, as now, many clergymen, on the majority side, said that religion was losing its grip on the Irish people—and that they had lost their traditional respect for their clergy. And the court hearings of the famous Meath Election Petition showed the almost unbelievably

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scandalous lengths to which went some of the clergy who had refused to resign the dictator's prerogative.

A realization of the shock to religion, and of the strain put upon the relation between priests and people, then, and of the almost irremediable harm which was, by the narrowest margin, averted, caused a complete readjustment of attitude in that portion of the clergy which wanted to cling to the old dictatorial power. Many of these men, and some of their successors, still smart under the enforced change and at every fresh opportunity, in every new crisis, are ready with the outcry that religion is not what it used to be in Ireland, and that the priest no longer gets the respect to which he is entitled.

Of the oft-repeated statement, that there has been particularly sad and rapid deterioration in the last few years, complete refutation is found in a comparison of the utterances of the present minority in disagreement with the ecclesiastical authorities, with the utterances of the Parnellite minority of a third of a century ago. If, for this purpose, anyone affected by recent jeremiads should read a file of *The Irish Republic* for the last six months, and then read a file of *United Ireland*, the official organ of the Parnellites, during the six months succeeding the Parnell split, he would arise from his task in some amaze. With the overwhelming majority of bishops and priests in Ireland aligned against and condemning them publicly and privately, you will find the spokesmen of the Irish Republicans in their official organ, smarting though they must be under the lash that was being repeatedly applied to them, treating with a respect that would satisfy the most exacting, every opposing bishop and priest whom they have occasion to mention. I would venture to say that a single disrespectful phrase regarding a churchman could not be picked out of the six months' file of *The Irish Republic*. The many thousand people who read *The Irish Independent*, a pro-Government organ, have been used to seeing the letters there published from the chief penman of the Republicans and one of the very ablest thinkers and writers among them, Prionsias O'Gallagher, who there replied to all the important pronouncements made against the Republican Party by priests and by bishops. Everyone who read these very able letters will bear me out in my statement that this man, unquestionably the most radical and uncompromising of the Republican Party, treated hier-

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archy and clergy with a genuine courtesy and a deep respect that could not be paralleled in any other controversy so acute.

When I was in Dublin, I took occasion to speak with several leading Republicans, in order to get at first hand their views upon the big issues. I likewise spoke with Republicans in different parts of the country. And I must say that, in the various conversations which I had with these people, I did not happen to hear a disrespectful word used with regard to bishops, clergy, or Church. I do not ask readers to infer from this that nothing slighting or disrespectful is said. It would be passing strange if, in the stress of such a grim struggle, with bishops and leading churchmen again and again coming out strongly in favor of one side and in denunciation of the other, forceful and even disrespectful language were not used in return. The inference to be drawn from the evidence I submit is that denunciation of bishops, clergy, Church, by Republicans is comparatively rare, very much rarer than would be expected.

The Republicans, as a body, are certainly not anticlerical and far more certainly not anti-Catholic. On the contrary, I should say, without hesitation, that, as a body, they are intensely Catholic—more than ordinarily religious. To those who know them only at a distance, through distorted newspaper reports, and remembering the fact that they have disregarded the hierarchy's threat of excommunication, this assertion of mine will seem strange—but, from what I know of them at first hand, I make the assertion with easy confidence. There are throughout the country many men who have attached themselves to the Republican cause because it affords them a good pretext for throwing off all ordinary moral restraints, light-heartedly disregarding the laws of God and man, and enjoying the exhilaration of being desperadoes. Almost always these are forceful characters who dominate their companies. To them, bishops, cardinals, princes, potentates, are all one. Heady from their first draft of freedom, they feel a wild joy in slighting them, and a joy in shooting, burning, destroying, killing. These men paint their own color over the cause they took up. They have done much to bring disrepute on that cause.

Remember, too, that in the very much disjointed machinery of a guerrilla army, fighting under every disadvantage, it

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is practically impossible for the directing spirits to control, as they would, the various semi-independent units, and almost utterly impossible to discipline them. The men who, for the most part, form the nucleus of the Republican army, the heart, brains, and soul of it, are more than ordinarily religious men. Devout men is the only term that could justly be applied to a large percentage of them. The other day was executed a man who, perhaps, more than any other individual, with the possible exception of Cathal Brugha, was responsible for instituting the present fight. I do not refer to Rory O'Connor, but to an even nobler and stronger character, one who modestly kept his name and personality in the background. Liam Mellowes was one of the most intensely idealistic and rarely patriotic characters of the whole Irish fight. His religious faith was big, strong, and beautiful. His Rosary beads were to him a treasure: he was a constant communicant and an intensely devout man. A rare spirit in every way was lost to Ireland, when Liam Mellowes' life was wiped out. On second thought, I recall the statement that this beautiful spirit is lost to Ireland. His spirit will remain with the land of his heart's love.

Poor Cathal Brugha, whose death at the beginning of this fight, was almost spectacularly heroic, who was in his own person the good right arm of the Republican ranks, one of the very strongest and at the same time most modest of Republican leaders, was distinguished for his humility, sincerity, and devotion to his religion. Count Plunkett, a Papal Count, another of the prominent Republican leaders, has probably always been looked upon as the representative lay Catholic leader of Dublin. Illustrations of De Valera's Catholicism are entirely too well known to need recounting. The directors of the present Republican fight are people who, putting absolute trust in God and eternal right, prayed and fought their way through the fearful years of the British Terror.

While in the ranks of the Republican army, then, there are probably many hundreds who are irreligious, and a handful who are anti-religious, the Republican movement and the Republicans as a whole are very far from being either, and the Republican movement which might now almost be said to be banned by the Irish hierarchy is assuredly not in the remotest manner fostering any sentiment of, I'll not say anti-Catholicism, but anticlericalism, by way of fighting back.

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Even if they maintain that they are theologically right in disobeying, they do so, not wantonly, but gravely and respectfully. I must not leave this part of my subject without emphasizing the fact that quite an appreciable number of clergymen of big caliber and wide influence were heart and soul with the Republican fighters.

I gladly quit that troubled field whereon politics and religion clash, to pursue my subject in pastures that are pleasant. During my Irish stay, I had opportunity to estimate the religious feeling of our people in the home, at the church, on the pilgrimage. I noted very little change from what it was of old. I thought that the saying of the Rosary in the homes still held its own; and I was sure that the attendance at Mass, as well as at all other religious functions, showed not the slightest abatement. Old and young, rich and poor, flocked to Mass as numerously, as eagerly, as they ever did. In country and mountain places, where sometimes they have to travel three, four, and five miles to chapel on Sunday, I still saw the very young and the very old equally with the ranks between, alike in storm and shine, blithely tripping over hill and vale, wild moor and pleasant meadow, to their rendezvous with God.

At a mission by Redemptorist Fathers, held in the parish church of my parish of Inver, I had special opportunity of gauging the people's religious feeling. Recollecting how much religious fervor was displayed at missions held there in my boyhood days, and comparing with it what I witnessed now, I felt surely that the state of religion is as satisfactory as ever it had been. In the busy season of the year in which this mission was held, a time when all were needed in the fields, I marveled to see the crowds and flocks of men and boys who, day after day, traveled two, three, four miles, some of them five, to make the mission—which they did with an earnestness that was edifying. In the course of all my observations in all my stay, this mission, I think, more than anything else, brought to me the realization that genuine piety and religion has a hold upon the lives of our people that will not be easily broken.

One change which I did detect, was that our people are now more intelligently religious than they were in the days of my boyhood. There is marked improvement here. And there is still room for improvement. Our Irish priests, it seems to me, always let the religion of their people go as a

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matter of course. To this source, one might easily trace back the reason for a chief part of the falling away from the faith of large numbers of Irish in the United States in generations before the present one. To that big shortcoming of the Church in Ireland, also is to be traced the cause of the submersion, in times before the present one, of thousands of Irish girls who, leaving home in innocent ignorance—or ignorant innocence—were not long afterward found amongst the unfortunates in the vilest resorts of America's cities.

A welcome improvement that I found in Ireland, was in the marked decrease in patronage of low-class English weekly newspapers which, making a point of featuring filth, were, a dozen years ago, increasing their circulation in Ireland with alarming rapidity. The zealous young people of the Gaelic League and of other Irish societies set themselves to destroy, so far as they could, this insidious poison which was trickling into Irish life. They have been largely successful.

During recent decades, the Gaelic League has been one of the most powerful forces for the moral and spiritual, as well as the intellectual, uplift of our people. The work that it has done in these ways is invaluable. The religion and the language of the Irish people always were interwoven. They were the warp and woof of Irish life for long ages. The gradual passing away of the language during the nineteenth century noticeably weakened the spirituality of the people. And the revival of the language during the last quarter of a century has markedly revived the spirituality of the thousands who came within the domain of the Gaelic League. The Gaelic language is now being made a compulsory subject in all the schools. A knowledge of it is being made necessary for the attainment of almost every post in the land. It is being reëstablished in the home, in the market place, in the counting-house, in the Church. And the thousands of priests who are ardent Gaelic Leaguers will tell you that the reëstablishment of the language, bringing with it a revival of idealism, morality, and spirituality, adds, and will add, much strength to the cause of religion in Ireland.

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LETTY OF CRAGGY SUMMIT.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

CHAPTER I.

VISITORS.

MISS LETITIA FAIRFAX MARKHAM, aged ten, walked slowly along the deep-rutted road, dragging a small pasteboard box, in which reposed a green frog resting on some wilted lily leaves; a black thread, wound around the child's freckled hand, sufficed for harness. Her slender bare feet were mud-bespattered, her gingham dress was faded, and torn at the hem, and her hair hung in a tawny mass about her shoulders. She was going home after a delightful irresponsible day. But, as she approached the old colonial house, with its low hospitable wings, she paused uncertainly. There were visitors sitting on the bricked portico, three or four visitors whom she had never seen before. To her child mind there was something attractive and also repelling about strangers; they were interesting novelties, and their manners and conversation piqued her curiosity, but their personal attentions were embarrassing, unless she had time to scramble up the back steps to wash her face and to put on her best ruffled muslin.

But this evening the way to her own room was sentineled; she could not cross the path, that led to the kitchen, without being seen. Carefully mindful of her frog, she lifted the box into her scant skirt and crept cautiously through the cob-webbed box bushes to get a closer view. It was a little like a stage tableau, she thought, the sunset filled the old garden with a strange yellow light, the portico was curtained by the ivy-covered pillars, that reached to the roof, and the actors were grouped before her—actors who were to control her destiny in the years to come.

There was Père Jean, in his rusty black cassock, standing under the ancient fanlight of the open door. There was nothing terrifying about Père Jean; he was her dead grand-

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mother's only brother and he came so often, from his ugly little church in the village, to stay at Craggy Summit, that she counted him one of her dearest and most familiar friends. Then there was her father, sitting in his favorite split-bottomed rocker, but his usual attitude of comfortable ease had vanished; he was not smoking his black brier-wood pipe, he wore his tight frock coat, buttoned carefully, instead of his baggy one of gray alpaca, and he had changed his worn leather slippers for shoes—an unmistakable proof of dejection. The dogs had grouped themselves upon the steps, and her brother Ben sat among them, trying to keep the puppies from making affectionate overtures to the beautiful lady who was resting in one of the high-backed parlor chairs, fanning herself with a lace fan of spangles and ivory sticks. The fan attracted Letty's attention at once, and she experienced a feeling of loyal resentment. The fan belonged to her dead mother, and it had been kept as a sacred object, wrapped in lavender-scented tissue paper in the top drawer of the mahogany highboy in her father's room. What right had this lady to use it—this strange lady who resembled so closely the slender figures of the colored fashion plates that the village dressmaker always, sympathetically, sent to Letty for paper dolls?

The lady was dressed in dark blue silk, and she wore a small traveling hat with a paradise plume; her auburn hair was coiled low on her neck. To Letty she seemed to typify the fairy princess of her dreams. Everything about her proclaimed perfection: her gold mesh bag was a triumph of the jeweler's craft, her high-heeled shoes seemed to deny all contact with the dust of the roadway, her small umbrella, resting against her knee, was wrapped in its slim shining cover, and the handle, which was of amber, appeared to have been purchased to match the lady's eyes. With intuitive feminine keenness, Letty noted the extravagance of these accessories, and her resentment faded. She was glad that her father had remembered to resurrect the fan; to offer a ragged palm leaf to such a guest would have seemed a profanation. Then the child's attention was diverted by the other occupants of the porch. A tall boy and a very small girl were standing on the wooden bench beneath the window examining the willow bird cage which swung from one of the broken shutters.

Letty watched these two young investigators for a moment

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with some dismay, and then, seeing the boy thrust his fingers through the bars of the cage, she ran forward, crying shrilly:

"You leave that bird alone. You leave him alone. He's mine, and he can't fly."

She stumbled up the steps, flushed and panting, unmindful of appearances now.

"Why, Letty," said her father, mildly, "why, Letty, I'm sure they have done no harm."

The little girl jumped down from the bench. "It's a bird," she said with smiling baby sweetness, "a little bird with a broken wing."

"I wasn't blaming you," said Letty with quick justice. "You are too little to reach the cage, but that boy has no business poking his fingers in."

"Hm," grunted the boy scornfully. "It's only a sparrow—about one hundred million in the world eating everything up. My father says they ought to be shot."

"But it's a pet, Don," explained the fairy princess, "and you don't understand because you have never had any to take care of in your life. How could you when you've been living around in fashionable hotels ever since your mother died? So this is Letty? Come here, dear, and kiss me. I'm your Aunt Corinne."

Letty approached with awed shyness. "I'm—I'm not very clean," she said.

"Kiss me," said her aunt with queenly graciousness, "and then run upstairs and put on some clean clothes. This is Don, my stepson—I suppose he's a sort of cousin—and this little girl is Alicia. She's a little French orphan, and I'm going to adopt her, if my husband will let me. Really, Edward," she said, turning to Letty's father, "why is it that husbands are so dominant at times? It seems to me that symptoms of the cave man are always cropping out."

"You'll get the best of the symptoms," he smiled. "What's the use of protesting with a pretty woman? But why are you so anxious to adopt a child? You've got one problem with the boy. Adopting children always seems to me a bit dangerous. What do you know about her parentage?"

"Dangerous?" she repeated. "Now, Edward, don't talk like an old witch. What do we know about our own relatives?

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Our father and mother might have been all that was praiseworthy, but I'm sure we had some relatives that deserved to be hanged. There was that old swashbuckler knight in England, that father used to brag about—his history wouldn't make Sunday School reading. Alicia is a most attractive child. Of course, she may grow up temperamental and go to the bad, but so may Letty, and so may—I."

"You! Why, Corinne, you are as correctly calculating as an adding machine. That's the reason I don't quite understand this sudden altruism. When I married a widow with one son, you told me quite frankly that I was out of my head. Now you marry a widower with one son and you promptly adopt a daughter."

"There's nothing astonishing about it," she answered; "Hugh is away on business a good deal, and I want something to play with, something alive to brighten the house. Come here, Alicia, and leave those dirty dogs alone. I'm sure they have fleas. This is your Cousin Letty."

Alicia promptly flung her arms around Letty's neck. "You shall be my big sister," she said, "I want a big sister."

Letty forgot the dirt of her hands, the grime on her clothes, as she gathered the appealing little figure into her arms. "Why, you look like a doll," she said. "I wish I could keep you. You look like a beautiful doll. Come upstairs with me while I wash and I'll let you play with my rag doll, Arabella."

But Aunt Corinne objected. "We cannot stay. Haven't you anything but a rag doll, Letty? Rag dolls always collect so many germs, and I suppose the child sleeps with it at night. You really ought not to permit it, Edward. If the doll is soiled, it ought to be burned."

"Burned!" exclaimed Letty, her face flaming crimson. "Burn Arabella just because—because she's faded and—old?"

"But I'll send you a new one—a lovely one of bisque from Paris—a big one with a trunk full of clothes."

"I—I wish you wouldn't," said the child. "Thank you, but I'm sure—sure Arabella wouldn't like it."

Aunt Corinne laughed, and Père Jean, putting his hand on Letty's shoulder, said: "Don't lead her from her love of the simple things of life."

"Well, the simple things of life never appealed to me,

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Père Jean," said his niece. "It seems to me that you are all dreaming dreams up in these mountains."

"Why, that is happiness, Corinne," said the old man.

"Happiness?" she repeated. "Well, it isn't my idea of happiness. To dream one has to be asleep."

"Not always," he interrupted.

"Well, the village is asleep. It was always asleep, and when I found that I had to stay two hours in that dirty little station, waiting for train connections, I decided to drive out here, though I was not at all sure that you would be glad to see me. I must admit that the old place looks like a wreck, Edward. I suppose you can't get labor, and a boy like Ben can't build up a broken-down plantation alone. I'm glad I sold out and went elsewhere to make my fortune. I can help you now if you'll let me. I believe I wrote you that my husband is a very rich man."

"So I supposed," said her brother slowly. "But I am not, as yet, reduced to a state of beggary."

"Oh, I didn't mean to hurt you," she said with a touch of irritation. "I thought we might preserve peace for an hour or more. Of course, we never got on. We always looked at everything from a different angle—I see no humiliation in accepting help from my husband."

"Perhaps not," he said with forced lightness. "But, you see, he isn't my husband, and, of course, I can't help viewing him from a different angle. Let's agree to that, and then we won't quarrel about it."

"You always were so impractical," she said, "so different from other men. Even two wives couldn't change you into a normal human being. You really are living in an impossible way, shutting yourself off from the rest of the world in a wilderness of pine trees and blackberry bushes and poring over the classics. Who cares for Homer nowadays? You ought to be considering your cows and your crops instead of writing a history of the Civil War that no publisher will print. The world is full of prejudiced histories now. I've no patience with you, and now that your daughter is growing up, what are you going to do with her?"

Aunt Corinne paused for breath. She saw Alicia, Don, and Ben standing at a little distance on the old carriage step, watching the big station automobile as it turned through the

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stable-yard gate to make the return journey to the village. She had forgotten Letty, who was half hidden behind the ivy-hung pillar, waiting eagerly for her father's answer.

"I don't know—exactly," he said striving to conceal his own irritation.

"You must send her to school," she insisted. "I'm sure Père Jean will agree that she ought to be educated. You can't have her growing up like a young Hottentot. She has no beauty to worry about, carries herself like a young savage, her feet will be as big as a housemaid's if you don't make her wear shoes; her hair looks like strings of yellow taffy, no curl, no care; her teeth are good, but her mouth is too big. She ought to be taught. She ought to be sent to a boarding school. I'll find a suitable one, and write you. If you can't afford it, I'll send her myself. After all, she's my niece, and I may be responsible for her later on. Help me into this linen coat, Père Jean. These country roads are atrocious, white with dust. We shall have to hurry now to catch our train. Get in the bus, Alicia. Good-bye, Père Jean. I suppose I ought to ask you to pray for me—you always said I was a pagan, and pagans don't believe in prayers. Good-bye, Edward. We've both lost our tempers. It's just as well that we live at a distance. It would be deplorable now if I missed the train. Say good-bye to your uncle, Don. We haven't a moment to spare."

The boy came up the steps with some show of trained courtesy and held out his hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Markham," he said. "I wish I could stay a little longer. It must be great to have so many dogs. I hope I can come back some day," and then, spying Letty behind the pillar, he held out his hand again, but she ignored this sign of friendliness.

"Well, if you won't shake hands, Letty, I'll try to survive it. I just wanted to tell you that I wasn't going to hurt your bird. I was only trying to make it fight my finger. I think I'll take your frog away with me—you dropped it on the steps. I'll just take it along to catch flies on the train."

She glared at him in the fading light. "I'm glad you're gone," she said under her breath. "I hate boys, I'm glad you're gone," and, turning quickly, she fled into the house.

She heard the big motor crunching the gravel of the road as she flung herself, face downwards, on the red velvet sofa

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that stood in the wide hall. She pressed her hot cheek against the hard cylindrical cushions, angry and too bewildered to cry. She had never before questioned the world around her, her happy, peaceful world of love and sanctity. Now, in the space of half an hour or less, all sorts of unanswerable problems forced themselves upon her. Why had her father had two wives? Did she have two mothers? If Ben, her beloved Ben, was the son of a widow, then he was not her real brother. Why were they living in an "impossible way?" Why was her father "different?" Was the village really asleep like the enchanted garden of Sleeping Beauty's palace? Why had the lady said so many disagreeable things? Guests were usually gay and pleasant. Why should anyone travel so far to find fault? Letty wished, with all her heart, that Aunt Corinne had remained away.

The narrow sofa offered no comfortable resting place, the embossed velvet pricked her face like pins and she lifted her head, slowly peering, with newly awakened interest, into the long mirror that hung on the opposite wall. The mirror was an old one, framed in tarnished gold and full of ghostly blue lights. The child watched her own image, with objective impartiality, as she rose to a sitting position. Her young body was lithe, full of grace and potential energy, but she was appraising herself from a new point of view. Never before had she seriously considered her personal appearance. To be clean at meal time had seemed to her a reasonable regulation, not too rigidly enforced by her father and Ben. After obediently scrubbing herself with soap, she gave no further thought to her face. Growing up in a masculine household, she had none of the self-consciousness of a pretty, petted child. Now, as she stood studying herself before the mirror, a strange feeling of helplessness overwhelmed her. She could not alter her face. *God had made her.* She did not like her face, and she must endure it for a lifetime.

CHAPTER II.

BEN.

Letty was strangely silent at supper that night. The big dining-room, outside of the radius of the silver candelabra,

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was full of gloomy spaces; she noticed, for the first time, that the gray wall paper, with its enticing little landscapes and friendly shepherdess, was peeling off near the door, and the portrait of the knight in full armor, which hung above the shining decanters on the sideboard, glared malevolently down upon her as if he objected to her lately acquired knowledge of his history.

Old Mam' Lize moved around the table, a prodigious shadow in the wavering light. She had brought a hot loaf of Sally Lunn from the kitchen, and she urged Letty to partake of this culinary triumph, but the child shook her head.

"Why, you must be sick, Midget," said Ben, looking tenderly down upon her, as he helped himself to a generous slice of the bread. "You must be sick to refuse Mam' Lize's Sally Lunn. I think it's great to have company suppers without the company."

"I like company, sometimes," said the child. "Père Jean is company. I wish he would stay always."

"Bless your generous little heart," said the old priest. "What would become of my poor little mission in the valley? An old man with only one lung is a useless sort of citizen, and should not be pampered with all the good things of life. I ought to have been dead ten years ago if the doctors had told the truth. Corinne ought not to talk of germs in these mountains—they don't flourish in the pine woods."

"Corinne is inexplicable to me," said Edward Markham, as he pushed his chair back from the table and lighted his brier-wood pipe with an expression of growing content. "Why should she adopt a child?"

Père Jean smiled sadly. "For the same reason that she would purchase a poodle," he said. "I confess, I am sorry for the child—that may be an uncharitable interpretation, but I am afraid Corinne will grow tired, and then—"

"Yes, yes, I quite agree with you. Corinne is capricious. I am sorry for the child."

"Well, perhaps our sympathy is misplaced," said Père Jean with characteristic optimism. "Corinne has made a brilliant marriage. I knew Hugh Wainwright's grandfather, Lord Wainwright, one of the oldest Catholic families in England. He was a power even in those prejudiced days."

"Then Corinne is to have a—title?"

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"Well, no, there is an older brother with two sons, but Hugh is a splendid fellow. He came to this country when he was very young, and he's been most successful in business. He may befriend Alicia."

"Perhaps," said Edward Markham doubtfully.

Letty had listened eagerly, but she did not quite understand. The words, "capricious," "inexplicable," "interpretation," "prejudiced," were as puzzling as Aunt Corinne's remarks had been. She found herself watching her father and wondering why he was "different." He wore his hair a trifle long, and it curled above his frayed collar; Ben's hair was short, and Père Jean's was so white around his bald spot that it did not seem to offer any comparison. Her father's face was pale and his features so clear cut that he looked like the pictures on the cameos that her grandmother had collected for the cabinet in the parlor. Ben's face was sunburned, and his nose was too flat for a Roman conqueror's. But Ben was young and her father was old; so, of course, they must look "different," and Père Jean was older still—older than anyone she knew in the village. The problem seemed unanswerable. Perhaps Aunt Corinne had been mistaken after all. If she misunderstood the habits of germs, this more important statement might be equally untrue.

Letty's reflections were again interrupted by Mam' Lize, who put a spoonful of creamed chicken on her flowered plate.

"Set up and eat yer supper, honey, 'taint nateral fo' you to set here studyin' 'bout nothin' at all."

Letty nibbled a little meat and crumbled her bread into pieces. She could not explain to Mam' Lize, just then, that she was "studying" matters essential to her happiness. But as soon as supper was over and her father and Père Jean had gone out on the porch to smoke, she jumped quickly from her chair and retired to her favorite retreat—the wide-cushioned seat of the aureole window in the library. She wanted solitude for clearer perception. Her imagination had been diverted by one of Père Jean's remarks. If Aunt Corinne grew tired of Alicia, then, perhaps, Alicia would come and live at Craggy Summit. A little live sister would be more desirable than a Paris doll with a trunk full of clothes, and more satisfactory than poor, maligned Arabella.

She was planning to have her own outgrown crib moved

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to a place beside her bed for Alicia, when Ben came anxiously into the room.

"What's the matter, Midget?" he said, sitting down beside her and smoothing her yellow hair. "Something must be the matter. That boy didn't really hurt your bird."

"Oh, I know he didn't—I know he didn't. It was the lady, Ben. She said all sorts of things I couldn't understand."

"Oh, it was the lady, was it?" he smiled. "She didn't strike me as being cryptic. What did she say? I was so busy keeping the dogs away from her fine clothes that I lost half of her conversation. Tell me all about it. You're very young to allow a lady's opinions to interfere with your appetite."

She leaned against his shoulder. A distant shrill whistle of an engine seemed to bring her further assurance of her present peace and safety.

"First—first, it was about father," she began, and then she paused in loving loyalty.

"Father?" he repeated in perplexity. "Go on, Midget. Father has no secrets from you and me."

"Then why—why did father have two wives?"

Ben laughed aloud. "What an immoral question, Midget. He didn't have two at the same time. My own dear mother was his first wife, and then, when she died, he married your mother. You can't have two wives at once, you know."

"Then we didn't have the same mother?"

"No."

"But we had the same father?"

"No, we didn't even have the same father."

"Then I don't see," she began. She was still bewildered, but she found great consolation in his laughter.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "There's no secret about it, Midget, but you've always seemed too little to understand. I had a father and mother like every other little boy, but when I was about six my father, who was an engineer, was killed in a train wreck, and then we had nobody to take care of us. We were very, very poor, I guess, and mother came here to live with relatives, and I don't think they were very kind to her, for she wasn't very happy, and she tried to get a position to teach school. Your father was on the school board, and they met in that way. I don't know how it all happened, for I was very small at the time, smaller than you, but they got

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married, you know. Your father has always treated me as his own son, and it was years before I knew anything different, and even after he married your mother there was no change in his attitude, for your mother loved me, Midget. I think she loved me for his sake. You've read a lot about stepmothers in your fairy books, Midget, but I don't believe there ever was one quite like mine. You see, she was so much younger than my mother that there was no question of rivalry or jealousy, and it never seemed to me that she was usurping my mother's place. We were very lonely, your father and I. It's pretty bad not to have a woman or girl in the house. Just think what we would do without you to pour the coffee in the mornings and sew the buttons on."

"Now, Ben," she protested, encircling his face with her arm, "you're just trying to remind me that you have two buttons off this minute."

"Well, sometimes the lady forgets," he smiled. "I don't blame her for forgetting. It just makes a fellow more grateful when she remembers, you know."

"Go on—go on with the story."

"Well, it's all a true story. Where was I? Oh, yes. When your mother came, I was sitting in this room, over there on that big sofa in the corner. I was trying to make a fur cap for myself out of some rabbit skins, and I had just run the long needle into my finger and it was bleeding pretty badly. She sat down beside me and wrapped her handkerchief around it, and she said: 'You poor, lonely little boy, I know your mother is in heaven and that she would want me to take care of you. I never thought I could marry a widower, but you've settled the question for me. I'll marry your father this very day if he will let me.'

"Father stood in the doorway smiling. He took her in his arms, and then—. Well, after she came, Midget, she seemed to open the house to the sunlight, for it was always gay with life and joy. She was all love and tenderness, and I adored her. She treated me like a young adopted brother; we played tennis together, rowed on the river, studied together, and she filled the house with young people so I wouldn't lack companionship. Later, when I went to college, she wrote me cheering letters and sent me big boxes full of all sorts of good things that she knew I liked so well. I didn't know until years

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afterwards that she had paid all my bills out of her own little fortune inherited from her father. And, then, one Christmas I came home and found that she was dying. You were only three years old, Midget, so you don't remember that terrible Christmas when the world seemed to stop moving. Father was distracted with grief; he walked the floor all night, and if anyone spoke to him he did not seem to hear, but your mother was quite calm, Midget. When I went into her room, she greeted me with her old, sweet smile and she motioned me to come close to the bed, for she was very weak.

"'Dying isn't so very hard after all,' she said, 'but I'm frightened for your father and the baby. You'll have to plan for them, Ben. You have been a son in everything except name.' Then I heard her say a hurried little prayer, and she fell back upon her pillows—still smiling, and that was the—end. And so, Midget, you have always been my little sister, and you grow more like your dear mother every day."

"Did she have yellow hair like mine?" she asked with breathless interest, "as straight—as straight as yellow taffy?"

"Well, I'm not quite sure about the taffy part," he answered. "You see she rolled it up."

"An' was her mouth too big?"

"Not a bit."

"And was her face freckled?"

"Well, perhaps, when she was little, but they all faded away."

"Do they fade?"

"Well, you see grown-ups wear veils and hats occasionally, and they don't live out of doors all day hunting bullfrogs and chasing butterflies."

"I caught a beautiful one today for your collection, Ben," she said eagerly, distracted for the moment from her problems, "but—but he got away."

"Beautiful things do get away," he said reminiscently, "but I guess we are better for having seen them or known them, Midget, and I suppose if we remember only the beautiful things, the unpleasant ones won't count."

"But beautiful things can be unpleasant," the child insisted. "I—I do not like my Aunt Corinne."

Ben laughed. "You're a wise child, but I don't call her beautiful. She's merely ornate, Midget. There's quite a dif-

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ference. You'll find that out later on. But I can't solve all the problems of the universe in one evening; so, if you think you feel better, let us go to the workshop, where I can find a lighter coat. These best clothes of mine are a bit heavy for weather like this."

She made no objection to this proposal, though she wanted to remain on the wide window seat and continue the conversation further while she watched the stars pierce the gray twilight of the sky. But, with a consideration far beyond her years, she felt that it would be unkind to detain him longer. The arduous labor of the farm left Ben few hours of leisure, and those hours were precious just now, for his interest was concentrated on an invention of his own—a new type of engine for an aëroplane—which he hoped to patent, if his small rough model could be made to prove its practicability. He had always possessed a taste for mechanics, and ever since his return from college he had busied himself devising various machines, which "wouldn't work." But his failures, instead of discouraging him, made him more determined. Letty was his most sympathetic confidante; she listened to all his plans, examined his complicated drawings and preserved an unshaken faith in his final accomplishment.

Tonight, she followed him obediently across the covered terrace, which led from the main hall to the west wing and into his workshop. This big room had been the gay setting for banquets and balls in the days of Craggy Summit's splendor. The frescoed ceiling, portraying fat cupids and stiff rose garlands, still shone dimly above the defaced walls. The place had been untenanted for years, until Ben had seized upon it for his shop. The long table, white with the dust of fallen plaster, held the unfinished model on which he had been working for months; tools littered the floor; some three-legged chairs, brought from the attic and propped up with soap boxes, offered doubtful hospitality to the chance visitor; the only unbroken piece of furniture in the room was a swivel chair, which stood before a battered desk. The drawers of this old secretary held a generous assortment of nails, screws, nuts, and wires.

Letty dusted off the table with an old rag, which she kept in a pigeonhole for this purpose. She moved carefully, with her eyes fixed reverently upon the model. To her, Ben's

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work was sacred, and to aid him, even in this small, menial way, was a privilege. As he leaned over his model, she noticed that he looked troubled.

"What's the matter, Ben?" she said with innate maternal tenderness.

"I'm afraid its junk, Midget, just junk," he answered with a touch of despair in his tone. "If I could only get into a real machine shop, I might accomplish something, but when you have to pick up parts in garages and blacksmith shops—and if I order anything from town, half the time they don't understand how I want it made. Things don't fit, Midget. Nothing seems to fit."

"But you can make them fit," she suggested comfortingly.

To this he made no reply. He had begun to work, and he was too absorbed to talk.

Letty had been taught not to intrude upon these pregnant silences. For fifteen minutes, she sat patiently in the swivel chair, watching Ben as he skillfully adjusted some small piston rings, but her active mind wandered far from the model tonight. She had more personal problems to solve. Now that the mystery of her father's past had been made clear, she could give more thought to herself. If freckles faded when one grew up, and hair could be tucked up with hairpins, then these two items were of no consequence. But her aunt had likened her to a Hottentot. What was a Hottentot? She did not want to ask Ben. For some reason which she did not fully analyze, she did not want to tell Ben she was a Hottentot. It seemed to be a term of opprobrium that might not have occurred to him. To suggest it to him might lead him to believe it. It would be wiser to find out a few facts for herself. Ben was too busy to notice her leave-taking. She opened the door softly and crept across the terrace, now brilliant with moonlight, to the restful library beyond.

The student's lamp was burning dimly on the centre table. The child turned up the wick to give herself more light and, getting down on her knees before one of the tall book cases, she began to search the lower shelf for the encyclopedia marked H. With some difficulty, she pulled out the ponderous volume and, sitting down on the faded green carpet, she began to look for the word *Hottentot*. Her father had always encouraged her in these rudimentary methods of research.

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The encyclopedia had four pages devoted to these interesting aborigines, and as Letty read of them, she was impressed only by the pleasant, disconnected facts. She learned that "they were mild, placable, ingenuous, and mutual affection was the greatest of their virtues. . . . They did not disdain to look after their cattle. . . . Hunting they pursued for pleasure as well as sustenance. . . . They were nimble and active as well as bold and ardent. . . . The women wore little aprons, to which were appended their ornaments, and, in a little bag suspended around their necks, they carried their victuals. . . . Their villages were usually on green meadow grounds. . . . Their social pleasures consisted of feasting, dancing, and singing. Every signal event of life or change of abode and condition was celebrated with a feast. . . . They were hospitable to strangers, indeed their munificence often left them scarcely anything for themselves."

Letty closed the book, her face beaming. She could see no objection to being a Hottentot, her aunt was right—she resembled them in many ways. Affection was the greatest of her virtues; she was "nimble, active, and bold," and twice, when her father had allowed her to go fox-hunting, she had ridden one of the old livery stable horses with a delight that approached ecstasy. True, she had no "ornaments to append to her apron," but the suggestion of a small bag to carry "victuals" seemed far more sensible than a lunch basket that one was likely to leave in the first berry patch. To live in "green meadows" and to celebrate "all feast days," this made a special appeal. As for "hospitality," she had been trained from infancy to welcome visitors with smiling cordiality. This evening had been an exception—her first offense against the traditions of the house. But she had not been altogether lacking in "munificence." The boy had taken her frog. Her joy may have been a momentary affectation, but she told herself that she was glad that he had taken the frog.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Ball and the Cross.

The BALL AND THE CROSS *is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, the* WORLD AND THE FAITH. *It is our intention to publish monthly in this department two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

MASS AGAIN AT MONT-ST.-MICHEL.

ON September 29th last, on the Feast of St. Michael, the Apostolic Nuncio, Monsignor Ceretti, in the presence of a notable assemblage of bishops, priests, and people solemnly commemorated with a pontifical Mass the restoration to public worship of the majestic abbey church of Mont-St.-Michel. Until the visit, in August 1921, of Monsignor McMahon, Pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York City (Borough of Manhattan), with a group of pilgrims from his parish who were to visit the *grands sanctuaires* of France, this splendid monument of Catholic faith had practically been the scene of no religious services, save two, for nearly one hundred and fifty years. The two exceptions were the singing of *Te Deums* on occasions of national rejoicing.

During the French Revolution, the massive abbey had been used as a prison, and the church itself had become littered with an accumulation of refuse. Part of it had doubtless been cleared and used for services for a short period after the Reign of Terror. The entire building was classed as a "national monument" like the church at Brou and, like that, used only as a spectacle for tourists. The work of restoration is even now not completed; but it is being wonderfully well done, and the great abbey church may be seen in all its austere beauty.

Meanwhile, the large pilgrimages that came to visit this once world-famous shrine, numbering sometimes several thousands, were forced to hold their common religious exercises out of doors in, it is true, the most extensive level space on the island, but, at that, only a tiny plateau at a considerable distance below the abbey, about halfway up the steep road that leads to the summit. Here an altar was erected, and the pilgrims who could not find accommodation on the grass-covered plateau, draped themselves

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on the staircases and parapets of the picturesque highway. Above them towered the graceful basilica, thrusting the huge gilded statue of St. Michael into the blue empyrean: but they were not allowed to enter it save as tourists to be shown around at certain intervals, herded under the guidance of a chattering official, automatically chanting by rote his dreadful tale of acquired, but undigested, information.

The shame of such a situation was obvious. At different times, the French bishops had appealed, but in vain, for the opening of the basilica for the religious services of the pilgrims. When, therefore, M. Marcel Knecht, chief of the French publicity bureau in the United States, under instructions from his Government, called on Monsignor McMahon, in New York, to offer his services in facilitating a projected pilgrimage, he was asked to secure for this particular group the privilege of having a Mass in the abbey church. The request rather dazed the envoy, but he said he would submit it to his Government, although he was doubtful if it would be granted.

When, however, on that gorgeous afternoon (August 5, 1921), the *trentaine* of Americans stepped from the curious little train that had brought them over the *digue* from Pontorson on the mainland, they found the Pastor of Mont-St.-Michel awaiting them to extend a cordial greeting. At the same time, Monsignor McMahon was given a telegram from the Minister of Fine Arts, announcing the concession on the part of the Government of the privilege to say Mass in the basilica, and offering the good wishes of the French Government for a pleasant stay in France.

The Curé had been apprised of this concession, and took occasion to express his pleasure at it, and to point out its significance as the opening wedge for securing the restoration to public worship of this beautiful church, still exhibited solely as a public monument. He was kindness itself in making the necessary arrangements. An altar was transported from his tiny parish church, with all the needed ornaments and vestments. With great consideration, he saw that a huge rug was spread on the cold stone floor, and provided benches, chairs, and priedieus for the little group of New York pilgrims and the favored people who were privileged to assist at this eventful episode in the religious history of the great abbey.

Monsignor McMahon thus writes of that historic Mass of August 6, 1921: "I cannot describe the thrill that tingled through me as, after the hard grind up the apparently endless steps, I came into that vast and beautiful edifice, silent with the stillness of ages, devoid of every vestige of furnishings or ornamentation that

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could obstruct the marvelous grace of its lines, and realized that it was to be my privilege to be the link connecting, today, the long procession of stately bishops and priests, even holy kings and queens, as well as a dazzling host of names famous in the world's annals, stretching back into the mists of European history, with the same living, breathing Catholic Church in which they believed, and at whose solemn rites and gorgeous ceremonial they had assisted in this temple of beauty, raised by the genius and skill of men for the glorious worship of their God. It seemed to me that Heaven must indeed be moved, and a flood of grateful emotions surged through my brain as I felt that here was a unique opportunity of imploring God's blessing, through the great Archangel, on those thousands of petitions brought from overseas, and of placing our tiny parish, with all its throbbing human interests, in such close relationship with the Church of the far distant centuries, that lived and breathed here once again, in the stimulating realization of the Communion of Saints."

The restoration to public worship which has now followed as the logical conclusion of this episode, of particular interest to American Catholics, has given great joy throughout the Catholic world.

The visit of this first group of American pilgrims was regarded as of such importance that the architect in charge of this marvel of building, who has indeed accomplished wonders in its preservation and restoration, himself served as guide, and for three hours conducted the party from one vision of beauty to another, even bringing them out on the roof and to the famous *escalier de dentelle,* a privilege accorded only once before within the memory of M. le Curé, and then, to a royal visitor.

A "GODLESS" TRIBE'S IDEA OF GOD.

THE Yahgans, a tribe of low culture, inhabiting the shore of Beagle Channel and the islands to the south and southwest, in Tierra del Fuego, numbered at the time of Darwin's visit there over 2,500 souls. Subsequent contact with civilization brought them no blessing, but only death and dissolution, for today there are left of them only seventy members of pure stock.

Darwin reported the Yahgans to be a race of cannibals, without a god, without religion. And so they have been represented in hundreds of books written since then. But about the middle of the last century, when Anglican missionaries undertook to

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evangelize them, it was discovered that the current notions concerning them required modification. For the charge of cannibalism was found to be entirely false. The question as to religion, however, was left unanswered.

Now, as a result of three expeditions to Tierra del Fuego, made in 1919, 1920, and 1922, by the Rev. Father Gusinde, S.V.D., Vice-Director of the Ethnological Museum of Santiago, Chile, comes the news that this "godless" primitive people possesses an exceptionally high and pure idea of God, or a Supreme Being—an idea that is manifestly indigenous, and not due to any Christian influence or infiltration.

The Rev. Father Koppers, S.V.D., editor of *Anthropos*, who accompanied Father Gusinde on the last of these expeditions, relates, in *Études* (October 20, 1922), this and other interesting facts discovered by them during a three months' sojourn among the Yahgans.

The Supreme Being is conceived by this primitive people as a spirit, and is designated by a variety of names that are most interesting and enlightening to the student or investigator. Thus, *Watauineuwa*, apparently the most common name, signifies "the Eternal;" *hitapuen* means "my Father;" *monauanakin*, "the Most High;" *abailakin*, "the Almighty;" *kalaiexon*, "the Good Ancient." The natives pray to this Being for blessings, thank him for favors received, and complain to him in affliction; but no evidence of sacrifice or other form of external worship has been found.

When asked why the missionaries who had been working among them never gained any knowledge of their religious beliefs, or of their ideas of Watauineuwa, the Yahgans replied: "Because at first the missionaries asked us nothing about them; and afterwards they always began by saying, 'These beliefs of yours are all falsehoods; you must give them up, and accept our teaching.' " One reason—perhaps the chief reason—for the remarkable success of Fathers Koppers and Gusinde in discovering their religious beliefs, is indicated in these words addressed to them by Mr. J. Laurence, an English Protestant missionary, who has spent fifty-three years in the Yahgan country: "Though I should live here another fifty, or even a hundred, years, the people would never put the confidence in me that they have in you."

The tribe of the Yahgans has, as stated above, dwindled to seventy members, and will soon disappear. On the threshold of the grave, as it were, it proclaims its religion, its faith in a Supreme Being, through these two learned Catholic priests. Most fittingly, therefore, is this proclamation compared to the *Morituri te salutamus* of the early Christian martyrs.

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Several lessons might be learned from this report of Father Koppers. Let us point out two: 1. It is possible that a Darwin may be mistaken even in his *facts*, to say nothing of his theories. 2. A missioner's zeal may count for nothing if it is unaccompanied by sympathy and tact.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE NEW GERMAN REPUBLIC.

HOW fares it with Catholicity in the reconstruction of Germany? Generally, the destruction of the throne threatens the overthrow of the altar. Now that the German people have bidden good riddance to the monarchy, is there danger of the the disorganization and demoralization of the Church? Perhaps the best answer may be found by an examination of the proceedings of the General Congress of Catholics, held at Munich during the past summer. The war had interrupted the traditional practice of holding an annual congress. And, even since the war, there had been but one effort to resume the meetings and that was, comparatively, a failure.

But the Congress of 1922 was largely attended, and extremely important.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the great gathering of Catholics from all parts of Germany, was the almost total absence of political discussion. Munich is jealous and wary of Berlin, and there is not always perfect sympathy even between Catholics of the South and of the North. Also, some Catholics remain, by sympathy at least, monarchical. Furthermore, the Centre Party has been under suspicion as having lost its former purely Catholic character. There was, therefore, every opportunity of dissension among the delegates.

But, fortunately, the spirit of Catholic unity prevailed, and political opinions were relegated to the background. The congress was eminently religious, and harmonious.

The keynote of all the meetings and discussions was courage. "We are bold," said the delegates, "because we are hopeful." They were, also, with typical German seriousness, profoundly in earnest. For the greater part of a week, the delegates assembled two or three times a day, and for as many as three or four hours at a time, without apparent fatigue or loss of interest. They discussed ways and means of promoting the Faith, of stabilizing German society, and consequently of aiding in the reconstruction of Europe and of the world. There were no lamentations over the

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defeat of the German armies, no whimpering about the hard lot of the German people. Very confidently, in a businesslike way, the delegates addressed themselves to the problems that confronted them. Peasants, farmers, students, merchants, brokers, professional men, miners, shopkeepers, priests, men and women, gathered in schools and halls, churches and theatres, to consider the plans for the future of religion.

Naturally, the school question came to the fore. There is danger that the hard-won victories of the days of the Kulturkampf may be lost. The schools are in danger of being totally secularized, as in France. The legislators who framed the new constitution of Germany, apparently intended to make the schools neither Catholic nor Protestant, but vaguely neutral, or non-religious. Catholics, however, have caused the insertion in the Constitution of Weimar, of a clause permitting parents to bring up their children "according to their conscience." Evidently, there is room for conflict. Unbelievers, freethinkers, socialists, radicals, and liberals generally, are for complete secularization. Unfortunately, Catholics have not been a unit against the "godless" school. The Congress did much to unify Catholics, and to confirm the Catholic principle.

There is, however, a good prospect that religion will not be abolished from the school system, although Saxony and Prussia have already voted for the neutral school. Baden, Bavaria, Hesse, and Württemberg, on the other hand, have voted overwhelmingly for religion in the schools.

One day of the Congress was devoted to consideration of the social question. It seems there are some Catholics in Germany who imagine that Radical Socialism and Catholicism are not incompatible, in spite of the manifestly atheistic character of all Continental Socialism. Therefore, Catholics at the Congress were treated to a thorough discussion of the Christian doctrine of property rights. Godless Capitalism and godless Socialism were equally condemned. It cannot be said, at least since the days of Von Ketteler, that Catholics in Germany are indifferent to the rights of the working people. But they have been warned against mistaking radicalism for humanitarianism. With the example of the Russian pandemonium at their doors, the conservative German people will hardly be beguiled into a revolutionary brand of Socialism.

But they are, speaking generally, whole-heartedly converted to the idea of democracy. And the Catholics of Germany are not laggards in advocating the genuine rights of the people. Indeed, they have been pioneers in the agitation for social justice. They

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have been, therefore, the advance guard in the march towards true democracy. This latest General Congress of Catholics accentuated again and again the rights and the welfare of the common people. There can be little, if any, doubt that Catholicity in Germany is democratic in tendency and in fact. Some few may remain aristocrats, and some may remain monarchists, but the mass is socially and politically in favor of democracy.

Moral questions, too, came under discussion, and in particular the problems aroused or accentuated by the war: divorce, alcoholism, limitation of the family, and other infiltrations of paganism. Strangely, and unfortunately, there seems to be a necessity of such discussion even in Germany, which has been so favorably contrasted with France in the matter of "race suicide." Even Catholic cities have been affected by neo-Malthusianism. One of the speakers quoted Father Muckermann, the world-famous Jesuit biologist, as saying: "If we were to build a wall about the city of Cologne, and let no one either in or out, and compel the city to grow only by the natural increase of its inhabitants, Cologne would soon be a cemetery!"

Allowing for a bit of rhetorical, or oratorical, exaggeration in such a statement, it shows the universality of the moral problems that are so vexing statesmen, moralists, and all who have at heart the interests of the whole race of man. When indicating the means of the moral rehabilitation of society, the speakers were not ashamed to lay emphasis upon the obvious. "Where the Ten Commandments of God have lost their force, ten thousand laws of the State will not avail," said the Cardinal Archbishop of Munich; a platitude, admittedly, but a statement that suggests the question whether the world is not in danger of ruin because of the neglect of platitudes.

The proceedings were not exclusively deliberative or forensic. There were vast and magnificent demonstrations of religion, notably the Mass in the open air, attended by perhaps 100,000 men and women, who sang congregationally as only the Germans can.

Taken all in all, the Congress was hopeful and inspiring. There are those who are convinced that the near future of Germany will determine the fate of civilization. If Germany recovers, Europe will be saved and the world may rest easy. If Germany fails to recover, and, in desperation, is lured away into the chaos of Russia, it is possible that the political, social, and moral organization of society may fall to pieces. It must be admitted, then, that this Catholic Congress in Germany has an importance that is universal.

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Editorial Comment.

IS there a natural perversity that leads people to read bad books instead of good ones? We think not. Making due allowance for the fact that original sin "inclines the will to evil," we still cherish the hopeful conviction that normal human beings love good more than evil. And they would love good literature if they were properly encouraged. But it seems to us that many well-disposed readers are, in their youth, frightened away from good literature by injudicious pedagogical advisers, who insist upon "nothing but the best." There is a story of a teacher of literature, a priest, who used to startle his students by saying: "Don't read good books." After a dramatic pause, he would add: "Read only the best books." High advice, too high. *"Le mieux est souvent l'ennemi du bien."*

Too Good Advice.

For example—perhaps an extreme example—here is the suggestion of one advocate of good reading: "Select the great masters, and read them—Bacon, Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Schiller, Lessing, Goethe. He who has once read carefully Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, or Milton's *Areopagitica*, or the *Phaedo* of Plato, has taken a step forward in thought and life" (James Freeman Clarke, *Self-Culture*, p. 317).

To proffer that kind of advice to "callow youth" is equivalent to driving them back to the *Saturday Evening Post*. When the words were written, they probably increased the sales of the works of Ouida and Laura Jean Libbey. In our own days, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Babbitt, and all the young Babbitts, are reading Phillips Oppenheim and Harold Bell Wright, partly, perhaps, as a protest against too idealistic advice. Pedagogues ought to study psychology, or better still, study human nature, before they throw out suggestions to a promiscuous throng of adolescent minds. Even the most zealous postulant of culture might well be staggered by the very mention of the *Areopagitica*, or the *Phaedo*. Excessive and injudiciously administered doses of *Paradise Lost* have crystallized the resolution in the mind of many a high school student, to "lay off that stuff forever when the 'exams' are over."

OR take Dante. He is the "Central Man of all the World." But he is none the less "caviar to the general." American boys and girls—yes, American men and women, of considerable

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intelligence—find Dante impossible. And what wonder? The *Divina Commedia* is an exceedingly intricate, elaborate, historical, theological, philosophical, allegorical, literary composition. It might be used as an encyclopedia of medieval learning. To enjoy reading it as a poem, one must first be steeped in a knowledge of Scholasticism and of political and ecclesiastical history. Consequently, when a pedagogue says, "Read Dante," he may unwittingly do irreparable damage to his auditors. They may be frightened away, not only from Dante, but from every masterpiece. This, of course, is not as it should be, but it is as it is. If the literary adviser would say: "You may balk at Dante, but at least read, let us say, Longfellow's notes on the *Divina Commedia*," the student would first be interested, and then beguiled (we should like to say "intrigued," but we ourselves have banned that over-worked word, temporarily, from THE CATHOLIC WORLD), into reading the masterpiece itself. We know at least one student who was pleasantly introduced to Dante in that way.

Even Dante Is Caviar.

OTHERS are perhaps driven away from the masters by the flippant criticisms of some privileged fool. When Bernard Shaw declares dogmatically, "We have got so far beyond Shakespeare as a man of ideas, that there is hardly a passage in his works that is considered fine, on any other ground than that it sounds beautifully. Strip it of that sound and you have only a platitude;" when he says, "How anybody over the age of seven can take any interest in a literary toy so silly as the 'seven ages of man;' " when he maliciously returns again and again to the subject, and flings out his "Shavian Blasphemies," maintaining that Shakespeare's works (to use Mr. Huneker's summary) are "full of moral platitudes, jingo claptrap, tavern pleasantries, bombast, and drivel;" Shaw's foolish tirades affect us in the same way as the sacrilegious ridicule heaped upon the Great Masters of art by Mark Twain.

Shaw on Shakespeare.

However, Mark Twain had the grace to say, "It does give me real pain to speak in this unappreciative way of the old masters;" and he admits, "Friends have urged me, for my own sake, not to make public the fact that I lack discrimination. I am honestly sorry for it." Better this attitude than the brazen cocksureness and impenitence of Shaw. But, in both cases, our mental reaction is the same as when Henry Ford "tells the world" that he "would not give a nickel for all the art in the galleries of Europe."

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THE critics fail to understand that they are not really judging the masters. The masters are judging them. When Bernard Shaw uses the language of a fishwife to berate Shakespeare, we learn nothing about Shakespeare, but we learn a great deal about Bernard Shaw. Henry Ford sheds no light upon Raphael or Murillo, but Raphael and Murillo lay bare the soul of Henry Ford. If a tourist, or a "tripper," stands at the brink of Niagara Falls, and is inspired to nothing more than a repetition of the hoary vaudeville joke that "it would be still more wonderful to see it tumbling up," we only feel that the brink of the falls, which is so popular a place for suicide, should also be made a permissible place for murder. The man who pooh-poohs Shakespeare, or despises Dante, belongs in the same category with the man who sees nothing to the Grand Cañon in Arizona but a "hole in the ground," and who thinks that the granite of El Capitan in Yosemite should be quarried into building blocks.

Judged by the Masters.

SPEAKING of the power of a masterpiece to "lay bare the soul," it occurs to us that that phrase might be a fairly good description of genius. It would be a bold man who would claim to *define* genius. But anyone may "have a try" at a description of genius. So, it seems to us that the first note in the character of genius is the ability to read and to interpret the human heart. The man of genius shares in the prerogative of God. He is, to a certain degree, like Christ, Who "knew what was in man, and needed not that any man should tell Him." Or he is like the Pope, of whom Robert Browning speaks, who "studied many hearts beginning with his own." Let us say rather that he *knows* rather than studies, for the genius must have instinctive rather than acquired knowledge. Hurrell Froude says of Newman, preaching at St. Mary's, Oxford: "He revealed ourselves to us and the revelation startled us." The great Cardinal's chosen motto was *cor ad cor loquitur*, "heart speaketh to heart," the equivalent of "deep speaketh unto deep." That is the privilege of genius: to read our hearts, and then to amaze us by telling us what is in our heart, better than we could say it ourselves.

What Is Genius?

It is related that Bourdaloue, preaching before Louis XIV., described so vividly the inward experience of a man whose soul was struggling with temptation, that the King rose to his feet, muttering *"c'est moi, c'est moi!"* Now the poet, or the dramatist,

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or the novelist, must do that, or he lacks the principal attribute of genius. He must make us see and know ourselves. Shakespeare puts a sentiment in the mouth of Brutus, "the noblest Roman of them all," but an American, or an Australian, or a Hindu, reading the lines, says: "He speaks not of Brutus, but of me."

The Oriental Mind and the Gospels.

WE have heard a Catholic priest in San Francisco say, rather despairingly: "I wonder if it is possible to put the ideas of the Gospel into the mind of the Chinese. Is the inscrutable Oriental mind amenable to Christianity?" He seemed to forget that it was the Oriental mind that gave us the Gospels. The ideas—and the ideals—of Christ were first clothed in Oriental language, then translated into the Occidental, and now we are translating them back again for Orientals. But in whatever language they be expressed, the truths of Christ reach the heart. He took them from the heart of man as much as from the Mind of God. He gives them a point and a barb and a shaft, and sends them singing back again into the human heart, whence He got them. Christ knows the heart because He is its Maker. The man of genius knows the heart because, in some mysterious way, he steals away something of the divine prerogative.

The Intuitions of Genius.

WE have said that the genius knows instinctively rather than reasons. If that is true, in that also he shares a divine gift. God does not reason. God is the Seer, *par excellence*. We humans piece and patch together odds and ends, shreds and scraps of information, we plod our weary way through arguments and come laboriously to conclusions, but God merely sees, contemplates, knows. So the genius sees and knows. Particularly is this true of poets—they do not argue, they do not reason, they do not even explain. They simply say what they see. And, in general, the poets reveal more truth than the philosophers. We learn more, and more truly, from Shakespeare than from Emmanuel Kant, from Dante than from Aristotle.

Using the privilege of a paragrapher to ramble somewhat from the topic, may we not say a word that will perhaps interest particularly the women? When man, the reasoner, says, with high contempt, to woman, "You do not reason; you cannot reason. You have not arguments—only intuitions," is he not conceding

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that woman's knowledge is of a higher order than man's, more like the knowledge of genius, more like the knowledge of God? We contribute this suggestion gratuitously to the ladies.

ONE test of a great book, therefore, is that it interprets the human heart. Another test, perhaps a corollary of the first, is that it must be at once sane and sincere. "In literature," says Bishop Spalding, "nothing really counts but that which sane and honest minds have written in utmost sincerity." An author may achieve brilliant results by sleight of hand, so to speak, that is, by a trick of the pen. But the literary trickster cannot produce a work that will last. Somewhere we have read that the great purpose of education is *dégager la réalité des choses du charlatanisme des mots*, "to extract the reality of things from the legerdemain of words." A penetrating mind may perhaps do that. But time will certainly do it. "Time will tell." Time will disentangle truth from trickery.

Sanity and Sincerity.

PERHAPS the most necessary truth about literature, because just now the most neglected, is that nothing can abide that is perverse in spirit. There is a philosophical reason for this; indeed, a metaphysical reason. Bishop Spalding has a sentence that might be the salvation of many a modern author, ambitious for literary immortality: "The affinity of the mind is with truth, goodness, beauty, as that of the eye is for light, and a fondness for the darker sides of life is evidence of perversity." There are those who "love darkness rather than the light." They emphasize what is abnormal, grotesque, obscene, sordid. They call themselves "realists," but reading them, one might imagine that only the vile is real. Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart has given them a well-merited trouncing in the Christmas *Bookman:*

"If there is much to be said for realism, then, there is not much to say against it. But there *is* much to be said against the present-day tendency to prostitute it to pure mechanism. Worse even than that, to pure materialism; the attempt to portray a three-dimensional world in two. To take the human individual of soul, mind, and body, and strip him to body and mind. And to do this in the name of truth.

Perverse Realism.

". . . But to write of life cynically is a distortion. Cynicism is not truth. It is insolent self-righteousness. It has a contempt for the virtues and generosities. It is pessimistic, despondent, astigmatic. It has a biased view. Seeing crookedly, it sees a crooked world.

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"This is not realism. True realism would see in the human individual something more than the creature of his environment and the slave of his physical body. It would yield him his abject surrenders, but grant him his kinship with God.

"That there has arisen, then, a mainly young, frankly cynical, and disillusioned school of writing is a grave commentary on the times in which we are living. . . .

"They are obsessed not only with the ugliness of life, but with the importance of *things*. They stress the life of the body, insistent and often sordid, and with a sort of indecent honesty they violate the sanctuary of the human mind, and expose it in print. It is analysis, not synthesis; it is dissection, not creation.

"But the dissecting room deals with disease. Have we no health?"

FINALLY, a great book must be a mental stimulus, not a soporific. In this, it is like a great teacher. The ideal university professor is not the "walking encyclopedia," the "book in breeches." He is rather one who has in himself, and can convey to others, an enthusiasm for knowledge. It is related of Balmez, the philosopher, that when reading a book he would frequently stop, fold his monastic hood over his eyes, and meditate, working out to conclusions the hints given in the book. This is the Catholic custom of meditation. A sentence, or a paragraph, is read from the Scriptures, or from the *Imitation of Christ*, or some "spiritual" book; and, then, there is silence, reflection, mental rumination. It is a good book that can stand such a test. The Scriptures are the greatest of all books, because they stand that test better than any book written by man. The Gospel wisdom is inexhaustible. In whatever degree the thoughts of an author stir up thought in the reader, to that degree he may be called great.

Thought Provoking Books.

AFTER all, it may seem futile to recommend good reading. Is there such a thing as educating to good taste? Is not taste instinctive? Some might say, either we have good taste, or we have it not. Poets are born, not made. And to appreciate good literature, one must be, to a certain degree, a poet. One must have the power of realizing the hidden, mystic beauty of things, and of persons. That power is denied to people who, as we say, are "matter-of-fact" in character. There are those who are tone-deaf. To them, music means nothing. We have heard of a man who actually

The Cultivation of Good Taste?

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could not hear the notes of a song-bird. He explained that, for many years, he imagined that those who spoke of the singing of birds, were talking metaphorically. So, there seem to be some who are, not color-blind, but beauty-blind. Absence of taste is beauty-blindness. Can such blindness be cured by education? We can think of no answer except that of a music-lover, to whom we recommended a book entitled *How to Listen to Music.* "Pshaw!" said he, "the way to listen to music is to listen!" Perhaps, the way to learn to read is to read.

DR. FENLON, author of the article on Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in the December issue, sends us the following:

"A happy chapter must be added to the religious history of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, as narrated in the December CATHOLIC WORLD. Father J. H. Pollen, S.J., is quoted in the London *Tablet* of December 2d, which has just arrived, as writing: 'For several months before the end, he had made his peace with God, very fully and frankly.' Every Catholic who was interested in Mr. Blunt will be greatly pleased to read these words. It is very strange, however, that, dying in the peace of the Church, he should, in accordance with his will, be buried without religious ceremony, as stated by the *Tablet,* September 16th; and strange, also, that no mention of his return to the Church should be made in the *Tablet,* especially in view of his public denials of the Faith.

"In spite of his strong and repeated professions of unbelief, Mr. Blunt happily exemplified the truth expressed in the stanza of his friend, Lord Lytton:

> There is no unbelief;
> And day by day, unconsciously,
> The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
> God knoweth why."

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Recent Events.

Immigration and Its Effect on Religion.

Several anti-Catholic organizations have been formed with the avowed purpose of further limiting immigration. They think that, on the whole, the immigration to this country has favored Catholics, and for them this is a sufficient reason for limiting it very strictly. They do not realize that this is as un-American as it would be for Catholics to favor it because they thought that it would help them. As a matter of fact, however, it will probably strengthen Catholics, relatively, to have immigration practically stopped. For immigration, during the past twenty years, according to the estimate of the N. C. W. C., has been more than two-thirds non-Catholic. But since the influence of the Catholic Church makes against the use of certain contraceptives, the birth rate among Catholics is likely to be higher than among non-Catholics. Therefore, if there were no increase of the non-Catholic population from without, Catholics would gain relatively to Protestants. The anti-Catholics ought to start a campaign against birth-control rather than against immigration. Or, perhaps, they will want legislation to limit the birth rate of Catholics.

Catholics and Immigration.

The N. C. W. C. estimates that during the twenty year period ending June 1921, we received more than 3,000,000 Italian Catholics, 750,000 Catholic Poles, 350,000 German Catholics, 335,000 Catholic Slovaks, 220,000 Catholic Magyars, almost 300,000 Catholic Croats and Slovenes, and a like number of both French and Mexican Catholics. But many of these were only nominal Catholics, and the Church has not by any means been able to hold all of them. The total of all these immigrants is above 5,000,000, or an average of more than 250,000 a year. But the Church in this country has never increased to that extent in any one year, in spite of the fact that the mere excess of births over deaths ought to be about 180,000 now, and there are about 40,000 converts annually. This certainly indicates a very serious leakage, and much of it must have been among the immigrants. It is only natural that leaving an entirely Catholic environment to locate in places strongly Protestant would mean a loss of faith to a large number. Many of them, on the other hand, if they had remained in their native land, would have kept the faith. The Church as

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a whole, therefore, loses by Catholic immigration to this country. And so Catholics, merely as Catholics, have no reason to wish to keep up the amount of immigration.

Uniform Divorce Laws.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs is planning to make a fight for uniform divorce laws. These clubs will sponsor a bill to be introduced in the present Congress. As at present proposed, the bill would make both divorce and marrying more difficult. The Catholic idea of banns is to be adopted in providing that application for a marriage license must be posted two weeks prior to the ceremony. Only five grounds for divorce will be admitted: infidelity, incurable insanity, abandonment for one year, cruel and inhuman treatment, and conviction for an infamous crime. If a constitutional amendment is necessary in order to make possible federal legislation along these lines, they propose to get the amendment.

It is certainly desirable that our present legislation should be stiffened in many places. We have reached the point where, for the whole country, one marriage in every nine ends in divorce. In some States, the proportion is much higher than this, and in some counties the number of divorces actually exceeds the number of marriages. In the State of Washington, the proportion of divorces to marriages is 1 to 4, in Montana 1 to 5.4, in Oregon 1 to 2.5, in Nevada one marriage to 1.5 divorces. But there is grave doubt as to the advisability of federal legislation. It is another step in the progress towards centralization. And while the proposed law is much stricter than the laws of many States, it is considerably laxer than the laws now in force in some others. Decidedly, the wiser plan, therefore, would be to have this matter left to the individual States, and have the women's clubs try to bring all up at least to the higher standard. Catholic women belonging to these clubs should work in this direction. But in connection with this proposed federal legislation, one cannot but wonder how the devout Protestant women in these clubs can reconcile advocacy of this law with Christ's own words: "Everyone that putteth away his wife, and marrieth another, committeth adultery" (Luke xvi. 18).

Catholics and a Current Magazine.

The December *Pictorial Review* began publishing in serial form a translation of Giovanni Papini's "Story of Christ." In August 1921, The Catholic World had an account of Papini's

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conversion to Catholicism. It is indeed gratifying that a magazine with the enormous circulation of the *Pictorial* should publish a life of Christ by a Catholic, and that it should be illustrated from the paintings of another Catholic, J. James Tissot. It seems strange, however, that the editor of this magazine should, with apparently studied care, refrain from saying that both these great men became Catholics. We hope that he will be big enough to make the *amende honorable* next month. But we would call the attention of our readers to the fact that several months ago the *Pictorial Review* published an article on marriage and divorce, in which Genevieve Parkhurst grossly misrepresented the Catholic Church. Credit should be given the editor for later publishing a letter of correction from the N. C. W. C., but we should have thought that, after this showing up of Genevieve Parkhurst, he would not feature further articles by her. Yet in this same December number is another article of hers, entitled "Why We Have Divorce." Moreover, this article, though it does not misrepresent the Church, runs counter to sound Catholic teaching.

Catholics and the Suffering in Europe.

The Pope recently requested Catholics to contribute to the relief of the suffering people of Europe. Undoubtedly, this is a very worthy cause, and we presume that Catholics contributed generously, though no figures of the total have been published. But mere giving is not enough. Something must be done to change the political conditions that induce such suffering. These nations are sick, and they cannot be cured until the Treaty of Versailles is revised.

Clerical Students at Oxford.

The Benedictines of Ampleforth have recently enlarged their house of studies at Oxford. Their most promising young monks are sent to Oxford between their studies in philosophy and theology in order to get their degrees from this famous university. And the Benedictines are not alone in this. The Jesuits, Salesians, Franciscans, Dominicans, and the diocese of Birmingham have similar houses. This sending of students for the priesthood to Oxford is undoubtedly having a beneficial effect on the Church in England. They are helping to make the atmosphere of the University more Catholic, and they are gaining a prestige that gives the Catholic body an influence out of proportion to its numbers. We might be able with advantage to follow the example of our English brethren, and, at least in some places, send some of our candidates for the priesthood through certain famous non-sec-

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tarian universities. It is true that conditions in England and America are different; but the difference is not always to our advantage. The Catholics of England, with a smaller percentage of the population, seem to exercise more influence on the national life and to make more converts among the influential classes. Is not this partly because of their attitude towards the English universities?

Catholics and the Public Schools.

At the same time that we stand, as Catholics, upon the principles of true Americanism that would allow us to have our own schools, we ought to do what we can to improve the public schools. Taking the country as a whole, about one-half of all our children are in the public schools, and in some sections the proportion is much higher. Moreover, the better the public schools, the less the bigotry. Generally speaking, religious bigotry flourishes in those States, such as Texas and Georgia, where the public schools are worst. We really help ourselves by helping the public schools. And so we heartily commend to the imitation of Catholics the splendid example of Archbishop Curley in helping to secure an additional loan of $15,000,000 in Baltimore to carry out public school work.

Religion in the Public Schools.

Protestants, in increasing numbers, are realizing the need of religion in primary education. And since, taken generally, they rely entirely upon the public schools, they are casting about for some way of combining religion with these schools. One way that is being tried out in some places is to have the children go to their respective churches certain days each week before reporting at the school. A modification of the same idea is to have a certain period each day set apart when the children go to their churches. Still another variation of this is to have religious teachers come into the schools at certain periods. All these plans are good, if they are worked fairly, without any compulsion, and with the full approval of the parents. But there is another idea that is not so good—the mere reading of the Bible at the beginning of the school day, with the compulsory attendance of all the children. It is not fair to the Jews to read the New Testament; it is not fair to the Catholics to read a distinctively Protestant version; and it is not fair to unbelievers—or, as may happen in some places, Japanese, Chinese, Turks—to read the Bible at all. Still less desirable is the idea, advocated by some, of having one teacher of religion paid by the State, who will teach the Bible in a non-sectarian way.

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But if these undesirable plans are not to be carried into effect, those opposed to them must furnish something more desirable. The positive side almost always has an advantage. The people who work for some definite idea, even though they are a minority, can often carry it against a merely negative opposition that offers nothing in its place. Hence, Catholics ought to pick out the best of these plans, and work for it. The public schools belong to us as American citizens, as well as to others. They are supported by our taxes, and about as many of our children are in them as in our own schools.

Pope Pius Praises Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving Day has long been celebrated in many of the Catholic churches of this country. St. Patrick's in Washington has made it the occasion of a special Mass, at which the President and diplomatic representatives have been present, and of a dinner afterwards for these distinguished guests. This year it is gratifying to know that the Pope praised this national custom of setting aside one day on which specially to return thanks to God, and actually joined in the celebration of the day with the students of the American College in Rome. He received them in audience and addressed them. "It is consoling to see the heads of nations," he said, "fixing days for the people to pray to and thank God for blessings received. I am with you, with your people, on Thanksgiving Day. We are praying together."

Death of Mrs. Alice Meynell.

Mrs. Alice Meynell died in London, November 27th, at the age of seventy-two. She contributed frequently to The Catholic World, but her following was by no means limited to Catholics. In the summer of 1913, *T. P.'s Weekly* ran a voting contest to select unofficially the new poet laureate. Mrs. Meynell received the second largest number of votes, ranking next to Kipling. She did excellent service for the Church as an indirect apologist. And besides her own contributions, she deserved gratitude for saving the poet Francis Thompson.

Defenders of the Faith.

The Catholic Laymen's League of Georgia recently held a convention in Macon. There were 300 delegates present. They represented 20,000 Catholics, or one for every 70 Catholics in the State. Archbishop Curley was assuredly right in saying that the Catholics of Georgia have done more for their organization than

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the Catholics of Baltimore, or New York, or Boston. The *Bulletin* of this Association points out that if the archdiocese of Boston were to duplicate a convention like this, taking the number of Catholics into consideration, it would mean a meeting of 15,000. Three thousand of these delegates would have to come from a point 190 miles from Boston, 5,000 from a point 100 miles away, 1,500 from a town 125 miles away—and so on—to match the distances these Georgia delegates traveled. In New York, it would require a gathering of 22,500. Has New York or Boston ever staged any such conventions of men and women actively engaged in defending Catholic truth?

The Catholic University.

The annual collection for the Catholic University was taken up a few weeks ago. If it is not considerably larger than usual, it will amount to about half a cent for each Catholic in the country. Certainly, this is a pitiful showing. It ought to be at least ten times as large. Educational costs have advanced tremendously within the last generation. Many of the non-sectarian universities have incomes of over a million dollars a year, and if the Catholic University is to take its place beside the great universities of the country, it must be adequately financed. It is true that something is being given to the shrine to be erected on the University grounds, and perhaps we ought to count this as really given to the University. But this does not pay the salaries of professors who are already woefully underpaid, nor does it provide the equipment necessary for university work. Those who give to the shrine ought not to feel absolved from contributing to this annual collection. In fact, if they can give to only one object, they ought to give to the University first. The shrine can wait, but the University must have professors and laboratories. If the University cannot pay reasonable salaries, it cannot have first-class professors; and without first-class professors and equipment we cannot expect Catholic parents to send their children to the Catholic University.

Has Democracy Failed?

George Barton Cutten, D.D., in an interview published recently in the *New York Times*, says some very un-American things: "We have never had a true democracy, and the low level of the intelligence of the people will not permit our having one." "The theory that all men are born free and equal is an absurdity." "Manhood suffrage was our greatest and most popular failure, until we doubled it by granting universal adult suffrage." "The

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widespread delusion that democracy is possible (except for small groups) arises from the notion that manhood suffrage constitutes self-government." No, Dr. Cutten is not a benighted emissary of the Pope and head of a Catholic college. He is a Baptist minister, President of Colgate University, and a Canadian.

The Democrats and Bigotry.

The wonderful victory of Governor-elect Smith in New York would have clinched the presidential nomination for him in 1924, except for one thing—the fact of his being a Catholic. Mark Sullivan was but expressing the ideas of a great many, when he said that there is too much religious bigotry in the country to allow a Catholic to be elected president. But, in our opinion, the influence of bigotry is overestimated. And, besides, it is a two-edged sword. In fact, it looks as if the Republican Party were trying to lay the baby of religious bigotry, and particularly of the Klan, on the Democratic doorstep. The sooner the Democratic Party wakes up to the fact that it has nothing to gain and a great deal to lose, nationally, through playing up bigotry, the better for it and for the nation. One way of showing its recognition of this fact would be to nominate Mr. Smith for the presidency, or at least for the vice-presidency. A Catholic probably could not be elected on the Republican ticket, but he could on the Democratic, and it might be the only thing that would give the Democrats a real chance.

Mr. Smith and the Presidency.

For it must be remembered that there is a solid North that is Republican, as well as a solid South that is Democratic. The Democrats cannot hope to carry certain States, such as Vermont and New Hampshire. On the other hand, a Catholic Democrat—if he were a native American—could probably carry the South. Any Democratic candidate is assured of the electoral votes Cox received—127. In addition to this, he may count upon the States that are normally Democratic, but which broke away in the great Republican landslide of 1920. These are Maryland (8), Missouri (18), New Mexico (3), Arizona (3), Oklahoma (10), and Tennessee (12). In the first four mentioned, anti-Catholicism would be a handicap for a Democratic candidate, and would probably insure these States going Republican. Oklahoma and Tennessee have a good deal of bigotry, and a Catholic on the ticket might lose them. But their weight would be more than counterbalanced by the gain in larger States. Smith would certainly throw New York's 45 votes to the Democrats. Omitting Oklahoma and Tennessee, this

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would leave only 62 votes needed for election. These might come from Massachusetts (18), Illinois (29), California (10), New Jersey (14), Indiana (15), all of which have sometimes gone Democratic, in all of which Catholics are numerous and politically influential, and in which non-Catholics are sufficiently intelligent to make religious bigotry a millstone around a candidate's neck.

America's Gift to Catholic Louvain.

The campaign to complete the million dollar fund for a new library for the University of Louvain was vigorously pushed last month. Nicholas Murray Butler heads the committee for raising the money, and the most prominent educators in the country are serving with him. In the midst of the bitter anti-Catholic crusade being carried on in some quarters, it is pleasing to know that these leaders of American thought are thus helping a great Catholic university. It shows that the worth-while people of our country rise above bigotry and slander. Catholic magazines and papers would do well to give less publicity to the disagreeable signs of religious hatred and a great deal more publicity to such items as this, indicating true brotherly feeling.

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New Books.

THE LETTERS OF FRANKLIN K. LANE. Personal and Political. Edited by Anne Wintermute Lane and Louise Herrick Wall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.00.

To those who followed from close perspective the affairs of the "War Cabinet," the letters of Franklin K. Lane, who sat in it as Secretary of the Interior, offer little in the way of revelation. His friends knew, in spite of his loyalty to President Wilson, of the gradual dampening of the enthusiasm with which he began his work as one of the presidential advisers. In this respect, his letters tell a story very much like that unfolded in the letters of Walter Hines Page, Ambassador to London, who, too, looked forward to the coming of a new social, as well as political, era with the Democratic régime. The idealistic ardor and pulsating sympathy with life running through their letters, gives way in the end to the chilling frost of disappointment, as they draw further away from the leader whom they had acclaimed with so much enthusiasm.

In spite of the futile effort of the Wilson Cabinet to give, at the outset of its career, the impression that it was a happy official family, it was obvious that Secretary Lane was not in very close accord with many of his colleagues. He regarded Bryan, in a spirit of charity, as a "moralist;" he could not conceal his doubts of Burleson and Daniels; toward McAdoo he was tepid. And in the end, he drew a distinction between the "Great" and the "Little" Wilson.

But it is a mistake to look upon his letters only as a contribution to the history of the war period, however much light they may shed upon that tumultuous background against which Secretary Lane moved. Secretary Lane played a part in the marshaling of industrial forces, for which he has been given insufficient credit, and he tried his best to prepare for peace. His faith in the future of his country was boundless.

One is not much impressed with this in reading the letters. They constitute, rather, a human document, and the important events of which he writes are of less interest than the personality through which they are recorded. As he said, the world for him was always "filled with people." He calculated everything in terms of human betterment, for which he was looked upon as a person of radical tendencies by the ultraconservative. It was inevitable that one of such strong sympathies, so keenly "in love with life," should be impressed by the spiritual side of things. He groped

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incessantly for a solution of the problem of life, which had for him so absorbing an interest. Available philosophy was inadequate. "For man's own sake," he wrote, "there should be some cross to which he can cling." And he adds, "I wish I could be a Catholic, and yet I do not feel that once you have a free spirit it is right to go back into the monastery, and shut yourself up away from doubts, making your soul strong through prayer," showing how little he understood the thing toward which he groped.

A rather interesting sidelight on the intricacies of self-determination is Secretary Lane's observation, quoting President Wilson as saying that, theoretically, "German-Austria should go to Germany, as all were of one language and one race, but this would mean the establishment of a great central Roman-Catholic nation, which would be under control of the Papacy." This conclusion was apparently accepted without demur by the Cabinet.

In a revision of the *Letters*, some of the personal allusions, of the kind for which an unrestrained curiosity clamors these days, might, with advantage, be eliminated. They add nothing to the book, which is a most interesting document, a real literary record of the aspirations of one who did much for his fellow man.

THE LETTERS OF ST. TERESA. A complete edition translated from the Spanish and annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. III. New York: Benziger Brothers. $3.50.

This volume of St. Teresa's letters covers the interval between December 1577 and February 1580; it includes letters 201 to 320, her correspondence during the most critical era of the Carmelite Reform, and a period of intense personal suffering. Herein, this great spirit, Teresa of Jesus, is portrayed by her own hand as a master diplomat, as a generalissimo in the mortal conflict against the foes of her Reform, who were inspired with the proverbial ardor of the Spanish nature—a fanaticism whose cruel extravagance fills so many lurid pages of the history of the Spanish Inquisition during this very epoch.

Few of the Saint's purely business letters have been preserved. Almost all of those in this volume treat of the perils and miseries of the conflict she and her Sisters waged with bitter enemies or misguided friends. She was aided by a surprisingly small number of saintly advisers, to whom most of the *Letters* were addressed; these are, therefore, exceedingly confidential. To read them is like turning over the leaves of a book of her tenderest emotions. Though treasured as relics in widely-scattered con-

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vents, they have been carefully collected and published in Spanish, and intelligently edited and annotated. The English Benedictine Nuns of Stanbrook Abbey, Worcester, have culled out and translated these subeditorial comments appropriately throughout the volume, and their work is done with perfect understanding of all the persons concerned, as well as of the events treated. They promise us another volume during the earlier part of 1923. But its contents can hardly be more precious than those of this, which brings us towards the end of the persecutions suffered by the Carmelite Reform. We have the Saint's whole greatness and holiness here exhibited; how she dealt in all charity with her foes, and how she upheld and guided her associates in suffering. Her cruelest pain was the conflict of jurisdictions among the authorities who strove to rule her. First was the Superior General of the old order; he resided in Italy, of which country he was a native; having placed an obedience upon her to found as many reformed convents as possible, he was afterwards induced to withdraw it and substitute a prohibition to found any at all.

Later, she had to deal with the papal nuncios at Madrid, as well as with the hostile intrigues at Rome. One of the nuncios was so grossly misinformed about the Saint, that he exclaimed to a priest who had asked him to listen to her defense: "Do not mention her name! She is a restless, gadabout, disobedient, contumacious woman, who promulgates pernicious doctrine under her pretense of piety. She leaves her cloister against the orders of her superiors and the decrees of the Council of Trent. She is ambitious, and teaches theology as though she were a doctor of the Church, in spite of St. Paul's prohibition." He also interned (a polite name for imprisoned) her in the Toledo Convent. St. John of the Cross, her foremost associate in the Reform, was actually inclosed in a foul dungeon, frequently lashed and flogged, and only escaped with his life by a sort of miracle. Then the Friars of the Reform disobeyed the ecclesiastical superiors by holding a provincial chapter, a move which nearly wrecked the Saint's whole movement. Finally, she had to make the best of the royal authority which, strange to say, always helped her, but sometimes at the expense of the papal sensibilities and even rights; the King of Spain being the gloomy autocrat, Philip II.

Whosoever reads this fascinating sector of the Saint's self-written memoir, will wonder at the outcome, so entirely successful, after so long a period of misfortunes which threatened at any moment a total collapse of Teresa's life-work for God. She who, three hundred years ago last March, was canonized in company with Ignatius Loyola, Francis Xavier and Philip Neri, and ac-

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knowledged to be well deserving of such association, was openly branded by nuncios and prelates and Catholic statesmen as a vagabond meddler in matters far above her, a pretended ecstatic, and a criminal barely escaping the awful prison of the Inquisition. This volume chronicles all this with Teresa's infinite candor, with picturesque detail, and literary finish.

THE LIFE OF CORNELIA CONNELLY, 1809–1879. Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. By a Member of the Society. With a Preface by Cardinal Gasquet. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5.00.

During the last few months, our spiritual literature has been enriched by the publication of the biographies of several holy religious women, but none surpasses in interest or edification that of Cornelia Connelly, foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, a truly valiant woman, in whom God did great things, and whose steady spiritual growth in the school of bitter suffering is sketched here with insight and reverent art.

The circumstances of her life were remarkable—happily married to a gifted young Episcopalian minister in Natchez, Mississippi, she and her husband renounced brilliant worldly prospects to embrace the true Faith. Later, the happy mother of several lovely children, she was called upon to sacrifice them and her husband in order to permit Mr. Connelly to follow what seemed a clear vocation to the priesthood, and to enter a religious community. Uncertainty concerning her own vocation was succeeded by the anguish of her husband's apostasy and that of her children.

At the request of the then Bishop Wiseman, she founded the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, and the many vicissitudes attendant on such a work were aggravated by the attempted interference of her husband in his efforts, first to direct the Society, and later to regain his control over her. The disloyalty of some of her own religious caused her keen suffering at the end of her life, and she died before the approbation of her rule and without the consolation of witnessing the return of one of her children to the Faith. So was her soul chiseled by the "Designer infinite;" complete abandonment to Him was the keynote of her life, and gained for her the unalterable serenity that so impressed all who knew her. Pain opened to her the treasuries of God, and enabled her to form others to virile sanctity. Her instructions to her novices evidence her enlightened spirituality and established the Society on a firm basis.

This well-constructed biography never wanes in interest throughout its nearly five hundred pages; one of its chapters

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gives an illuminating picture of the deplorable state of the education of girls in England in the first half of the nineteenth century, a condition that foundations, such as Mother Connelly's, did much to ameliorate. Her educational ideas were far in advance of her times and, in spite of some opposition, were put into practise with undoubted success.

An admirable preface by Cardinal Gasquet, whose sisters were amongst Mother Connelly's pupils, bears witness to his esteem for the Society of the Holy Child and its saintly foundress.

DEGENERATION IN THE GREAT FRENCH MASTERS. By Jean Carrère. Translated by Joseph McCabe. New York: Brentano's. $4.00.

This book is worth owning. It is thoughtful, stimulating, sane, and eloquent in its defense of manliness and in its condemnation of decadence. Ten great French writers are treated: Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Balzac, Stendhal, George Sand, Musset, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Verlaine, and Zola. In every case, M. Carrère analyzes skillfully (and mercilessly) their philosophy of life and its effect upon the young manhood of France. What are the dominant notes of their works, he asks, and what do they do in our souls? "That is the only question that matters." Of Rousseau, he says: "We shall find that Dante is the moral guide of nations and of poets because he always sacrificed his humble personality in a public cause, and that Rousseau is a source of disorder and impotence because he was always ready to sacrifice order to the public cause to his own over-weening personality." With equal keenness, he accuses Balzac of having inculcated, wittingly or not, blind admiration of good fortune, frenzied cultivation of success. Stendhal, that strange medley of negations, "came into the world," says M. Carrère, "morally infirm. He brought wickedness and egoism with him as Cervantes brought heroism and generosity . . . but, being able to realize all the splendor of evil, he made his works resplendent with it." Flaubert's work, he finds empty and desolating: "He broke the springs of action and fruitful goodness in the souls of the young. He reproduced in developing minds the moral desert of his own mind." It takes courage to talk thus candidly about the great men of French literature, and it would be possible only for a critic who possessed not only courage, but a rich scholarship and a sound philosophy of life. M. Carrère has traveled widely and has seen men and things; moreover, he has pondered them deeply these many years. He knows intimately the great masters of ancient, as well as of modern, literature, and to him the canons

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of criticism are more than the passing mood of the critic. In his essays on Verlaine and on Zola, he derides contentment with decadence and proclaims, in clarion tones, the beauty of manliness and vigor and the will nobly to do and to be. M. Carrère has done more than write a volume of searching criticism; he has called his generation back again to the standards of moral sanity in literature.

HORACE AND HIS INFLUENCE. By Grant Showerman. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $1.50.

It is no easy task, at this late date, to say anything new of Horace, unless, according to the poet's own canon, one can, by a skillful weaving of material, render the well-known new. The *callida junctura* in the "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" series of fifty projected volumes, of which Dr. Showerman's *Horace* is the second to appear, is to compute the dynamic influence of the great forces of the past upon succeeding generations, and especially upon our own modern civilization. We may, then, readily concede that, for such a purpose, yet another contribution to the long line of Horatian commentaries justifies itself.

This essay is about equally divided between an interpretation of Horace—his personality, his poetry, his philosophy, his literary creed—and an account of his influence through the ages. Horace is so frankly autobiographical and has so thoroughly colored his works with his personality, that there seems scarcely any need, or even opportunity, for interpretation. Still, though the author's admission that his pages contain little not said or suggested by Horace himself, is, in a sense, true, his sympathetic appreciation marks

> The perfect judge who reads each word of wit
> With the same spirit as its author writ.

We might, perhaps, venture to say that, in his account of Horatian influence in the early Middle Ages, Dr. Showerman goes too far in asserting that Horace almost vanished from the life of man. He was certainly not widely read, but there was a permanent Horatian tradition, by no means as striking as that of Virgil, but still unbroken, down to the Renaissance, notably in the Meuse country of France, the Frankish middle kingdom, in this, as in other respects, the centre of the higher culture. Though Alcuin is reported to have forbidden the reading of the classics, the ingeniously inclined may see a Horatian influence in the Latinized name, Flaccus Albinus, which he adopted. But whatever trifling disagreement there may be on some point of detail, all lovers of Horace can be grateful to Dr. Showerman for helping

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to advance the Horatian tradition in this age, and adding to the praise of posterity which Horace foretold would be his.

HUMAN NATURE IN THE BIBLE. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

Professor Phelps, in this volume, considers the Old Testament as a work of literature, revealing the grandeur, the folly, the nobility, and the baseness of human nature. He never alludes in the slightest degree to its being the inspired word of God, but treats it, as he says himself, "as I would a play, an essay, a novel, a poem." His aim is to interpret interesting and significant episodes and passages, with the hope that those who read his pages will re-read the Bible with renewed zest. In his endeavor to be graphic and interesting, however, the author often becomes flippant and irreverent. One quotation will prove our point. Speaking of Samson, he writes: "Like most heavy-weight athletes, he was a good fellow . . . fond of betting and an easy prey to women. . . . He never had a haircut but once, and found that even more expensive than it is today."

We are fully aware of the beauty of the language of the Authorized Version, but to call it, without qualification, the best translation in the world is rather bold. Many scholars of late years have defended the beauty of the Douay Version, which, as we know, was copied in many a passage by the Protestant translators of King James I.

THE HYMNS OF THE BREVIARY AND MISSAL. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Rev. Matthew Britt, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers. $6.00 net.

This work, intended as an Introduction to Latin hymnology, contains all the hymns in the Breviary, together with the five sequences of the Missal, and a few other hymns. It is divided into four parts: I. The Hymns of the Psalter; II. Proper of the Season; III. Proper of the Saints; IV. Common of the Saints. The Latin text of each hymn is accompanied by a metrical English version in parallel, the various translations representing the work of more than sixty translators, some of whom flourished as early as the seventeenth century. Then follows a paragraph containing the names of the author and translator, the number of English translations in existence, and the liturgical use of the hymn. Finally, there is a literal prose translation, by the Editor, with brief explanations of the more abstruse words and phrases of the Latin text. This latter feature should be one of the most valuable in the book from a student's point of view. An introductory chap-

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ter deals briefly, but adequately, with the general history and metrical forms of the hymns, and with the canonical hours; while the supplementary pages furnish lists of authors and translators, with short biographical sketches, besides a glossary and an English and Latin index.

In an appreciative and sympathetic preface to this volume, Monsignor H. T. Henry characterizes it as "a work of scholarly distinction, of elegant artistry, and withal of practical utility." In this judgment, the present reviewer heartily concurs. Father Britt has performed the task of compiling and editing in a very painstaking manner; and the publishers have seconded his efforts by issuing the book in an appropriately attractive form. The work, as an Introduction, is complete in every respect, and should be of value, not only to the beginner, for whom it is intended primarily, but to every lover—clerical and lay—of these beautiful and deeply religious hymns.

BEASTS, MEN, AND GODS. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00.

This unique book is the story of a Polish scientist's escape from the Bolsheviki in Siberia, his flight into Mongolia and Tibet, and the perils and adventures he experienced during two years of life in the wilderness, hiding, wandering, and fighting in forests, mountains, and deserts, traveling on foot, on horseback, and by camel, and encountering not only beasts and men (as well as men wilder than any beast), but even the gods of the supernatural as personified in the Buddhistic priests of the Tibetan Orient. While the incredulous may, at moments, be inclined to praise the author for that dubious gift of "never spoiling a story for the want of facts," to the reader who has himself adventured no further even than to the outermost borders of the East, the tale Dr. Ossendowski tells is entirely credible. And it is not alone the thrilling story he relates which makes his book attractive, but his style of narrative as well. Whether written in English, translated from the Polish, or transcribed from a Polish-English original, it is difficult to state; but however composed, the book retains a certain flavor of the exotic, a taste of the Slavic salt, which gives the story an unmistakable smack of the simple truth, even in its most highly colored passages. With unconscious art, the author paints on a huge canvas scenes, characters, and dramatic crises which only the man possessing a natural story-telling gift could achieve. Through it all breathes the air of strong men in action, quick-witted and desperate, against a gorgeous background of Oriental mystery and diabolism. It is unquestionably one of the most

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interesting books of the year, destined to satisfy both the serious reader, who studies the Orient and the reactions of the World War, and the reader who simply enjoys a forthright yarn of adventure with thrills in it surpassing the most fervid inventions of the "movie" dramatist.

TRADITION AND PROGRESS. By Gilbert Murray. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.00.

When Gilbert Murray deals, in these essays and lectures, with the philosophy of the Stoics, the freedom of the will, the fanaticism of the martyrs, or the change of heart effected in the whole world by the Great War, we read him with a critical mind, for he ventures in fields not his own. But when he treats of Greek literature in general or analyzes a passage in Aristotle's *Poetics* in particular, we follow him with the intensest pleasure.

His first lecture—"Religio Grammatici," the faith or viewpoint of a scholar—sets forth the general thesis of the volume, namely, that progress is impossible if men neglect the heritage of the past, and that the traditions of a dead literature and a past civilization are of great use in interpreting the problems of the present day. The enemy of the true scholar, he well says, is "he who puts always the body before the spirit, the dead before the living; who makes things only in order to sell them; who has forgotten that there is such a thing as truth, and measures the world by advertisement or money; who daily defiles the beauty that surrounds him and makes vulgar the tragedy; whose innermost religion is the worship of the Lie in his soul."

The lecture on Aristophanes gives Professor Murray an opportunity of contrasting the war between Athens and Sparta in 432 B. C. and the late World War. Although over twenty-three hundred years separate the two conflicts, we read of the same conditions obtaining. By many an apt citation from *The Birds, The Wasps, The Knights, The Acharnians,* he makes the old Greek dramatist speak of the scarcity of food, the high prices, the dearth of servants and workmen, the danger of even suggesting a peace, the widespread profiteering, the slackers, the spies and informers, the young officers with cushy jobs, the people who profit by confiscations, the greed for colonies, the politicians who want to be generals, and the munition workers who demand great pay.

A most illuminating essay on the *Bacchae* of Euripides follows. The address on "National Ideals" expresses the feelings of the Liberal minority in England during the Boer War, and although written over twenty years ago, is introduced here as an

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interesting parallel to the feelings of the same minority at the close of the late World War.

The closing lecture, "Satanism and the World Order," is an arraignment of the prevalent spirit of unmixed hatred towards the existing world order, the spirit of the anarchist and the Bolshevik, which rejoices in any widespread disaster which is also a disaster to the world's rulers. We must combat it, he maintains, with a sincere and a resolute will, or our civilization will perish as have the civilizations of the past.

THE STORY OF A VARIED LIFE. By W. S. Rainsford. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $5.00.

We wonder if we will go on record as the one reader possessing courage and perseverance enough to wade through the five hundred pages of this long drawn-out and egotistical autobiography. It is the life of a Protestant minister, remarkable neither for his piety nor his scholarship, gossiping *ad nauseam* about his personal unbelief and his fruitless achievements in a so-called institutional Church. He brings out two things wonderfully well: first, that a man may deny the very essence of the Gospel of Christ and still exercise his ministry in the Episcopal Church; second, that a man may boast of his tolerance and breadth of view, and in the same breath misrepresent, in a most unfair manner, the teachings and spirit of the Catholic Church. Orthodox Toronto was indeed honest enough to request Mr. Rainsford to resign his pastorate, when it heard him deny such elemental doctrines as the divinity of Christ, the atonement, the Virgin Birth, the existence of hell, and the fact of the supernatural, but liberal New York never seemed to care much what he believed.

When Mr. Rainsford speaks of the Catholic Church, he sees red, like a Protestant controversialist of the sixteenth century. It must be the effects of his early anti-Catholic training at the hands of a bigoted minister father. He tells us that "the Catholic Church has always been opposed to democracy and afraid of freedom;" he finds fault with our "priesthood and our saints who come between the soul" and his God of nature; he harps on the so-called "mental, moral, and political inferiority of Catholic countries;" he holds a brief for the anticlericals of modern France, and defends their cruel and unjust expulsion of the religious orders against "a puppet Pope, Pius X., and an unscrupulous politician, Cardinal Merry del Val." Tammany, of course, controls New York, and Madison Avenue runs Tammany—can religious prejudice go further?

We are glad that the book ends with a cry to God for for-

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giveness. "My own sinnings," he says, "have been the most disheartening experiences I have known. May God, in His mercy, forgive me."

A COMMENTARY ON THE NEW CODE OF CANON LAW. By Rev. Charles Augustine, O.S.B. Vol. VIII. Book V. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $3.00.

The eighth volume of Father Augustine's excellent *Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law* (Canons 2195 to 2414), treats of the nature and division of crimes, the judicial effects of crime, penalties in general, censures, excommunication, interdict and suspension, crimes against faith, religion, and ecclesiastical persons and things, unlawful administration and reception of Orders and the other Sacraments, the violation of the obligations of the clerical or religious state, and the abuse of ecclesiastical power.

In a brief introduction, the author contrasts the classical theory of criminality—the Catholic view—which assumes a moral and a social responsibility, based upon the notions of obligation, free will and personality, with the pagan theories of modern criminologists, who build entirely upon determinism and transformism or natural selection. He also calls attention to the fact that the ancient sources of the penal code have today only an interpretative value. For the code is the sole authentic source of ecclesiastical law, to the exclusion of all others, whether found singly or in collections. In accordance with the *postulata* of the French and German bishops at the Vatican Council, the new code has set aside a number of the old censures and reserved papal cases.

CRIME: ITS CAUSE AND TREATMENT. By Clarence Darrow. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.50.

The keynote of this book is to be found in the concluding paragraph of the preface: "I am aware that, scientifically, the words 'crime' and 'criminal' should not be used. These words are associated with the idea of uncaused and voluntary action." Mr. Darrow does not believe in free will, and is quite sure that any person placed under certain circumstances could commit any crime. The concluding sentence of his chapter on "Homicide" is: "But beyond doubt all persons are potential murderers, needing only time and circumstances, and a sufficiently overwhelming emotion that will triumph over the weak restraints that education and habit have built up, to control the powerful surging instincts and feelings that Nature has laid at the foundation of life."

Unfortunately, Mr. Darrow fails to realize that there is some-

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thing divine in the majority of men, and his book is likely to do a great deal of harm among those with criminal, or as he prefers to call them, unsocial tendencies. In his chapter on "Remedies," he begins by saying: "All investigations have arrived at the result that crime is due to causes; that man is either not morally responsible or responsible only to a slight degree." A little later, he suggests that "the first thing necessary to lessen crime . . . is a change of public opinion as to human responsibility." This is exactly the sort of teaching that will confirm the criminal in his unsocial career. He is not responsible, he cannot help it; why then should he try to repress any tendencies that he has?

Mr. Darrow's book, on the other hand, is a very valuable contribution to current criminology, inasmuch as it comes from a man who knows prisoners from their standpoint; he has been, for forty years, a criminal lawyer. It is true that about one in five or six of the so-called criminals are really irresponsible, and should not be punished. Punishment will do them no good, and very often harm. The remaining four or five, however, are just like the rest of us, only they have, as Osborne says, gone wrong. Opportunity does not make the thief, lack of restraint and self-control does. It is for normal individuals, who follow the path of least resistance and go wrong, that our laws are made.

Who will not agree with Mr. Darrow, however, in the declaration that "life should be made easier for the great mass from which the criminal is ever coming? As far as experience and logic can prove anything, it is certain that every improvement in environment will lessen crime."

CATHOLICISM AND CRITICISM. By Rev. Étienne Hugueny, O.P. Translated by Rev. Stanislaus Hogan, O.P. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.

Ten years ago, we reviewed the two volumes of the Abbé Hugueny's *Critique et Catholique* in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The first volume set forth the solid reasons for our belief ("Apologetics"), and the second proved that our faith is not contrary to reason ("Apology for Dogma"). The first of these volumes has just been translated by Father Hogan, and we are certain our readers will welcome this excellent treatise of apologetics in its English dress.

In a dozen chapters, the Abbé Hugueny treats of the divinity of Christ, the resurrection, the Messianic prophecies, the foundation of the Church, the primacy of Peter, the value of St. Paul's testimony, the cause of Christianity's rapid growth, the necessity of the episcopate, the problems of schism and heresy, the doctrine

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of exclusive salvation, the possibility and fact of miracles, and the Catholic concept of faith.

The objections of unbelief are accurately and fairly stated, and the Catholic position ably and eloquently presented. The writer answers the challenge of French unbelievers like Guignebert, who maintains that "if we would preserve any vital religious belief, we must fling off the yoke of Roman dogmatism, for the desire to believe, to know, and at the same time to think is Utopian and unintelligible." As he promised, the author has proved conclusively that "not only can the critic be a Catholic, but that the thinker who is fully alive to the guarantees of Catholic dogma and all it implies, cannot refuse to believe it without ceasing to be a critic in the true sense."

If we have any fault to find, it is that the author is, at times, too diffuse, and his outlook too predominantly French; many misprints also tend to disfigure the volume.

CONSCRIPTION SYSTEM IN JAPAN, by Gotaro Ogawa, D.C.L.; WAR AND ARMAMENT LOANS OF JAPAN, by Ushisaburo Kobayashi, D.C.L. (New York: Oxford University Press. $2.25 each.) These two Japanese monographs are part of a series edited by Baron Y. Sakatani, former Minister of Finance of Japan, and are published, under the direction of Professor John Bates Clark of Columbia University, by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Both carry an identic foreword by Professor Clark.

The first of the two studies presents an account of the development of the conscription system in Japan from 1873 to 1912, approximately, and an analysis of the economic and social effects of conscription. Lack of complete data prevented the author from reaching definite quantitative conclusions on most of the points which he considers. As a pioneer work in a highly important field, the monograph will take high rank.

It would seem that no modern nation is able to carry on war without large borrowings and inflation of the currency. Japan is certainly no exception to this rule, as is abundantly shown in Dr. Kobayashi's monograph. In 1912, the last year covered by the survey, the war and armament loans constituted fifty-five per cent. of the public debt. The economic and social effects of heavy loans and currency inflation seem to follow the same course in Japan that we should expect from the experience of other countries. From the standpoint of current interest, it is unfortunate that the study ends before the beginning of the World War. To the student of public finance, it should prove a valuable contribution.

SAINT JEANNE D'ARC, by Minna Caroline Smith. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25.) Miss Smith has retold the wonderful story of Saint Jeanne d'Arc with personal enthusiasm and scholarly ability.

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The volume covers the life of the Maid from her earliest years to her fateful ending. The author has, evidently, studied painstakingly the historical sources. Her book is not burdened with reference or many footnotes, but it is built solidly upon historical fact and accurate citation. It has literary charm, the highest of dramatic interest, and will, therefore, appeal as effectively as a novel to the young and to the old. Nothing in all hagiography exactly parallels the life of Jeanne d'Arc. A mystic, yet a most active apostle: illiterate, yet endowed with the highest practical wisdom: a lover of peace, yet a valiant warrior: a young woman, yet the savior of her nation: a most loyal Catholic, yet condemned to death and burned at the stake as a heretic. Perhaps, no woman saint (we exclude Our Blessed Lady from this category) is more fitting as a patron for the Catholic women of today. And it is significant that the corner-stone of her sanctity and of her miraculous achievement was her personal purity—the rock upon which the feminist movements of today suffer shipwreck.

A Protestant, T. Douglas Murray, has said of the Maid: "In all that we know of the world's great ones, we can find no parallel for the Maid of Domremy. Perhaps, only in Catholic France was such a heroine possible. Certainly, Teutonic Protestantism has as yet given to the world none of the exalted types of radiant and holy women such as those that illuminate Latin Christianity."

BABEL, by John Cournos. (New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.50.) This strong and original piece of work, the third in a series which, unlike the usual trilogy, grows in interest, is well named *Babel*, which means confusion. It might be said that its theme is the apparent purposelessness of life, and its worth consists in the subtle manner in which conviction is made to grow on the reader that the purposelessness is only apparent.

There is a character in fiction whose claim to immortality is proven by the assumption that it will seem right and natural to a newcomer in heaven to inquire, in surprise, at not finding him: "But where is Mr. Pickwick?" John Gombarov is as much a stronger reality than Mr. Pickwick, as drama is more real than pantomime. So natural is he, so patient, so fine, as to make us regret the book is fiction rather than biography.

Like the two which preceded it, this book is unique. It eludes the reviewer, it holds and captivates the reader, yet it is no more a story than the life of any one of us is a story. It has no particular plot, we are not sensible of deliberate construction, its rather disconnected incidents appear to be without design. Yet we find the man growing under the anvil strokes, reacting to the blows which shape him, the furnace which purges him—and all without sensible perception of any particular aim towards this end in the writer. It has a touch, but only a touch, of the frankness of *Tom Jones*. In it we meet life in different phases, including a few that are immoral. But it is, truly, an extraordinary book, and one which spoils us for the ordinary kind of fiction.

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BEHIND THE MIRRORS, by the author of *The Mirrors of Washington.* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.) In sustained literary quality and even excellence of workmanship, this volume is superior to the book which it supplements. Yet for several reasons it fails to hold interest in the same degree. In the very smoothness and evenness of its portrayals, the reader is moved to wistful longing for the occasional illumination of inspiration that made the earlier effort memorable, such, for instance, as the Penrose pen-picture.

It is a very mediocre medley which the author discovers behind the mirrors, and he is frank to confess that in general ingredients of ineptitude and irresolution, his figures are very much of a muchness; in fact, he heads one of his chapters very significantly "The Greatest Common Divisor of Much Littleness." To establish this common divisor may be interesting but scarcely inspiring. Here are leaders who do not lead, issues that no longer have an iota of appeal to the intelligent, and little meaning for those who by auto-intoxication of their own verbosity see them distorted and out of all proportion to their present-day importance. If the politicians of the present appear somewhat petty in such close-ups as the author furnishes, they are so, largely because they are the product of obsolete observances.

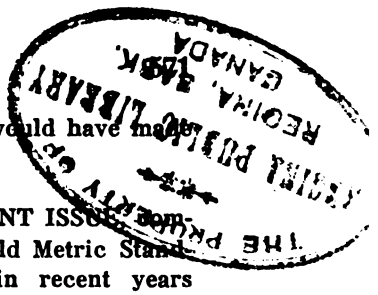
One thing is made clear by this book—the need of a new party, a party with principles which will produce, for their propounding, men of conviction who will replace the sorry specimens of statesmen here revealed.

THE TALE OF TRIONA, by William J. Locke. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.) Perhaps it is because Mr. Locke's style is so sane and sound, so leavened with the good sense of a slightly ironic but thoroughly wholesome humor, that he is able to palm off on us his romantic, erratic, unusual heroes. Yet to say his heroes are impossible would be as unkind, perhaps as unjust, as to say Turner's coloring is impossible. "I never saw tints like those in a sunset sky," some one remarked to the painter. "Probably not," was Turner's answer, "but don't you wish you did?" So may we say that Mr. Locke's heroes don't happen, but we devoutly wish they did.

The Tale of Triona might be said to be the story of how one of these fine heroes slipped into a small sin, of how from that sin he suffered blackmail, and of how the blackmail grew ever more costly and more cruel. Triona is the villain of the story as well as its hero; he is the one whose sin is to his own bitter hurt, whose sin results in his own life catastrophe, whose sin, through the skill of the writer, the reader feels to be a thing apart from the real man—strong, sensitive, courageous, and of boyish charm—who is the sufferer from it. Triona is delivered from his degradation through his love for the pure goodness and beauty with which he invests Olivia. Whether or not he idealizes her, such devotion cannot fail to have a redemptive force.

Mr. Locke's numerous romances are all clean, good reading. In his earlier writings, he was a good deal of a pagan; from *Septimus* on, his

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morality has been Christian; and a very little more would have made of *Triona* a tale of Christian mysticism.

WORLD METRIC STANDARDIZATION: AN URGENT ISSUE, compiled by Aubrey Drury. (San Francisco: World Metric Standardization Council. $5.00.) The progress made in recent years toward the world-wide establishment of the meter, liter, and gram as the exclusive official measures, in their respective spheres, has been great. The United States and the British Commonwealths are the only important nations standing out against world standardization. Mr. Drury presents the arguments in favor of our going in, and answers the objections to making the change. These revolve chiefly around the substitution of the meter for the yard. Individual articles and excerpts from a formidable list of proponents make up the body of the book. It is a collection of documents rather than a continuous text, but a valuable one for those seeking information on this long proposed and frequently almost-adopted change.

MY ALASKAN IDYLL, by Hjalmar Rutzebeck. (New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.) This tale of real life is more or less a sequel to a remarkable first book, *Alaska Man's Luck*, which commanded immediate attention and won deservedly high praise, which sent it into several editions. The new work, which tells how Svend took his bride to Alaska, how love grew, and how serious trouble came and was overcome, is as satisfying as its predecessor. There is a directness about the chronicle which gives it distinction, a healthiness of tone which ennobles the small things in the record, and makes the big things, such as the coming of little Edmund, take on the dignity they deserve. These big elemental things make the episode of the trial of another for murder, with attempt to divert the guilt to Svend, seem almost trivial in the telling, and yet the underlying purity of the narrative persists. . . . "Marian was called into the court room. I wished her God's grace." Alaska has served as a background for the work of several novelists whose books enjoy large sales, but none of them has contributed a single story of the literary quality of *My Alaskan Idyll*.

BEYOND ROPE AND FENCE, by David Grew. (New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.) An excellent animal story, written by one who knows horses and the prairie country of Alberta and Saskatchewan in its every mood. The history of Queen Dora is developed with an understanding of the constant call which the wild has for the ranch horse, an understanding born of complying with the custom of the country, which ordains that each fall the faithful friends of the farmers shall be left free to roam the unsheltered spaces and fight for their existence through the long and severe winter months. How, as man crept ever northward, Dora, who had escaped him once with her mother, led her herd farther into the wilderness; how she was again made captive and branded, and how, in spite of many difficulties she won her way across

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the frozen Saskatchewan to final freedom, is a thrilling yarn which is told with a sweep and a rush that are redolent of the country of which Mr. Grew writes.

MR. FRANCIS NEWNES, by C. C. Martindale. (Chicago: Matre & Co. $1.50 net.) Francis Newnes is an admirably developed study of the Corporal who amused us with his Cockney ways in *Jock, Jack, and the Corporal.* He differed from his soldier comrades in willfully resisting the grace of God. Sinister as are some traits of his character, his kicking against the goad involves him in this sequel in what seems, perhaps, too dreadful a visitation. Yet we cannot help feeling that this record of his further career is inspired by an absolute fidelity to the facts of his special psychology. And it is consoling to realize that the tragic failure of his life was redeemed beyond measure at the last. As regards the other characters: the Sergeant is rather colorless beside the vital figure of the Corporal; Mrs. Bolton is a sketch of the London landlady; Miss Silver a typical member of the fashionable social service club; Cecil Galthrop, an amusing youth of harmless sophistication. As *Jock, Jack, and the Corporal* dealt with questions of Catholic apologetics, this novel treats largely of the relations of the Church to problems of sociology and economics, and shows that there can be no successful solution of them which does not rest on the fundamental principles of Christianity.

AUGUSTINIAN SERMONS, by Rev. John A. Whelan, O.S.A. (New York: Blase Benziger & Co. $2.00.) Some sermon books may be preached almost verbatim, others serve as excellent source-books for material for sermons. Father Whelan's book is of the latter class. The sermons are almost complete treatises on the principal truths of religion and on the Ten Commandments. All the sermons contain abundant quotations from Holy Scripture, the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and modern devotional writers. Five-sixths of the book is devoted to the topics usually presented at a Mission or a Retreat, and the remainder gives an explanation of each of the Commandments, the usual material for the morning instructions at a Catholic Mission. Properly used, this book will be an immense help to preachers, and to the laity who want a solid book for spiritual reading.

WHAT'S BEST WORTH SAYING, by Richard Roberts, D.D. (New York: The Woman's Press. $1.25.) This book will present little "worth saying" to Catholics. It consists of a number of addresses delivered for the most part to students, and purports to be a present-day discussion of Christian faith and practice, that is, we would add, of a certain type of non-Catholic faith and practice. There are chapters with which we cannot cavil, notably those on "Evil," on "The Cross," and on "Love Among the Ruins." But no Catholic can subscribe to the author's modernistic views on Faith and the Creeds, or to the theory that morality is nothing more than an agreement among the members of society.

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GETTING YOUR NAME IN PRINT, by H. S. McCauley. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.25 net.) There may be more opinions than one on the advisability of issuing a handbook on "Every Man His Own Press Agent," but there can be but one opinion concerning the value of the advice given in this little volume. If one is bound to make the attempt to get into the newspapers, here is excellent, as well as exact, guidance on what to do and—more valuable still—what not to do. To play any game, it is necessary to know the rules. Mr. McCauley not only explains these rules; he indicates simply, yet significantly, the whole attitude of mind and the whole course of conduct necessary for success in approaching the problem of pursuing publicity either for personal purposes or as an aid for some cause or movement which deserves recognition.

THE HOUSE CALLED JOYOUS GARDE, by Leslie Moore. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.00.) This book owes much to two infinitely superior (in fact, classically beautiful) novels, *Abbé Constantin*, and Henry Harland's *Cardinal's Snuff Box*. The theme is not original: a man of moderate circumstances declines to follow his heart and marry a wealthy girl, but is finally won by the aid of a kindly fate largely abetted by the wealthy girl. The hero, Ian Dane, is well drawn, and the heroine, Mary-Anne Legger (who as Mlle. Légaire perplexes the hero), is charming enough to explain Ian's devotion; but the author's highest skill is lavished upon the little Felicity, airy and winsome sprite that she is. The style of the novel is graceful, its tone thoroughly Catholic. It cannot be called a great nor an important novel, but it is a pretty story, not unskillfully told, and as fresh as an April morning.

PREACHING AND SERMON CONSTRUCTION, by Paul B. Bull, M.A. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.) The Rev. Paul B. Bull is a member of the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, England, and his High Church views naturally are reflected in his book. In it, he treats of the important subjects of sermon preparation, writing, and delivery quite thoroughly and religiously. There is a wealth of illustration taken from a variety of sources: the ancients, the Church Fathers, famous Catholic preachers, especially of France, well-known statesmen, living and past. It applies all that is best in rhetoric to the special needs of the preacher. There is an analytical table of contents and an index, which make it a very simple matter to find one's way through the book.

THE WONDERFUL CRUCIFIX OF LIMPIAS, by the Rev. Baron Von Kleist, S.T.D. Translated by G. F. Reeve. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25.) In Limpias, a little town in the eastern part of the province of Santander, Spain, there is, in the parish church, a carved crucifix over the main altar, which, since 1919, has been attracting world-wide notice by reason of the singular manifestations reported to

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be taking place in connection with it. The eyes of the Figure, which are of china, have been seen to move and turn from side to side; the mouth to open and close, and blood to issue from it. The whole Corpus has at times been observed to take on the lifelike appearance of a person in his death agony. These prodigies, attested to by scores of credible witnesses, have caused the little town and its parish church to become the centre of pilgrimages from all over Spain and neighboring countries, and even from distant lands, including our own. This book by Dr. Baron Von Kleist gives an interesting account of these wonderful phenomena, with a collection of the principal testimonies to them. It carries the Imprimatur of the Vicar General of Westminster.

WHY EUROPE LEAVES HOME, by Kenneth L. Roberts. (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.00.) What the effect of this book would be on one who knew the immigration question inside out, one cannot say. But the effect on a novice is tremendous. It makes for soap-box orators in defense of strict immigration restriction. With swift, graphic strokes is painted the picture of the misery of the Central European countries—Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rusinia. A good bit is said about the classes from which these people who are clamoring at our gates come. They are not high. In fact, they are very low, undesirable, and in no way comparable with the predominating Nordic element of our early immigration—the element which founded and developed America. The author fears the impossibility of cross-breeding our Nordic race with the multitudinous members of these Alpine, Mediterranean, and Semitic races, without mongrelization. The English, the Scotch, the Greeks, and the Russians all come in for their share of this keen observer's wit and wisdom.

The style of the book is unique—so delightfully informal that it sparkles with a lively personality and enthusiasm which, if the critic, too, may indulge in informalities, puts it across. The author's words ring with the sincerity of an interested observer, but they lack the stability and depth which would mark them as the convictions of a student. There is a journalistic tang throughout, but let this not be taken as criticism. The ease with which this scientific subject is given the fascination of a novel is admirable.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The Catholic Mind, for November 8th, gives three Papal pronouncements—the Holy Father's Apostolic Letter concerning "Seminarists and Their Studies," the *Motu Proprio* on the Propagation of the Faith, and that on the Spiritual Exercises. An account of the Missionary Conference in London completes this number. In the issue of November 22d, Dr. Leahy treats of "The Church and Social Service," and Myles E. Connolly of "America's Fifty Million Morons." "The Papal Approval of the Vincentians" rounds out this pamphlet devoted to social studies. That of December 8th is of varied interest. Besides Father Meschler's beautiful "Christmas Meditation," we find John Ayscough's New-Year essay, "Good-bye—and Welcome;" Father Wickham's fine address, "Catholicism and the Education of Women,"

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delivered at the College of Mount Saint Vincent at the opening of the scholastic year; Bishop McDevitt's paper on the criticism of public schools and Admiral Benson's defense of the parish schools. (The America Press. 5 cents each.)

The Catholic Truth Society (London. 2 *d.* each) presents a bouquet of spiritual biographies. To lives already more or less familiar, *St. Francis de Sales* (Anonymous) and *St. Anthony of Padua* (Father Devas, O.F.M.), are added the less well-known stories of *Venerable Paul Libermann* (Ethel Murray) and *Pauline Marie Jaricot* (Enid Dinnis), the former, a convert from Judaism and apostle to Darkest Africa; the latter, the foundress of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. Both are fascinating examples of the fashioning by Divine grace of characters varied and striking. In line with the work of Father Libermann and the Society of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, we have a very readable account of the Jesuit Mission on the Zambesi by Rev. Edward King, S.J., entitled *Black Robes and Black Skins.*

The Report of the Annual Meeting of the Franciscan Educational Conference contains, among other good things, valuable papers on the teaching and writing of history by such eminent Franciscans as Father Felix Kirsch and Father Zephyrin Engelhardt.

St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, tells the interesting *Story of Seventy-five Years* of influence.

For concrete evidence of the effects of the Sacraments on life and character, we commend our readers to *Intimate Experiences with Frequent Communion,* frank statements from the student body of Notre Dame University as to effects noted in themselves. (Notre Dame, Indiana: Eucharistic Press.)

In *Catholics and Education,* the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia has answered, in a clear, logical way, many of the criticisms and objections advanced against the attitude of Catholics towards education and the schools.

Two very useful calendars for 1923 have been received: the loose-leaf *Calendar of the Blessed Sacrament* (New York: The Sentinel Press. 50 cents), each date carrying an appropriate little word culled from the writings of the Saints, well calculated to foster devotion to the Holy Eucharist; and *The Catholic Art Calendar* (Chicago: The Extension Press. 40 cents), with its usual, attractive illustrations. The summary, on the back, of the principal facts about the ritual and practices of the Church, is a particularly helpful feature.

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Contemporary American Novelists, 1900–1920. By Carl Van Doren. $1.50. *The Church in America.* By Wm. A. Brown. $3.00. *The Reconstruction of Religion.* By Charles A. Ellwood. $2.25. *The Garden of the West.* By Louise Driscoll. $1.00. *Michael Field.* By Mary Sturgeon. $1.75.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN & CO., Boston:

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GEORGE H. DORAN CO., New York:

The Life of Antonio Fogazzaro. By Thomas Gallarati-Scotti. $4.00.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

The Legacy of Greece. By Gilbert Murray and Others. $2.50.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
Man and the Two Worlds. By Wm. F. Dix and Randall Salisbury. $1.50. *The Mind in the Making.* By James H. Robinson. $2.50.
B. W. HUEBSCH, INC., New York:
Autobiography of Countess Leo Tolstoy. Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Leonard Woolf. $1.50.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon. By Rev. J. A. Zahm. $5.00.
HARCOURT, BRACE & Co., New York:
Modern American Poetry. By Louis Untermeyer. $2.00. *American Poetry, 1922. A Miscellany.* $1.75.
DUFFIELD & Co., New York:
The House That Died. By Henry Bordeaux. $1.75.
P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
To the Dark Tower. By Mark S. Gross, S.J. $1.75. *Alcuin.* By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. $1.75. *Scouting for Secret Service.* By Bernard F. J. Dooley. $1.25. *The Mystery of Jesus.* By Dom S. Louismet. $2.00.
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Herald of Christ, Louis Bourdaloue, S.J. By John C. Reville, S.J. $1.75.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Yellow Butterflies. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. 75 cents. *Broken Barriers.* By Meredith Nicholson. $2.00. *Catherine de Médicis.* By Paul Van Dyke. 2 vols. $9.00.
BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
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THE HICKSONIA PUBLISHING Co., Stapleton, S. I.:
Kings Dethroned. By Gerrard Hickson. $3.50.
THE CATHOLIC EDUCATION PRESS, Washington, D. C.:
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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

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Entered as second class matter July 8, 1879, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 9, 1918.

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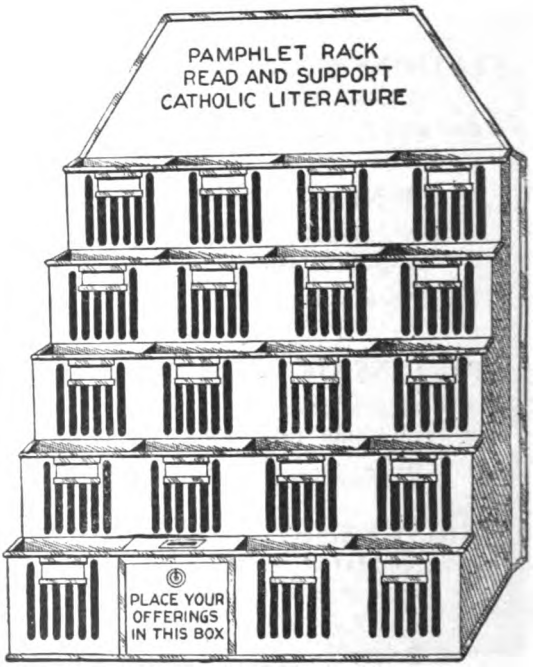
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PSYCHOANALYSIS.

BY CHARLES BRUEHL, PH.D.

WITHIN a remarkably short space of time, psychoanalysis has become a fashion and a cult with a numerous body of ardently devoted followers. It was proposed in the early nineties by Dr. Breuer and Dr. S. Freud, two prominent Vienna nerve specialists, as a new therapeutic method for the cure of hysteria and allied mental disorders, but it rapidly developed into a psychological system aiming at the explanation of all human activities, both normal and abnormal, and gained a vogue and a popularity rarely vouchsafed to scientific movements. This phenomenal rise of the new theory must be attributed to the fact that its fundamental tenets fall in with certain prevailing trends of modern thought, notably evolutionism, determinism, and anti-intellectualism, and that it affords a plausible and specious interpretation of the psychic life of man, an interpretation which, by its very superficiality and easy obviousness, is calculated to captivate the unthinking, and by its elaborate show of scientific thoroughness and profoundness is devised to catch the fancy and to impress the judgment of the multitude. What opposition there has arisen against psychoanalysis has come from the strictly professional circles of eminent neurologists, who not only belittle its merits

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as a method of treatment, but see in it a menace and a danger. Thus, Dr. George Matheson Cullen, an English physician of high standing, writing in the *Dublin Review* (April, 1921), declares: "That psychoanalysis is a real danger to society is my serious conviction."

The basic contention of the psychoanalysts is, that in the unconscious part of man's mind there exist forces, urges, and impulses, which are at cross-purposes with his conscious life, and which, though unknown and concealed, exercise a paramount influence on his conscious activities and determine his decisions, emotional attitudes, and external actions, though he is not at all aware of this fact, and continues to ascribe them to entirely different motives. According to Freud and his followers, this influence of the unconscious is so great that it eliminates free will as a determining factor and reduces the conscious life to a state of secondary importance. To have made this discovery, Freud regards as his chief merit, and it entitles him, in his estimation, to rank with Copernicus. One enthusiastic admirer speaks of the Freudian discovery in this exalted strain, almost verging on hysteria: "It would seem as though this new psychological knowledge and method will ultimately have to be reckoned along with the great epoch-making discoveries of the past—for instance, Newton's Theory of Gravitation, or the Darwinian Theory—and may go further than these in the extent of its application."

The psychoanalytical theory arose in this way. As a result of various observations, Dr. Freud came to the conclusion that mental disturbances and hysterical phenomena—such as uncontrollable laughing or weeping spells, unreasonable likes or dislikes, violent outbursts of passion without adequate motive, compulsory actions, muscular spasms, various dreads and fears (phobias), unaccountable forgettings of words, loss of speech, local paralysis, obsessions and manias of different kinds—had their origin in some forgotten emotional experience that completely eluded the present knowledge of the sufferer. This original emotional shock, in psychoanalysis, is known as trauma or soul-wound. With regard to it, the question naturally presented itself, how did it come about that this experience dropped completely out of consciousness, and why, in spite of that, did it continue to exert a disturbing influence in the psychic life of the individual? To explain

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this strange fact and to account for the startling manner by which an idea was converted into a disease, the Freudian hypothesis was put forth.

What had actually happened was this. In the past experience, mostly dating back to the days of childhood, the memory of the occasion that caused the emotional tension, had been dissociated from the accompanying feeling and had slipped into oblivion, while the affective state still persisted and became the source of actions for which no reason could be assigned. This dissociation of idea and corresponding affective concomitant produced the morbid condition which tormented the unfortunate patient. The idea, however, had been purposely ejected from consciousness on account of its unpleasant, revolting, and immoral nature. No morbid symptoms would have resulted, had the occasion been deliberately faced and overcome by reasoning or proper emotional reaction. But mere automatic repression leads to psychic troubles.

A cure can be effected if the submerged idea or memory (complex) is again brought to light and deprived of its sinister influence, which it can exert only as long as it is not properly adjusted to the rest of the mental life. As soon as the split-off and isolated complex is broken up and reintegrated, psychic harmony is restored, and the mind again functions normally and without interference. The disturbances caused by a buried complex may, by way of illustration, be likened to the aberrations of a star from its regular orbit because of the presence of some other heavenly body, the existence of which is so far unknown to the astronomer, who, in consequence, is puzzled by these seeming deviations from the law of gravitation. It is in this way that the concealed complex reaches out from the dark and interferes with the normal working of conscious life.

The cure might seem easy; but there are various difficulties to be reckoned with, which block the way to recovery and frustrate the efforts of the physician. The guilty complex is unknown to the patient, and its unearthing is a laborious task requiring great skill and infinite patience. For the complex resists discovery, and the patient actually abets its evasions, since he secretly clings to his morbid symptoms, which afford him emotional relief and procure him some mysterious grat-

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ification. This is an exhibition of that double self which accounts for the many striking inconsistencies of man. Of this opposition, Dr. Brill complains when he writes: "The time required to cure a patient is directly proportional to the degree in which he is morbidly benefited by his neurosis. The patient dreads the disclosure, and offers opposition rather than assistance." Consequently, a complicated technique had to be elaborated in order to trick the offending complex, by subtle and devious means, into self-betrayal. One of these devices is the word-reaction method, in which the patient is tested by his responses to a list of carefully selected stimuli-words. Besides, the whole life of the patient is subjected to a minute and rigorous scrutiny; his idiosyncracies, little mannerisms, slips of speech, embarrassments, and unaccountable likes and dislikes are made the subject of detailed study, for they all are, in some way, leakings from the unconscious, and may, therefore, assist in the discovery of the hidden complex. A slip of the tongue, consisting in the substitution of one word for another, may prove highly suggestive, for all such little mistakes are purposeful, that is, directed by unconscious tendencies. A name is forgotten on purpose, because it is connected with an unpleasant situation. Through such and other errors, the unconscious reveals itself.

The chief means, however, to get at the stored contents of the unconscious is the dream. The dream is the *via regia* to the unconscious. Through it, we obtain glimpses of things which at all other times are carefully screened from view. Dream interpretation, accordingly, plays an important part in psychoanalysis. Every dream is the fulfillment of a suppressed wish, still lurking in the unconscious, but, by reason of its unconventional or immoral character, not daring to manifest itself in its real form. Even in the dream, the evil tendencies, relegated to the region of the unconscious, appear in some disguise, or they would not at all be tolerated in consciousness. Hence arises a very intricate dream symbolism which must be deciphered, if the real meaning of the dream is to be disclosed. Freud holds that dreams never deal with trivial matters, but always with vital concerns of the individual. They revert, with special preference, to childhood, when the instincts and passions are still uncurbed, and revive experiences of a great emotional and passional tension. No

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better key to the locked secrets of the unconscious exists than correct interpretation of the symbolic events through which the dream takes us. The dream is a great revealer of character, and mercilessly exposes the hidden and real self; because in it man tastes surreptitiously, and in a symbolic form, of the forbidden fruit which, in his waking hours, he denies himself.

In the course of the treatment, a stage occurs when the emotional component of the complex is transferred to the person of the analyst. By this transference, the surcharge of emotional energy, which lay at the root of the trouble, is worked off (abreacted), the mind is purged of the distorted affections, and psychic equilibrium is regained. This process of cleansing the soul of the psychic poison, by which it had become infected, is called the cathartic method.

The cure cannot be regarded as complete and final until the emotional energy, liberated by the destruction of the complex, is directed to some beneficial end and turned into useful channels. In this process, which is designated as sublimation, the psychoanalytical treatment culminates. A dangerous urge, a misdirected passion, a destructive tendency may be, through sublimation—which does not suppress, but utilizes the existing emotional forces—not only rendered harmless, but converted into a potency for good and harnessed to the noblest and sublimest aims. This is excellent pedagogy, but it cannot be claimed by the psychoanalysts as an original discovery of their own. It is, in fact, an axiom recognized by all educators, who unanimously regard mere repression as baneful and extremely dangerous.

Psychoanalysis, as a special therapeutic method, is built upon a new conception of psychology, which gives a fuller perspective and larger background to its peculiar postulates. These more comprehensive aspects and more basic implications of psychoanalysis we cannot ignore, and it is on their account particularly that we have a serious quarrel with the new theory.

The mind, according to the view of the psychoanalysts, is divided into two main sections: the conscious and the unconscious. The conscious needs no further explanation. It embraces all of which we are aware at any given moment, the thoughts, memories, feelings, and acts that come within the

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focus of our attention or that may, without any difficulty, be brought within the field of our vision. The conscious mind, in the normal man, seeks to adapt itself to the realities of life and the exigencies of society. It is controlled by ethical principles, universally accepted standards of behavior, and due regard for the opinion of our fellow men.

Below the narrow field of the conscious, and all around it, lies the much wider realm of the unconscious, the terrific dynamic energy of which is supplied by the vital urge that incessantly impels all animate creation. Freud frankly identifies this basic life impulse with the sex urge (libido), and all psychoanalysts put upon it a more or less sexual construction, whence the predominantly erotic tone of psychoanalytic literature, which is so offensive to the normal reader.

In the region of the unconscious dwell the primitive instincts that dominated the cave man, but which civilization has outlawed, and which now growl and sulk in their cavernous depths, tearing at the chains with which they have been shackled. Here, also, are herded together brutal tendencies that would make the individual blush if their existence were known, untamed and fierce impulses that would wreck society if left to go unchecked, vile and shameless cravings which the conscious mind disowns, and, in a word, everything that is too ugly and loathsome to show itself in the light of consciousness. The unconscious is a terrible prison that holds the things which are incompatible with culture and civilization; it is a room of awful mysteries, too horrible to be faced; but it is also a storehouse of enormous energy, since the things that are kept there are not dead, but alive with a fearful vitality that constantly tries to break forth and overflow into the conscious. The forces gathered in this dark region acknowledge no law; they only obey selfish impulses; they seek gratification at any cost; they are essentially egotistical and antisocial. Into this chamber of horrors also such individual desires and wishes are shoved as are at variance with the individual's cultural and moral level. There they become allied with some basal urge and form the emotional cluster that is known as the complex. If the repression of the latter is not successful, it breaks through all barriers and leads either to criminal conduct or to abnormal psychic phenomena. The complex which, according to Freud, works the greatest havoc

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and is of the most frequent occurrence, is of such vile nature that the mere mention of it would stain the pages of a decent periodical and make it unfit for the eyes of the pure-minded.

On account of the turbulent and violent character of the inhabitants of this frightful den that is situated right below the threshold of the conscious, a vigilant guard is required to prevent them from gaining access to consciousness and finding an outlet in actions. This inhibitive agency, which represents the self-protective urge and the restraining force of society, is called the censor. In the normal man, the censor fulfills his functions well, and forestalls any escape from the motley crew over which he presides. Some men, however, are not equal to the continual strain which society puts on them; their resistance weakens, and the dark powers of the abyss manage to get away from the control of the censor. In this deplorable case, they begin to interfere with the conscious activity of the unfortunate individual, and either make him a criminal or a neurotic. A neurosis, in this view, is a kind of substitute for criminal behavior. Both conditions are deviations from normal health. Thus Dr. Brill: "There is no doubt that civilization, with its manifold inhibitions, impositions, and prohibitions, makes it indeed very difficult for us to live. There is not a human being who does not feel the burden of civilization lie heavy on his shoulders; and though we all bear the cross as patiently as we know how, who of us in his heart of hearts does not find himself sometimes discontented and complaining? That is the price we have to pay for civilization. Sometimes the injustice heaped upon a predisposed individual is so great and overwhelming, that, as his deeper sense of morality stays his rash hand from some criminal act, he becomes neurotic; and sometimes he goes even further, he becomes psychotic. That is the way he tries to purge his bosom of all perilous stuff."

During sleep, the vigilance of the censor becomes somewhat relaxed, and the loathsome monsters of the deep come forth to disport themselves in the open and to enjoy their temporary freedom. Not, however, in their real hideous identity, but cleverly masquerading under some less offensive symbol; for otherwise they could not get by the watchfulness of the censor. Moreover, the dream has the function to protect sleep: it could not allow the banished wishes and cravings

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to assume their real form, since that would immediately startle the sleeper into wakefulness and rob him of his needed rest. The dream, for the benefit of the imprisoned urges, enacts little dramas of jealousy, envy, hatred, and other vile passions, in which the repressed wishes find a vicarious gratification without shocking the moral sense of the dreamer. In the dream, the well-concealed antipathies crop out, and the secretly nursed criminal desires come to the foreground of the stage. When stripped of the symbolical disguise, the dream lays bare the stark nakedness of the soul and unveils all the little hypocrisies of the mind.

The repression exercised by the censor must not be confounded with deliberate self-control. From that it is separated by an impassable gulf. The psychoanalytic censorship is an unconscious activity, an instinctive control exercised by the social and self-protective urges over the antisocial and pleasure-seeking urges.

The idea of the censor is almost humorous. That a sober scientist should have invented such a thing is truly incredible. The censor and the office assigned to him by the psychoanalysts does not belong to the domain of science; his place is in a fairy tale or story for the nursery. There is no warrant to assume the existence of such an entity, with its utterly impossible functions. The idea of the censor, with the absurdities and crudities which it involves, is enough to discredit the whole psychoanalytical theory. Dr. Cullen is right when he says: "Over the censor, we need waste no words; for the idea so utterly transcends all common sense that any attempt to criticize it would be an insult to the intelligence."

Many other assumptions upon which the new theory rests are equally gratuitous and unwarranted; for example, the hypothesis of the unconscious, which is supposed to explain the possibility of mental conflicts and psychic disturbances. To account for these, it is not necessary to hark back to an alleged legacy of primitive instincts transmitted to us from ancestors living in savagery; all these phenomena can be understood on the basis of the old theory of man, which admits in him the existence of a double law, that may give ample occasion for the most torturing mental conflicts and for the most humiliating psychoses. The animal side of man and the taint of original sin, on the other hand, offer fearful

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possibilities of degradation and degeneration, which make the appeal to the unconscious, in which slimy monsters of iniquity are precariously held in leash, utterly unnecessary. The theory of dream symbolism has not a leg to stand on. It would imply that the suppressed instincts possess a veritable genius for the invention of appropriate imagery, and that they are endowed with a resourcefulness and a plastic power which would be the admiration and envy of every artist. It stands condemned by its fanciful and artificial character.

As a therapeutic method, psychoanalysis has not yet proved its claims to superiority over other methods. Of course, it has effected some cures, but these most likely are not due at all to that which is distinctive of psychoanalysis, but rather to a candid disclosing of the patient's troubles, elicited by the sympathetic interest of the physician, to a general re-education and reorientation of the mental life, and, especially, to a deliberate and patient training of the will. At all events, it may be laid down as a law that there can be no permanent recovery from nervous disease except through will-training, a matter which the psychoanalyst sadly neglects.

Morally, there seems to be no objection to the psychoanalytic treatment if it is surrounded by appropriate safeguards and if it does not cater unnecessarily to sex curiosity. It is difficult, however, to see how erotic inquisitiveness can be avoided, since the psychoanalyst is stubbornly convinced that every neurosis has its origin in a maladjustment of sex life, and insists on prying into the most remote memories and the most recondite secrets of the heart. In this respect, he is far more exacting than the most rigorous confessor, who would shrink from asking the questions which the psychoanalyst unblushingly puts to the patient, and to which inexorably he demands an unevasive answer. It goes without saying that a treatment fraught with so much danger should be applied only by an experienced and reputable physician. But even at the best, the promise of success is slight, if we believe the words of Dr. Peterson, who writes in the *Journal of the American Medical Association:* "I doubt if any persons have been benefited by this treatment. It requires months or years of work over each case, and it is very expensive. I have, on the other hand, seen very bad results from the psychoanalysis of young men and women, permanent insanity, and even suicide."

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The use of psychoanalysis as a pastime deserves the severest strictures, and must be condemned as immoral, because it fosters morbid self-introspection, creates sex obsessions, and induces a passivity that renders one unfit for the tasks of life. The mind is a delicate and nicely balanced mechanism; if tampered with, it takes bitter revenge. Psychoanalysis is not meant to be a toy; and if handled by the inexperienced, it will cause precisely those ills which it was devised to cure.

Against the use of psychoanalysis in education, we must utter a solemn warning. It is bound to affect unfavorably the mentality of the child, by raising questions and making suggestions which would filter down into the mind of the unhappy victim, and become the seeds of morbidness and perversity. Psychoanalysis is too coarse an instrument and too blunt a tool to be applied to the innocent soul of happy childhood. Even Dr. R. H. Hingley, in many respects an admirer of the new theory, frowns on its application to pedagogics. "We do not believe it desirable, necessary, or possible," he writes, "to apply the full technique of this method to the task of educating the ordinary child. We must remember that rapid as the growth of this study has been, it is still in its infancy, and it would be nothing less than a blunder and a crime to allow our children to be the victims of some enthusiast with a smattering of what is recognized as a most difficult and complicated branch of knowledge."

At present, there is no prospect that psychoanalysis will revolutionize education or that it will remake all our accepted pedagogical ideas. We do not deny that psychoanalysis has made some valuable contributions to pedagogical theory. These do not consist in new ideas, but in having called attention to the dangers of mere external repression and in emphasizing the necessity of diverting the energies of the child from evil purposes to inspiring and ennobling ends. Education must be positive, not merely negative; it must direct, utilize, and exploit the dispositions and native tendencies of the child rather than repress them. But this is, in reality, a pedagogical commonplace.

To deny the merits of psychoanalytic research along some lines, would be unfair and puerile; so much human industry and fervor as have gone into this movement, even if ill directed, cannot but have some beneficial results. It is true,

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then, that psychoanalysis has increased our experimental knowledge of certain mental processes; it is also true that it has laid the foundations of a scientific sex psychology, such as is needed by the criminologist and the neurologist. It has opened new outlooks on the pathology of the human mind and has shown us the ravages of disease. As a science of the diseased and the disordered mind, we are willing to acknowledge its merits, though even these have been grossly exaggerated by its exponents. But when it goes beyond this sphere and pretends to speak with authority on the normal and healthy human mind; when it applies the distorted views of a deranged mind and the lascivious symbolism of an erotic patient to the interpretation of religion, morality, and art; when it effaces the landmarks between health and disease, and judges the normal by the abnormal; then we are compelled to repudiate its claims and to rebuke its intolerable arrogance, that contrasts so vividly with the habitual modesty, diffidence, and reserve characteristic of the genuine scientist.

The popularity, undeservedly enjoyed by psychoanalysis, is largely owing to the blatant advertising of its champions and the prurient appeal of its literature, in which the pornographic taint is but too apparent. There is no earthly excuse for the threshing out of sexual perversions, with all their minute and nauseating details, in books that are intended for popular consumption. It would be impossible to find a book of this kind that could be safely introduced into a decent Christian home.

Psychoanalysis cannot be hailed as a new psychology. Its conception of mental life is too mechanical. Its personification of the urges and emotions is suited only to the intellectual level of childhood. It destroys the unity of human personality and makes the continuity of consciousness inexplicable. In this fanciful system, the soul is not the chief actor in psychic happenings, but merely the battle ground that furnishes the scene for the interplay of unconscious forces, the mind looking helplessly upon the raging struggle. For free will there is no room in this psychology. Only one power rules the universe, and that is the unconscious.

The creed of the psychoanalyst may be summed up in five words: the omnipotence of the unconscious. Men are not

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responsible agents, who control their own actions or think their own thoughts. Their thoughts well up from the depths of the unconscious and stream into consciousness. They themselves are only marionettes, moved from behind the scene, where the unconscious holds absolute sway. Freedom of action is a delusion; responsibility, a myth. Behind everything is the irresistible urge. The word *sin* has no meaning for the psychoanalyst. Crime is a disease. The only values that remain in this strange world of the psychoanalyst are health and disease. With all desirable candor, Dr. André Tridon states the case: "Man's duty in the future shall be represented by one word: Health." Criminals, artists, heroes, all are bunched together. Quite bluntly, Dr. D. W. Stekel writes: "Lessing thought that the quickest thing in the world is the passing of good from evil, because good and evil are precisely identical; because the ethical motives build themselves over the criminal motives, and from the murderer to the surgeon there runs a continuous line of development. In fact, the surgeon is only the murderer, who has fitted himself to the demands of civilization, and has sublimated his asocial impulses to higher forms. All neurotics are people of strong impulses. They are, in my view, throwbacks like the criminal and the artist."

Under such circumstances, we cannot regard the psychoanalyst as a safe and trustworthy moral guide. Neither would we place much confidence in him as a vocational adviser, though he makes high claims in that respect. But when he usurps the office of a physician of the soul, it is difficult to remain calm and patient in the face of a presumption that grates painfully on the mind of the Catholic, who looks upon the priest as exclusively entitled, by historical and divine right, to that exalted dignity and difficult office.

But be this as it may, psychoanalytic investigation has brought home to us the protective and curative value of the Catholic practices of asceticism and confession. Asceticism, by banishing evil thoughts, anticipates the formation of hidden complexes and thus safeguards against mental disturbances. Confession has a wonderful power to keep the mind clean and free from perilous stuff that might lead to morbid psychic conditions. What is good and beneficial in psychoanalysis can be found in Catholic asceticism in a much purer form and

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without the pseudo-scientific terminology which the psychoanalyst so complacently affects.

The philosophy implied in psychoanalysis is destructive of everything that mankind holds sacred. By its vile theory of sublimation, it reduces the loftiest religious ideas to sex symbols. God is the transfiguration of the father-image without any objective reality behind it. Other religious concepts are reinterpretated in even grosser and more blasphemous fashion. Into this morass, where a foul and diseased imagination may find itself at home, we cannot follow the ravings and vagaries of psychoanalysis. But, verily, psychoanalytic world interpretation falls as a blight upon all human ideals. It kills beauty and takes the glamour out of life, leaving it a broken and wilted flower. With irreverent hands, it breaks every altar and empties every shrine at which humanity is wont to worship with bowed head and bent knee. Nothing truly great and inspiring remains in the world; for everything flows from the same foul source of brutal instinct, that energizes in virtue as well as in vice. In the distorting light of psychoanalytic world philosophy, we see grinning at us, wherever we turn, the death's head of sexuality and the grotesque gargoyles of animal urges and sordid passions. If such a philosophy, which glorifies the lowest tendencies and drags the finest products of the mind into the slime, became universally accepted, life would lose its value, the world its charm, religion its dignity, morality its majesty, and art its fascination.

We turn away from this nightmare of ugliness to breathe the fresh and bracing air of Christian philosophy, that makes the heavens glow with beauty and the earth reflect the splendors of the sky; that warms the soul with holy enthusiasm and kindles the imagination with the fires of inspiration and visions of Divine glory.

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WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD.

By G. K. Chesterton.

IV. The History of a Half-Truth.



N fundamentals, the Church rejoices in being unchangeable; but she is sometimes charged with being too stiff and stationary, even in those externals that are the legitimate sphere of change. And in one sense, I think this is, indeed, true; if we mean by the Church its mortal machinery. The Church cannot change quite so fast as the charges against her do. She is sometimes caught napping and still disproving what was said about her on Monday, to the neglect of the completely contrary thing that is said about her on Tuesday. She does sometimes live pathetically in the past, to the extent of innocently supposing that the modern thinker may think to-day what he thought yesterday. Modern thought does outstrip her, in the sense that it disappears, of itself, before she has done disproving it. She is slow and belated, in the sense that she studies a heresy more seriously than the heresiarch does.

Most of us could point out examples of this error, if it be an error, so far as the external controversial machinery of Catholicism is concerned. There are Catholics who are still answering Calvinists, though there are no Calvinists to answer. There are admirable apologists assuming that the average Englishman blames the Church for distrusting the Bible; though nowadays he is much more likely to blame her for trusting it. There are those who have to apologize, in the Greek if not in the English sense, for the exalted place which our theology gives to a woman; as if our fashionable feminists still held the views of John Knox about the monstrous regiment of women. There are even some who excuse the ancient Christian hierarchy for using ritual, when all the Baptists in Balham have already become ritualists. In short, in this merely conventional and external sense, we can agree that the Catholic has been too much of a conservative. Cathol-

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icism, in the sense of most ordinary Catholics, did deserve the charge which so many Protestants brought against it. Catholicism was ignorant; it did not even know that Protestantism was dead.

But, though this fluctuation marks all the modern movements, the case is not quite the same if we turn from movements to men; and, assuredly, the Church is much more interested in the men than she is in the movements. The meanest man is immortal, and the mightiest movement is temporal, not to say temporary. But even in a secular sense, and on this social plane, there is a difference of some importance. Heresy follows heresy very rapidly in the course of a century, but not so rapidly in the life of one heretic, still less of one heresiarch; unless he is an utterly irresponsible fool. And a great heresiarch is seldom so great a fool as that. The great heresiarch generally sticks to his great heresy, even if his own son generally abandons it. The new heaven and the new earth are generally new enough to last for a lifetime. The Cosmos will not collapse for about twenty or thirty years. At any rate, the man who manufactured the Cosmos will not admit that it has collapsed. In short, while the faddist philosophy is amazingly fickle if we take history as a whole, the individual faddists are not fickle, but fixed. They have thrown away their lives on one theory, we might say on one thought. The faddist is faithful to his fad; he was the first to hold it, and he will probably be the last.

And with this, I reach a passage in my argument in which I cannot avoid a certain egotism. There is one most dismal and deplorable phrase current in the press, a phrase which probably meant something when it began among the Nonconformists; but it has lingered, and even luxuriantly multiplied, among those Nonconformists who cannot conform even to a Nonconformist religion. I mean the heart-rending habit of saying that this or that writer or speaker has "a message." Of course, it is only a case of using conventional phrases without noticing their content, and turning all sentences into strings of dead words. For that seems to be the chief result of compulsory education and unlimited printing. Huxley has a message; Haeckel has a message; Bernard Shaw has a message. It is only necessary to ask the logical question, "From whom?" to raise a thousand things that the writers have

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never thought of. And it is typical of the confusion, that the same person who says that Haeckel has a message probably goes on to say that he is an entirely original thinker. It may be doubted, in any case, whether the professor desires to be regarded as a messenger boy. But, anyhow, we, none of us, desire a messenger boy who originates his own message. It is true that Professor Haeckel might transform messages according to his own fancy, since he makes up embryological diagrams exactly as he chooses. But, normally, a man with a message is merely a messenger; and the term as applied to a religious or moral teacher must be a very extreme and even extraordinary assertion of his direct inspiration by God. To say that an ordinary modern moralist has a message is a confusion of thought. To say that an atheist has a message is a contradiction in terms.

The admirers of such a man are more serious when they say that he is original. And yet, it is true to say that the one thing that these original men never have, is originality. That is, they hardly ever begin with the origin, or even attempt to be an origin themselves. These revolutionists are always reactionaries, in the literal sense that they are always in a reaction against something else. Thus, Tolstoy was reacting against modern militarism and imperialism; Bernard Shaw was reacting against modern capitalism and conventionalism. In a world of really peaceful peasants, Tolstoy's occupation would be gone. In a world of Bolshevism and bobbed hair, Bernard Shaw has really nothing to say, except that his own movement has gone much further than he wished it to. But neither can be truly original in the sense of beginning at the beginning, like a man who has to make a world. It is, therefore, not easy to find a proper phrase for this sort of intellectual individualism; and the phrases current are very clumsy, whether the people who use them talk of messages or of originality, or soar into the sublime and starry nonsense of talking about an original message. But it may be a more modest and exact attempt to suggest—what such people really mean to say—that these intellectual leaders have something to say. They have necessary and neglected truths that want explaining, and they themselves happen to be very well fitted to explain them.

And apologizing once more for a personal note necessary

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to the impersonal argument, it is true that there was a time when I was in danger of this sort of individual distinction. There was a time when some people suffered from the delusion that I had a message. I do not know if any went the atrocious length of calling it an original message. But I do not think I am merely misled by vanity, when I say that I do think I might have managed to launch one of those things that are called messages, one of those great modern messages from nobody to everybody, which are only delivered to about one person in ten million. It is possible that I might have found a sort of self-expression in a sort of small intellectual sect, of those who were willing to think, for about ten years, that I was maintaining a new or a neglected truth. In other words, the very little I thought I had to say, was at one time in some real danger of becoming a complete philosophy. I can only explain my escape from such a disaster by the mercy of God; and it is true that even in those days, there was something in my mind, as there is in every man's, telling me that what I wanted was not new truth or neglected truth, but truth. And to have turned my one truth into a system, in the manner of the modern pioneers, would have been nothing more or less than giving my one truth the chance to turn into a falsehood. The moment it had become a complete philosophy, it would have revealed itself as an incomplete philosophy.

I am here taking my own case only because I know it best; but I think the story may have a moral for many who fear that the Catholic religion is likely to destroy individual ideas, because it is able to digest them.

When I first read the *Penny Catechism*, my mind was arrested by an expression which seemed exactly to sum up and define, in a higher context and on a higher plane, something that I had been trying to realize and express through all my struggles with the sects and schools of my youth. It was the statement that the two sins against hope are presumption and despair. It referred, of course, to the highest of all hopes, and therefore the deepest of all despairs; but we all know that these shining mysteries have shadows on the earth below. And what is true of the most mystical hope, is exactly true of the most ordinary human cheerfulness and courage. The heresies that have attacked human happiness in my time, have all been variations either of presumption or of despair;

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which, in the controversies of modern culture, are called optimism and pessimism. And if I wanted to write an autobiography in a sentence (and I hope I shall never write a longer one), I should say that my literary life has lasted from a time when men were losing happiness in despair, to a time when they are losing it by presumption. I began to think for myself about the time when all thinking was supposed to lead to despair, or to what was called pessimism. Like the other individuals I have mentioned, I was merely a reactionary, because my thought was merely a reaction; but it was a reaction which, in those days, I might have been contented to call optimism. I ask the reader's indulgence, if I explain next how I came to call it by a more intelligent name.

ALICE MEYNELL.

By Armel O'Connor.

A shining star she was—
Transparent, delicate,
Not crystal-cold, because
Passionate.

I watched her in her sky
Singing and giving light,
And thought not she would fly
Out of sight.

Great yearning's heart she seemed—
And young—stars are not old.
I think the dreams she dreamed
Were pure gold.

She was a lovely star
That sang a whole life's way—
Her heavenly way, and far,
To her Day.

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THE EDUCATED CLASSES AND BOGUS RELIGIONS.

By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.

THE tendency of mankind to follow after new religions is so marked, that any manifestation of this sort, even to the degree of absurdity, should arouse no astonishment in one who is at all acquainted with religious history. It affects not only the ignorant, but the educated as well.

Those who think it quite impossible for the better-to-do classes, educated people, college graduates, those who talk grammatically and are supposed to represent the flower of our civilization, to be led into accepting absurdities, especially in matters of religion, are not familiar with the vagaries of human nature. Particularly in religion, men are very prone, and women even more so, to follow after fantastic notions of all kinds, and to affiliate themselves with supposed seers and prophets, whose teachings are quite nonsensical, and whose cults, after a generation or two, disappear, almost without leaving a trace. It is, above all, the better-to-do classes that are thus led into all sorts of insensate beliefs. Wealth and nobility, particularly, have in themselves no antidotal value against the tendencies of the human mind to wander into extremes of credulity, under the influence of certain kinds of appeal.

If cures are associated with the new religious cult, it is comparatively easy to gain a large number of adherents. Whenever there is promise of cure, most men put off reasoning, and just persuade themselves by what they hear, or by what they think they experience. Men have been cured, by all sorts of nonsensical remedies, of serious affections, which have sometimes lasted for years, and which have failed of cure at the hands of regular physicians. Thousands of cures were made by magnets; yet a magnet has no influence at all on human tissues. Other thousands of cures were made by little Leyden jars, mere toys we should deem them, that were carried around Europe, giving people slight electric shocks, but curing them of pains and aches and muscular disabilities,

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of headaches, pains in the stomach, of all kinds of vague abdominal discomforts, until at last the movement wore itself out. Hypnotism cured a vast number of people of all sorts of things twenty-five years ago, or a little more, but now we know that hypnotism is only induced hysteria. People who were suffering from various affections, or who certainly had various complaints, were thrown into hysteria by suggestion, and then they proceeded to get better. It would remind one of the old doctor who said: "I don't know what's the matter with him, but I am giving him something that will give him fits; I am great on fits."

Dowie cured people; Schlatter cured people; the Earl of Sandwich cured a lot of people just by touching them; the so-called Bethshan homes cured many persons a generation ago just by declaring that disease was due to sin, and when you put off the state of sin, then you got better. Christian Science cures people "by making the disease appear to be—what it really is—an illusion." At the present time, Coué is curing people; or, rather, he refuses to admit that he is curing them, but he is teaching them how to get better and, lo and behold, they are getting better. Many thousands of people went to his clinic at Nancy last year, and ninety-seven per cent. of them were bettered by him. All that he does for them is to have them say: "Every day in every way I am getting better and better." That, after all, is just about the same as saying: "I can't have anything the matter with me, because illness is an error of mortal mind and has no real existence, and, therefore, I must get better."

Anyone who wants to understand, or rather to study, the mystery of religious psychology, and the tendency of intelligent and educated people to follow after the most absurd novelties in religion, should learn something about the career of Johanna Southcott.

This woman probably had as great a following in England at the beginning of the nineteenth century as Mrs. Eddy had at the beginning of the twentieth century in America. Literally, several hundreds of thousands of people were attracted by her doctrines and, above all, by her prophecies, and became her devoted followers. Most of them who joined her new religion were ever so much better educated than she was herself, and it was from the middle classes, particularly in the

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cities, and especially in London itself, that she drew her following.

In her younger years, she had been a domestic servant, and had managed to pick up a smattering of education. Under the persuasion that she was divinely inspired, she withdrew from the Methodist connection, of which she had been an adherent, and began to dictate prophecies in rhyme. Of course, she worked "miracles" of healing. The easiest thing in the world is to make "cures," particularly cures of the pains and aches, the muscular disabilities, the lamenesses, and the like, of mankind. Hence, her following. After a time, those that were cured were ready to accept as gospel truth everything she said. A wealthy woman left large sums of money for the printing of what she called the "Sacred Writings of Johanna Southcott," perfectly convinced that, in this way, she was accomplishing a great, good work for God and mankind.

Poor Johanna, very naturally reacting to this almost deification of her, became more and more assured of her intimate relations with the Almighty. She announced herself as the woman spoken of in the Apocalypse (chapter xii.) as "clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet; and on her head a crown of twelve stars." She thought she was destined to accomplish that prophecy of the delivery of the Saviour of men, the "man child who was to rule all nations with an iron rod." She affirmed, though she was already beyond the age of sixty, that she would be delivered of Shiloh on October 19, 1814. Shiloh failed to appear, and it was given out that Johanna was in a trance. This was, of course, a coma due to her nephritic condition. She died of dropsy on the twenty-ninth of the same month. In the meantime, her followers, all over England, had been in a high state of excitement and expectation. The disappointment of the coming of the announced Shiloh did not break up her following, however; they found some excuse by which they compounded for the failure of the prophecy. And there are still followers of poor Johanna to be found in England, or there were twenty-five years ago.

With these details before one, it is easy to understand Macaulay's comment on her career. It is to be found in his Essay on "Von Ranke's History of the Popes," which appeared

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in the *Edinburgh Review* (October, 1840), just a generation after the death of Johanna, but which was based on Macaulay's own personal recollections, as a boy, of the excitement with regard to her, and on his intimate relations with many people who had known her. He said:

> We have seen an old woman, with no talents beyond the cunning of a fortune teller, and with the education of a scullion, exalted into a prophetess, and surrounded by tens of thousands of devoted followers, many of whom were, in station and knowledge, immeasurably her superiors; and all this in the nineteenth century; and all this in London. Yet, why not? For of the dealings of God with man no more has been revealed to the nineteenth century than to the first, or to London than to the wildest parish in the Hebrides. It is true that, in those things which concern this life and this world, man constantly becomes wiser and wiser. But it is no less true that, as respects a higher power and a future state, man, in the language of Goethe's scoffing fiend,
>
> *bleibt stets von gleichem Schlag,*
> *Und ist so wunderlich als wie am ersten Tag.*[1]

About the middle of the century, here in America, we had Andrew Jackson Davis, the Seer of Poughkeepsie, who boasted that he had never gone to school, and that he had never read a book, yet who secured an immense following. One of his books, *The Harmonial Philosophy,* went through several score editions, and that at a time when books did not sell at all so freely as they do at present, so that probably he must be considered to have written the "best seller" of his time. It was mainly devotees who swelled the number of possessors and readers of this book, for books were expensive and people did not buy them for fun.

It is easy to understand that Andrew Jackson Davis had many imitators. Such curious movements spread by a sort of psychic contagion. Then, besides, there was money in it for the leader of the cult, and especially for those near him. A good deal of prestige in a community might be gained by a designing individual who was close to the divinely inspired one. Under the circumstances, it is not hard to understand

[1] ". . . remains always at the same point, and is as prone to wonder as on the first day of existence."

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that some shrewd persons fostered the development of these founders of new religions, and often made some curious visionary the center of an interest that he might otherwise have failed to obtain. After all, their place in relation to the new religion-makers was not unlike that of the publicity agents of all sorts of celebrities in our own day.

William Dean Howells, in *The Leatherwood God*, told the story of one of these religion-founders who came into prominence in southern Ohio, not long after Andrew Jackson Davis's exploit brought him prestige and followers in the East. There were others of them not far away, along the Ohio River. Ohio, the mother of Presidents, seems rather given to following after these curious prophets and seers and false gods of one kind or another and to favoring extremes in religion. At the present time, Southeastern Ohio is, we are told, filled with "Holy Rollers" and other curious emotional religions, in which people, during the course of the religious services, get a chance to express their religious feelings by bodily activities of various kinds. The National Federation of Churches has told the story of the gradual replacement, in the country districts of this part of Ohio, of the old Evangelical sects by these newfangled jumping and rolling Methodists. And yet Ohio rather prides herself on her standards of education, her school system, and the general level of culture of her people. All these accomplish nothing to hinder this tendency of the people to adopt curious religious faiths of any and every kind.

At the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, we had, in this country, another "prophet" in the person of Alexander Dowie, who secured a great following, mainly from the class that had made some money and were now ready to spend it in following out their bent. Many thousands of them were willing to surrender all that they possessed into Dowie's care, and to go and live with him at Zion City, in preparation for the time when, as they seem to have thought, they would be rapt up with him into heaven, as Dowie declared he had been at his first incarnation, when he was the prophet Elijah.

All three of these makers of new religions secured the confidence and allegiance of their followers by the cures which they made. There were devoted followers of Andrew

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Jackson Davis who were quite sure that he could cure absolutely any disease that human flesh might be heir to, and that it was only a question of securing his help to be able to put off any ill, and thus to prolong life. As for Alexander Dowie, in our own generation and in our large cities—not in the country places where the people are more ignorant and supposed to be more superstitious—Dowie made an immense number of converts, whose conviction of the truth of his teaching came to them mainly because they witnessed the cures which he had made. In fact, a great many of these converts had themselves been cured of what they considered to be long-standing, serious ills. Dowie himself claimed that he had touched and healed some 200,000 people. Due allowance being made for some pious exaggeration in this claim, there is no doubt at all that many, many thousands of people thought they had been benefited by the divine power which had been conferred upon Dowie, and which gave him the right to make a new religion.

I doubt whether I can emphasize enough the fact that these followers of seers and prophets who proclaimed a new religion, were not the ignorant masses and, above all, were not the people for whom life held so little, as to turn them to anything that offered them a touch with another world than this. On the contrary, the great majority of them had had the benefit of our public school system; not a few of them had gone into higher schools; and some of them, at least, were looked up to as being far above the average of mankind, not only in intelligence, but in the stores of knowledge which they had secured. And, what is more, the great majority of the people who became followers of these prophets and seers, and joined the new religion, were quite sincere in their acceptance of the new doctrines. It is true, a few of them had, for material reasons, and especially for pecuniary advantages, put themselves in a position where, to say the least, they were rather readily swayed by their own self-interest toward the novel doctrines; but no such thing can be said of much more than ninety-nine out of every hundred of them. They were simply earnest seekers, faithfully engaged in the great quest after the solution of the mystery of life, and thought they had found it in the teachings of a person whom they had come to regard as divinely inspired and whom they followed devoutly.

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In view of all this, no great surprise should be felt at the rapid and wide diffusion, in the present day, of Christian Science, with its absurd doctrines and "miraculous" cures. Mrs. Eddy, its founder, resembles, in many ways, her precursor of a century ago, Johanna Southcott, whose voluminous writings have been described as "all equally incoherent in thought and grammar," and whose followers were about as numerous as the adherents of Christian Science.

There are said to be, at the present time, nearly half a million of members of the Christian Science Church. At the time of Mrs. Eddy's death, a number of prominent newspapers agreed in declaring that, very probably, nearly a million of people had had their lives deeply influenced by this new religion. Most of these had found in the new cult distinct solace from disturbing thoughts and dreads of various kinds; and a great many of them were quite ready to declare that they owed to it the cure of ills, which had been making life miserable for them before, and for which they had tried in vain to find relief from physicians, even though, not infrequently, they had tried a good many of them. This is, sometimes, proclaimed to be an unprecedentedly rapid diffusion of a religion, and undoubtedly Christian Science must be considered a serious rival for the record in this matter.

It is to be noted that the foundation and rapid spread of this new religion, the invention of a woman, took place just at a time when women were, after many strenuous efforts, at last coming into their rights, educational, social, and political. Many of the adherents of the new cult said that it would seem as though the liberation of the spirit of woman and the broadening of the feminine mind had resulted in an immediate, intense reaction, in which the feminine intellect had found supreme religious expression. In religion, particularly in the old order of things, women had been, almost invariably, pushed into the background. In Judaism, she was almost a nonentity; Christianity had forbidden her a voice in the public church services; Mohammedanism had just barely admitted that she had a soul; and, of course, the Eastern religions, following the Oriental feeling toward women, had relegated her entirely to obscurity in connection with religious matters.

No wonder, then, that the new religion had a very definite appeal to women, and especially to that very interesting crea-

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ture, the new woman. And as women have always been the devout female sex, Christian Science soon came to be a rapidly growing religious body. Its attraction was added to, very notably, by the fact that it promised the cure of bodily ills and, indeed, of all ills. It is true, its achievements in this respect were made possible only by an acceptance of the teaching of its founder, that there is no such thing as evil, and that, therefore, no one can suffer from it; yet even this admission, so hard to comprehend, seemed not too high a price to pay for cure.

In spite of its absurdities and contradictions, the members of the Christian Science Church—the converts to the new faith—are, almost as a rule, educated people. Some of them belong to the professions; not a few of them are writers; newspaper reporters and even editors have been known to join the Christian Science Church in their community; and as for teachers, especially those of the feminine gender, who belong to it, all over the United States, their name is legion. And then, too, as a rule, Christian Scientists are well-to-do; and it is generally understood in this country that well-to-do folks must be looked up to as above the rest of the world. Mark Twain pointed out that dollars and sense by no means go together; and a number of critics of American social life have not hesitated to suggest, that it is the unfortunate influence of the rich that is bringing about deterioration in art, literature, and the drama in this country.

Still, the persuasion persists that educated people must be capable of judging between sense and nonsense, and would certainly not be readily hoodwinked into accepting absurdities and, above all, letting themselves be deeply influenced by them. Christian Science is, at the present time, winning to itself thousands of Protestants, who were not firmly anchored in their own faith. I have been told, and I think on very credible authority, that in any city in this country, in the East at least, Protestant congregations are dwindling in attendance so rapidly, as to make this a very serious problem for religious bodies, and that there is only one non-Catholic Church that is gaining in attendance, and that is the Christian Science Church. The cult seems to meet a particular need of our time among educated people.

The answer is, that Eddyism—for scientists insist that it

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is not science, and surely it is not Christian—is merely running true to form when it makes converts by the thousand among the well-to-do, the presumedly intelligent, and the supposedly educated. This is the class of people who, in every generation, have been the followers of the new cults. They were the disciples of Johanna Southcott, a little more than a hundred years ago, to the number of several hundred thousand. Seventy-five years ago, they flocked after the Seer of Poughkeepsie, whom Dr. Conan Doyle recalled to our attention a few months ago as one of those of whom New York should be proud. Twenty-five years ago, in the later nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, they were the ardent devotees of Dowie, ready to hand over all they owned to him. Of course, the followers of Mrs. Eddy come, to a great extent, from the so-called cultured classes. There are a great many of these who cannot think for themselves, but who like to think that they think, and so they take suggestions. We are living in an eminently suggestible age. There never was a time when it was so easy to get followers for anything that has an air of novelty, or that is a little different from what people have been accustomed to.

This is the only way to judge of the meaning of Eddyism as an historical and social incident—to see it in its proper historical setting. The comparative sciences have enabled us to understand many things hitherto obscure. Comparative history will do the same thing for those who take the trouble to gather the materials.

In a recent article in *The New Republic*, Mr. John Dewey, whose authority on the subject can scarcely be questioned, and whose intimate touch with American higher education for these many years has afforded him every opportunity of knowing what he is talking about, does not hesitate to say that our education, instead of making people more capable of discriminating the true from the false in serious matters, has almost exactly the opposite effect. He quotes Matthew Arnold's expression that "the chief advantage of education is the assurance it gives of not being duped," or, to put it as he prefers in the more positive form, that "the profit of education is the ability it gives to discriminate," and then says: "Judged by this criterion, education is not only backward, but it is retrograding." He adds, and he could scarcely say it

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more emphatically: "This is the era of bunk and hokum—there is more of it in quantity, its circulation is more rapid and ceaseless, it is swallowed more eagerly and more indiscriminately than ever before."

Our education makes people suggestible, but not discriminating. Professor Dewey emphasizes its failure to provide a safeguard against social and political bunk, but should have added also religious bunk, for surely it can be said, in his words, that "current schooling does much to favor susceptibility to a welcoming reception of it."

That is why we have so many curious religions preached in the fashionable hotels on Sunday mornings in New York City, and in some of the theaters on Sunday night. Rev. Dr. Newton, in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* (October, 1922), said that "we have the most variegated menagerie of cults anywhere to be found." A friend of his described them as "fads, freaks, fakes, supported by women of a certain age suffering from suppressed religion." At one hotel it is Divine Metaphysics; at another it is the Religion of the Subconscious, the "Hidden Giant;" at a third it is that curio of curios, the Religion of the Solar Plexus; at a fourth it is a pretense, at least, to some occult form of worship from the East. Then there are varied forms of Spiritualism, Theosophy (new and old), Mormonism for those who want it, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

There never was a time when people were so ready to be taken in, and the ones that are taken in the worst are the educated, or those who think themselves such, and the well-to-do. Man is incurably religious. He gives up Christianity, and then the Lord only knows what vagary he will follow; and the more he thinks he knows, the more vagarious is his choice likely to be, especially if "he" happens to be "she" in quest of a new religion that will give her health here rather than salvation hereafter.

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JULIANA'S BREAD.

By Enid Dinnis.

I.

BETWEEN five and six hundred years ago, a scribe who possessed some knowledge of lettering set down the words of Juliana of Norwich, a devout woman "living incluse," and sixteen Revelations of Divine Love were thereby cast upon the running waters of time. After five and a half centuries, Juliana's bread is now found nourishing a generation for which the *Shewings* might almost have been intended, so fit are they to answer the questions burning in the hearts of men and women of to-day, and so eagerly does the modern mind spring on Juliana's message as a thing singularly its own.

It is a strange and thought-provoking process to trace Juliana's book through the measured periods, wonderful in their "unperturbéd pace," which went to its making. There are authors to-day chafing under the necessity for waiting a few months for the publication of their works. The script of Juliana's *Shewings* waited three hundred years for publication. It was written at the end of the fourteenth century and printed for the first time in 1670.

But the making of Juliana's book observed God's pace long before it reached the stage of setting down. We have to go back, beyond the revelation itself, to the period in the youth of the woman destined to become a recluse, when, as she tells us, she, a "simple creature unlettered, desired three gifts by the grace of God." One of these gifts was to "have mind of Christ's Passion." "Me thought I would have been with Magdalen, and with other that were Christ's lovers, that I might have seen bodily the passion that our Lord suffered for me." This gift she asked to receive through a bodily sickness unto death, in which she might suffer all the pains of dying, and so have "kind," that is, natural, compassion with Our Lord. And, she tells us: "This sickness I desired in my youth that I might

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have it when I were thirty years old." So the first step of the "unperturbéd pace."

"And when I was thirtie years old and a halfe, God sent me a bodilie sicknes." . . . So Juliana gives the simple history of what went before the wonderful vision granted to her as she lay in the clutch of death itself in her cell, in the anchorage, built against the Church of St. Julian, outside Norwich, when the priest "sett up the crosse before her face," and bade her look thereon and be comforted.

The sickness and the vision of Our Lord bleeding on the Cross, in which the revelation of Love was made in sixteen "shewings," or revelations, occurred in 1373. Then, another step. For from sixteen to twenty years, the anchoress sat in her cell and pondered the meaning of the shewings. New lights came to her as she pursued the art of Mary, "the Maiden," as she would have called her in the matchless dignity of her simple diction. Finally, at the end of these years of unhurrying speed, came the last great light that illuminated all. "What? Wouldst thou wit thy Lord's meaning in this thing? Wit it well: love was His meaning."

Then it was that the recluse, herself unlettered—which is to say, she possessed no cunning with the pen, for intellectually cultured she undoubtedly was—dictated her message to the scribe, whose own precarious lettering, in some curious way, seems to add force to the sentences he records. Perhaps it is because they transcribe the simplicity of the anchoress's mind —her lack of artifice, and the glorious discrimination as to essentials and unessentials of the seer who "saw God in a point."

The naïve manuscript preserved for posterity this heavenly doctrine of Divine Love, which Juliana's contemporaries may indeed have shared to some small extent, for the manuscript was certainly copied, but which found its public many hundreds of years after Juliana had yielded her "longing soul" to God. Is it going too far to suggest that the intervening generations, to whom Juliana's book was accessible to some extent, had not the piercing need that our own has of the bread floating on the running waters of the centuries?

There seems to be no definite ground for supposing that the *Revelations* were known to any great extent until Serenus de Cressy came across them in Paris, in manuscript, and had

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them printed in 1670. This was a hundred and fifty years after the invention of the printing press, whose sole business in its early days was to print copies of spiritual treatises. Had Juliana had a vogue, one would imagine that Wynkyn de Worde would have set his name on an imprinted copy of her *Shewings*.

The next edition of the *Revelations* was a reprint of Cressy's transcript, published under Protestant auspices in 1843, a particularly uncongenial epoch, one would say. In 1877, when a section of the religious public was taking furtive peeps into the treasury of medieval mysticism, Father Henry Collins added the *Revelations* of Juliana of Norwich to his series of medieval mystical and ascetical works. His rendering of the script is not unpleasing, although sufficiently modernized to be easily read. In 1901, a carefully edited and annotated version, by Miss Grace Warrack, was published. Then, in 1902, the Rev. George Tyrrell published an edition, in which, as in Miss Warrack's, the characteristic inconsistencies of spelling and Juliana's quaint English were carefully retained. It is in this form that Juliana's has become a popular book, and *the* book of many a soul out on the Quest. To-day the Recluse of Norwich has found her way to so large a public that her name, Juliana, scarcely needs its distinguishing appellation. We know her as Dame Juliana, Mother Julian, or simply Juliana.

And strictly confined within the dogmatic boundaries of the Catholic Church as her doctrine is, she is found on many strange bookshelves. Heresy and schism have tried hard to claim the author of the *Revelations of Divine Love* as a disciple of the "new learning." She lived in the days when Lollardy was at its height. But Juliana's *Revelation* is an answer, *the* answer, to Lollardy. Her adhesion to the teaching of Holy Church, her anxious reiteration of the affirmation contained in the words, "I it am that Holy Church teacheth thee and preacheth thee," is ever proving this. Dogmatic theology is the touchstone to which her *Revelation* is constantly applied. There is no revolt in the marveling, and in the "soft dread" with which she asks herself, looking on God as the Author of all, "What then is sin?" And it is to her faith and trustfulness that the answer is given.

The perfection of Juliana's doctrine lies in its exquisite

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balancing of the truths which make up the paradoxes of faith —a truth in each scale, and perfect equipoise. Thus it is essential that her book should be read and accepted as a whole, or the result may easily be disastrous. It is founded on a terrific contradiction, the Passion of Christ, and of all creatures suffering with Him, on the one hand, and, on the other, God's Love, which acclaims itself so triumphantly at the end. It is the habit of free-lancing admirers of Juliana to quote passages from her book, and thus to reduce to a baleful sentimentalism that which is the glorious upshot of the virile truth so gallantly faced and scrutinized by the valiant woman in her cell.

It is against this very danger that we find a warning written at the end of Juliana's *Revelation*, by the scribe who sent it along the centuries. It runs: "And beware thou take not on (any) thing after thy affection and liking, and leve another: for that is the condition of a heretique, but take everything with other. And trewly understanden all is according to Holy Scripture and grounden in the same." How well the words might have been written for the "mystics" of to-day; for the adherents of "New" Thought, "Higher" Thought, "Free" Catholicism, "Christian" Science, and other misnamed cults; or for the writer who would essay to give the Catholic view, without the sanctions and safeguards of membership in the Catholic Church.

To attempt to interpret the "all's well" of Juliana's message without full and definite acceptance of its cause—the pain which was love, the love which was pain—is a very "naughting," to use her own speech, of its might. How magnificently she refutes the heresy of these later days, which would deny the lesson of pain, and which calls suffering an unmitigated evil. Juliana, who alone arrives at a demonstrated "all's well," "desired a bodilie sickness," and that with a reasoned desire, formed in her youth, that it might be granted in her mature years. It would almost seem that Juliana's youth *knew*, so strangely was its generosity tempered with the wisdom accessible only to experience.

Of what is Juliana's *Shewing* built up? Her *Revelation of Divine Love* is based upon a "bodilie shewing" of the Passion of Our Lord, unique, perhaps, in its detailed description of the physical dolors attendant on death by crucifixion. With

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a calm, careful precision, the anchoress takes note of the bodily sight of the plenteous sufferings. She sees the flowing of the Blood from the garland, and notices that the drops fall like the drops of water that fall off the eaves of a house after a shower of rain. She notes, furthermore, that they spread on the forehead to the size of the scale of a herring. She notes all this out of her comprehension of the fact that the vision is not for her only, but for all her "even Christians." The anchoress never loses sight of this—that she is but representing her fellows. "All that I say of me I mean in person of all my even Christians."

So terrible is this revelation of the bodily suffering of Our Lord that Juliana in her honesty confesses that "as a wretch I repented me, thinking if I had wist what it had been, loath had me been to have prayed it." There is no morbid gloating in the description of the pains which she sums up so unflinchingly. And withal, how tenderly she puts it. "All is too little that I can say, for it may not be told. The shewing of Christ's pains filled me full of pains, for I wist well that He suffered but once, but as He would shew it to me and fill me with mind, as I had before desired. And in all this time of Christ's presence, I felt no pains but Christ's pains."

Such is the basis of the heavenly *Shewing*. And from the dying and agonizing Christ there springs a sudden joy. She is shown an inward part to the vision, "which is a high and blessedful life which is all in peace and love." "With a good chear" Our Lord looks on His wounds. "With a sweet beholding" He shows His blessed Heart cloven in twain, and "says full blessedfully, 'Loe, how I love thee.' As if He had said: 'My darling, behold and see what liking and bliss I have in thy salvation: and for My love enjoy with Me.'" "This shewed our good Lord to make us glad and merry."

So upon the bodily sufferings, so unswervingly encountered, and shared, are based the inward visions that are all peace, joy, and consolation. Juliana has found her heaven in the Crucifix, from the beholding of which the modern mind turns with a shudder. She is invited to look up from the crucified Christ to Heaven. She replies, inwardly, with all the might of her soul: "Nay, I may not, for thou art my heaven."

Such is the seamless garment of Juliana's *Revelation of Divine Love*. The "ghostlie shewing" coming along with,

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and out of, the "bodilie shewing" she humbly craved that she might have more compassion with her Lord. Ever obedient to the teaching of the Church, she has asked no extraordinary favor, no supernatural vision, only a bodily sickness, and this with a condition that it should be made if God so willed, "for me thought that this was not the common use of praier." But of the other "mightie desire," that of receiving the three wounds of "verie contrition, kind compassion and wilful longing to God," this was "asked mightilie without any condition." How characteristically Divine Love rewards her humility. Like our Blessed Lady, a remote generation is calling her blessed.

II.

In analyzing the structure of Juliana's book, it is difficult to distinguish the threads, so closely interwoven in the fabric of its message. For some twenty years, as has been seen, the anchoress pondered over the things indicated by the visions. In them Our Lord may be said to have opened out avenues, along which the understanding of the recluse pursued its way through the long years succeeding her miraculous restoration to health. Then, into these meditations were interwoven the spiritual problems which weighed heavily on the minds of men in those days, as evil as our own.

Although a recluse, Dame Julian of Norwich would not have been cut off from the sounds of the busy world. As Father Dalgairns has shown, in his illuminating preface to *The Scale of Perfection*, in which he discourses largely on Juliana, Norwich was the second city in medieval England, and the recluse's cell must have been penetrated by the voice of those various problems that disquieted the last hour of the Middle Ages. In the message which she held, in embryonic form, as it were, in her heart, Juliana found the answer to these perplexities.

And so it is that the *Revelation* works itself out into the perfect compendium of Divine philosophy and of the Church's theology, cast, one might say, in an apologetic mold, for the soul of the anchoress asks the burning question, and is answered; and the bread is cast upon the running waters.

So she delivers her Message, with its paradox. "Sin is no deed." But, "sin is Hell." The very quaintness of her phrase-

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ology lends force to her words. There is no question of romanticism—of affecting medievalism—in this finding. Juliana's words are intrinsically valuable in their meaning. Strong, rugged sentences convey to us the root meaning of familiar words smoothed to meaninglessness by constant use. How expressive are such negations as "unmight" and the "naughting" of the fiend. We cannot afford to dispense with the anchoress's diction any more than with her scribe's haphazard spelling. She gives to "mirth" and "merry" their original meaning, which is to say, that they are not secularized, but applicable to the sacred personality Itself. Our Lord speaks merrily from the Cross to Juliana, when He has led her through the course of His sufferings to their great meaning. It was a great spoliation that robbed religion of such words as "merry." Her words thump on the heart like a knocking on the door with the knuckles where the bell has failed to gain an answer. They melt the heart with their appeal, with their homeliness and their "courtesie." (Juliana cannot be translated; one falls into her way of speaking!) She attempts to give Our Lord's words, "that may not be declared here, but let every man with the grace that God giveth him receive them with our Lord's meaning." And what do they not suggest as a revelation of tender, familiar friendship? "It was as though He had said: 'My deare darling, I am glad thou hast come to Me in thy woe.'"

The problem of the existence of evil is the great puzzle that presents itself to the anchoress. "And after this I saw God in a point . . . by which sight I saw that He is in all thing, and doth all that is done. I marvelled in that sight with a soft dread, and thought: what is sin?" She sums it up. "In the sight of God is no happ . . . Sin is no deed . . . There is no doer but He. God doth all thing, be it ever so litle. I saw full truly that He changed never His purpose in no manner ne never shall without end, and therefore all thing were set in order before anything was made, as it shall stand without end, and no manner of thing shall fail of that point; for He hath made all thing in fulhead of goodnes." And from this she finds that sin is no deed, and "would no longer marvel in this, but beheld our Lord what He would shew."

It is in a later revelation that she is taught how sin is the smartest scourge that any chosen soul may be smitten with.

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"The soul hateth sin more for its horribility and vileness than it doth all the pains in Hell." She views sin apart from its consequences—punishment. Or, rather, to her love-purified eyes, sin *is* Hell for "the soul which beholdeth the kindness of our Lord Jesus." To her, sin is the utmost pain of the chosen soul, and is virtually identified with pain. "Sin is Hell, as to my sight," she says. From this she forms the daring conception that the pains of those who fall because of frailty, are the same as other pains and are recompensed in Heaven like any other form of suffering. Thus eternal good is derived from the evil. She cites the great penitents, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Peter, St. Paul, and (a pleasant little local touch) St. John of Beverley, whom Our Lord showed with the others "for homeliness and countrey sake," "how they be known in the Church on earth with their sins, and it is to them no shame, but all is turned them to worship." She grows yet more daring: "God showed that sin shall be no shame, but worship to man; for right as to every sin (there) is answering a pain by truth; right so for every sin to the same soul is given a bliss by love." "And all this our Lord showed to make us glad and merry in love."

But, like the great Apostle of Love, Juliana seems to find deliberate sin an impossibility in the soul which has accepted Our Lord. With her, sin is ever the inadvertent, quickly-repented-of fall. As with St. John, there can be but one real sinner—the unbeliever, or the one who has no love for Love, and him she leaves out of the reckoning. So long as we call sin by its name and *feel its pain,* we are safe—"as children, innocent and unloathful." That is Juliana's doctrine, as in every case, the common teaching of Holy Church as opposed to a favorite error of to-day which would fain make illicit use of her assertion that "sin is no deed." "Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not," says the great Apostle of Love. And, again, "if we say that we have not sinned, we deceive ourselves." Both apostles of Love have grasped the paradox. "Sin is a disease," says the modern wiseacre. "Sin is a pain," says Juliana. And the two are as far as the poles asunder. For St. John and Juliana the one deliberate sinner is the person who says, "there is no sin."

Such is the first "privity" that God reveals to her, "this sovereign friendship of our courteous Lord, that He keepeth

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us so tenderly whiles that we be in our sin." Ever the weight of sin is predicated, and this sense of sin is reached when "He toucheth us full privily, and showeth us our sin by the sweet light of mercy and grace." In these revelations every Divine action turns on the pivot of Love. When we see ourselves so foul, we "wene that God were wrath with us, and we be stirred by the Holy Ghost to contrition." But with God there is no property of wrath. "Then showeth our courteous Lord Himself to the soul merrily, and of full glad cheer, with friendfully welcoming as if it had been in pain and prison, saying thus: 'My deare darling, I am glad that thou art come to me in all thy woe.'"

This Divine winsomeness achieves its end. "The more that each kind soul seeth this courteous love the loather he is to sin and the more ashamed." Sin becomes no light thing. "For if it were laid before us all the pain that is in Hell, and in Purgatory, and in earth to suffer it rather than sin, we should rather choose all that pain. For sin is so vile and so mickle for to hate that it may be likened to no pain which is not sin." Thus is answered the question which Juliana, looking on God as the maker of all, be it ever so little, asked of herself with a "soft dread:" "What then is sin?"

But in resolving sin into pain, Juliana makes it a part of the latter problem, a more vital one to our own age than hers. She treats the question of suffering in her beholding of Our Lord on His Cross. The kind compassion, to obtain which in a fuller degree she has begged this vision, makes her intensely sensitive to the physical torment. "I had some deal feeling in our Lord's passion," she says, "yet I desired to have more by the grace of God." When she has witnessed all the terrible details of the agonizing death by crucifixion, she admits, in her honesty, that she repented of her request. She sees the "sweet flesh drying in her sight," part after part with marvelous pain. The sufferings in the "sweet body of Christ" are reproduced in her own body. "All this time I suffered no pains but Christ's pains." "I thought me, full little I knew what pain it was that I asked." Then she tells us the mystical message. Love has Its answer to the terrific problem. She hears a voice telling her to look up from the Cross to Heaven, and she answers inwardly, with all the might of her soul: "Nay, I may not for thou art my Heaven. For I had leaver

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been in that pain till doomsday than have come to Heaven otherwise than by Him."

And so the great truth: by pain Love has revealed itself. For her the Crucifix is Love in ecstasy. "Loe, how I love thee!" cries Our Lord. And thus was she "learned" to choose Jesus for her Heaven. She feels the flesh repenting and the soul assenting to her suffering at the same time. Then, suddenly, she understands Our Lord's meaning and becomes "full merry." "And here saw I the love that made Him suffer, it passeth as far all His pains as Heaven be above earth, for pain was a noble, precious, and worshipful deed, done in a time by the working of love, and love was without beginning and shall be without end."

Our Lord sees that His message is comprehended and "in that He is well apaid." So we have the paradox which a modern thinker has applied to the sufferings in Purgatory. "Love is pain and pain is love." Here is the key to the sufferings of the saints, and of the penitents—those who loved much—and, as well, to all involuntary suffering, which becomes an invitation from God to the soul to make it the measure of its love, by the simple act of acceptance. "Yea, Lord, grammercy. Blessed mote thou be." The soul has but to regard its suffering "with a good cheer," and the very pain itself is made to pronounce the words, "Loe, how I love Thee!" And with love comes joy.

It is a curious perversity of mind which would make people see symptoms of revolt against the Church's teaching in Juliana's *Shewings*, rather than that which she throughout perceives them to be, an answer to the hard sayings that trouble her own mind, and the faith of many around her. She faces the doctrine of eternal punishment, that paramount perplexity of our present day. How, she asks, can Heaven be the perfection of happiness, and the perfection of charity, with the knowledge of the suffering of the reprobate in Hell? She puts it simply: "One point of our faith is that many creatures shall be damned as angels (were) that be now fiends, and understanding this methought that it was impossible that all things should be well." But Our Lord has promised her that all things shall be well, and she believes that God's word shall be saved in all things. She sits in her cell thinking her long thoughts and seeking a solution to the mystery. "And as to

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this," she says, "I had no other answer than this: 'That that is impossible to thee is not impossible to me. I shall save my word in all things and all things shall be well.'"

Then Divine Love functions once again to soften the hardness of the saying to one enjoying the "sovereign friendship" of God. She learns of the "great privity"—the deed which is to be done on the last day that shall make all things well. Of this great privity, "there is no creature beneath Christ that wot it." The angels and the saints in Heaven are not in the secret. It is to be no mere explaining of God's past action, but an actual deed, analogous to creation, but passing the comprehension of men and angels. This great deed "is ordained of our Lord God fro without beginning, hid and treasured within His blessed breast. For right as the Blessed Trinity made all things out of naught, right so the same Blessed Trinity shall make well all that is not well." The mystery requires a stupendous act of faith, like that of the Holy Eucharist. One might liken it to an act of "uncreation," to an incomprehensible undoing, but Juliana expressly bids us not to be busy with the thing which God has chosen to hide. She discovers in Our Lord a love-longing to reveal this privity; and in asking us to wait patiently for the day which shall reveal it, He would, as it were, thank us for our faith and trust. And He goes thus far in revealing a glimmer of the great light to the woman who represents, as she is always so careful to remind us, her even Christians—all such as shall be saved. She would make bold to have us believe that Divine Love suffers—may one so put it?—from having appearances against It. Juliana's "courteous Lord" recognizes our difficulty, and is grateful for our act of faith. Reading this wonderful message, one marvels that the "great privity," the deed which shall be done, has not taken a universal hold on the minds of men seeking a solution of the hardest saying of our faith. "And in this I was taught," says the recluse, "that I should steadfastly hold me in the faith as I had before understood."

And so throughout the *Revelations*. "And I was strengthened, and learned generally to keep me in the faith, in every point and in all that I had before understood." It amounts to a touchingly human story of Divine condescension, of Love's response to the generosity that "desired three woundes of God," and "more true mind in the passion of Christ." Her

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doubts are answered personally, as it were. The dark spirit of the age is not allowed to touch her as it did many of the inmates of anchorages who busied themselves with God's privities without first asking of Him three gifts.

It seems incredible that heresy should have dared attempt to class her with the latter, as the editor of the 1843 edition does, in his patronizing apology for certain things that "spiritual people" will disapprove of in her *Revelations*. This editor admits that she was not one of Wyclif's party, though living in his times, but he takes her to have been informed by a similar spirit, even whilst Our Lord says to her: "I am He that Holy Church teacheth and preacheth." Much of this misapprehension no doubt arises from failure to grasp the fact that the *Revelation* is an image of a central truth carved out in relief. The passing over of such things as were "not specially shown" is in no sense a belittling, still less a condemnation, of those relative truths. The anchoress is constantly at pains to explain this. But all that could serve to blur the outline, or fill in the background, has been cut out so that "God's goodness" stands out, clear and sharply defined. One creature only, He shows her—His Mother, our Lady Saint Mary, for there it would seem that Love must make the exception. The anchoress has a "high ghostlie showing of His deare worthie mother." But the teaching of the *Shewings* is of the ultimate end to which all means are directed. "We pray to God for His holy flesh, and for His precious blood, His holie passion, His deare worthie death, and worshipful wounds. . . . And we pray Him for the sweet mother's love that bare Him . . . and we pray for the holie cross that He died on." And all the help that we have of these, and "all the helpe that we have of the blessed company of Heaven and the holie blessed friendship that we have of them"—it is all "of His goodnes."

And to this "goodnes," this essential, Juliana directs her eyes in the vision vouchsafed. It is the mystic's union with God—the looking at Him directly with the eye of the soul rather than as reflected in creatures—that she achieves. She sees the Giver beyond the gift. The heretic who would read here a belittling of the means ordained for our help by Holy Church has simply failed to grasp the meaning of creatures, or to recognize how completely his own knowledge of God

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depends upon them. Juliana's sublime conception is summed up thus: "God of thy goodnes give me thyself, for thou art enough for me, and I may ask nothing that is less that may be fully worship to thee, and if I ask anything that is less, ever me wanteth. But onlie in thee I have all."

And this brings us out of the range of controversy or apologetics to the "blessedful" consideration of Juliana's devotion. Her book is a devotional as well as an apologetic work. Or, rather, her apologetics take the form of devotions, devotions—is it too daring a thought?—addressed by the Creator to the creature whom He "loveth and keepeth" because He made it. "This litle thing (all that is made) methought it might have fallen to naught for litlenes. And I was answered in my understanding, 'It lasteth, and ever shall: for God loveth it.'"

So the Creator reveals Himself to the marveling soul, in a torrent of tenderness, of wistful desire to make His love understood, and His word trusted. He prays the soul to believe in Him. He stretches His arms on the cross and cries, "Loe, how I love thee!" and if the soul reads love in His Passion He is "well apaid." Such is the devotional side of Juliana's book. Her side of the devotion is gloriously summed up in the words: "God, of Thy goodness, give me Thyself."

The bread of her devotion is not "fancy bread," for none of its nutritive properties have been extracted. She bids us take God's comfortings as largely and as mightily as we may; and largely and mightily she sets them forth. A simple woman and unlettered, she sets the centuries thinking, as she thought through the twenty years during which her message ripened in her mind.

If the date given on a certain manuscript be not, as some aver, a scribe's error, Juliana lived to be a centenarian, and like the other apostle of Love suffered a long exile, albeit that she had said: "If there had been no pain in this life but the absence of our Lord, methought sometime that it was more than I might bear." In Heaven, with the saints, "who will nothing wit but what God will show them," she waits the revealing of the "great privity" which shall be the fulfillment of the promise, "Thou shalt see for thyself that all shall be well."

Of Juliana's history nothing is known. Her identity is dubious—one may be confusing her with a later recluse, for

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her name was probably borrowed from the saint against whose church her anchorage stood. She may or may not have been "still in life" in 1443. Her personality peeps out inadvertently in the course of the *Shewings*. It is most cogently displayed in the very pains she takes to discourage any curiosity on the part of the reader in her respect. She regards herself simply as the representative of her "even Christians," and holds it part of the revelation of Divine Love that It should have deigned to address Itself to one so unworthy as herself. Like Mary, she rejoices that God has regarded humility. It is a sign of what she calls "His homelie loving." Juliana's *Revelations* are no intimacies revealed under obedience. They are every man's message.

Her outstanding quality, generosity, has shown itself in her request for a bodily sickness, as has her courage also. Her candor and honesty are no less marked. We have her frankly confessing to having doubted her own vision when she returned to the consciousness of her pains. "As a wretch I mourned heavily for feeling of my bodily pains." She tells the "religious person" beside her that she has been raving. Then shame overtakes her, and she cries: "Ah, loe, how wretched I was; this was a great sin and a great unkindness, that I for a litle feeling of bodily pain, so unwisely left for a time all the comfort of this blessed shewing of our Lord God." A continuation of the revelation on the following night reassures her. The episode might well have been omitted, but, "here may you see what I am of myself," she says, triumphantly. "But herein would our courteous Lord not leave me." His forgiveness is yet another revelation of Divine Love, and the anchoress delights in it.

That is the Juliana of the *Shewings*. She is no ecstatic living in a rarefied atmosphere of her own. We have the woman who laughed heartily at the vision of Our Lord "naughting the malice of the fiend." She learns that "all that God suffereth him to do turneth to his shame and pain." Thus his intensified activity becomes a source of merriment, like the antic of a cat playing with its tail. The woman on her sick bed laughs out loud, so that those around her laugh with her, so infectious is her mirth. This gives us a picture of the real woman. It helps us more than an ecstasy would have done. Generosity, humility, candor, and valor—a fine ar-

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ray of qualities, with love of her kind, and a capacity to laugh heartily, added thereto. Dame Juliana has failed to evade us, for all her care; but inasmuch as it is an intensely human representative of "all men of good will," that we have captured, she will not disapprove of our intrusion into the "privity" which makes for a better understanding of her message.

Meanwhile, her bread is feeding a generation which, with all its faults and shortcomings, is not without its "wound of longing to God."

So Juliana's bread comes down to us, floating on the waters. It has been found by a spirit similar to that which cast it forth. The exquisite tenderness of her devotion appeals to the day of the Sacred Heart; its virility has nothing of the sentimentalism of what is termed the "modern devotion." She is a philosopher and a theologian. Her piety exonerates piety from the opprobrium which has been poured upon it. The reawakened spirit of love, violent enough to take the Kingdom of Heaven, human enough to enthrone "the Lover of souls" in the heart, wistful enough to feel the wound of "longing to God," finds its nourishment in the pages of the medieval recluse. The later ages cannot imitate her. The result would be sickly sentiment, or tampering with the strong truths of the deposit of Faith. The passage of six centuries, which has rendered her mode of expression rough-hewn and uncouth, has lent strength to her utterance. Love is the message for which the world is asking. Calvinism and Jansenism are dead. Theosophy is knocking on the door of the swept and garnished chamber. "Wouldst thou wit thy Lord's meaning in this thing?" she says. "Wit it well: love was His meaning. Who sheweth it thee? Love. Wherefore sheweth He it thee? For love." In which unbegun love He made us; in the same love He keepeth us. "Hold thee therein and thou shalt wit more in the same. But thou shalt never wit therein other without end."

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REMEMBERED CADENCES.

(To Edna St. Vincent Millay.)

By William A. Drake.

I.

I have remembered Beauty in the night,
Snared by her vestal in a golden line,
Like the reluctant glow at day's decline
The sun forgets to gather in his flight;
Beauty has stricken me like sudden light
That falls from heaven upon some lonely shrine,
Cast down by God, that men may have a sign
Of His still-living presence and His might:

Then, with a great thanksgiving, I embrace
This worldly rapture that at last I feel;
And in my ecstasy I know His grace,
As fleeting hues of sunset clouds reveal
The God of Beauty; and His shining face
Inclines to me as, worshiping, I kneel.

II.

O God, too beautiful the earth Thou'st made!
Beauty comes to me as a silent pain,
Enrapturing yet wounding, 'til I fain
Would flee too much of it. The pregnant shade
Falling at evening on the woods, a blade
Of pale green grass, a flower, a bird's refrain,
Will fill my heart 'til it cannot contain
Itself for loving. God, I am afraid

Lest, meeting too much beauty, I shall die.
My soul was cast too fragile at its birth
Long to endure such ecstasy; my eye
Is stricken by such glory, after dearth.
Dost thou not know how joy can crucify?
O God, too lovely Thou hast made the earth!

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OLD MAN BUSH FINDS THE JOYFUL EXIT.

By Brian P. O'Shasnain.

IN almost every small community, there is one person who is the "character" of the place. Old Man Bush was our stock character at Standing Rock. It gave us great delight to be in the general store when he came in to buy something, for he was sure to start a squabble with Gleason over some trifle, before he left. On such occasions, when his rage mastered him, he would become white, would tremble and clench his fists, and curse Gleason and all his ways, telling him he was a lying, thieving shopkeeper, and retailing all the instances in which he had been overcharged for his goods. He would fling out of the door and climb upon his old buckboard, his hands shaking so that he could hardly lift the reins. Then Gleason, who was, after all, a good-natured Irishman with a bit of a temper of his own, would come to the door, and shake his head in wonder and admiration at such Homeric rage.

We all agreed that it was a shame the way Bush treated his hired man. Where he got him, Heaven only knows, for Henry Brailsford was certainly a wreck of a man. I suppose Bush picked him up somewhere when he was down and out, and for that reason had a hold on him. Well, he needed it, for no other man in our small community would stand the cursing that was given the hired man if anything went wrong. Brailsford was about forty-five years old, while his master was fully fifty-five; but of the two, Bush seemed the younger. At least, he was vital, he was alive, but the other seemed continually drooping. His head hung down as he walked; his clothes hung on his body; and, indeed, he seemed himself to hang on old man Bush as a coat hangs on a lively shoulder.

They were both in town the morning that we had the meeting to collect money to build the new church at Red Dog; and Bill Hoover had the nerve to ask the old man for a contribution. He was just getting out of the buckboard when Bill made the request. He turned squarely on Bill and said:

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"Damn your church. I ain't got no time for that foolery. Churches, heh! Missionaries, heh! Well, if you fellows need 'em, why get 'em, that's what I say!" He passed by Bill and into the store, still vomiting curses; and presently we could hear him fulminating anew against Gleason.

After awhile, Old Man Bush came to be known as the meanest man in the county, and innumerable stories were related to prove that he was. He became, in a sense, legendary; and I have no doubt that exploits in selfishness were attributed to him that he was not guilty of. Like many of his kind, however, he paid his bills promptly, and was always within the law, so that we had to endure his reputation, even though we didn't like it. It was a blot on the name of our town to have Old Man Bush residing there.

More serious matters, however, soon claimed our attention. The winter of 1915 was one of the severest winters ever known on our part of the great prairie. Blizzard after blizzard swept the country. The drift was twelve feet deep in the hollows. The temperature sank lower and lower, until it was unsafe for a man to venture out alone. Harry Gay was found frozen to death by the bend at Two Medicine Creek, where he had gone to bring in some sheep; and Pilcher, the mail driver, lost a foot.

Now and then, we found time to wonder how Old Man Bush was faring. He lived ten miles to the west; but so long as the mail driver reported seeing the smoke from his chimney, we felt that all was well with him.

However, since I was the old man's nearest neighbor, I did not feel altogether at ease in my conscience about him. But as he was five miles out from my place, I continued to put the matter off from day to day. I was very busy bringing in my own sheep, and I didn't have much time for other folks' troubles. It was Molly, my wife, who kept me in mind of him, for often, in the evening, when I sat in front of the fire, with my socks to the blaze, she would say: "Well, I wonder how the old man is doing," or "Strange, we ain't seen the old man go by lately." And one evening she said: "Seems to me, John, you might run over in the morning and see if everything is all right there."

I grumbled at that: "What's Old Man Bush ever done for anyone that I should be running after him. Isn't it enough

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that the mail stage sees his smoke? He's mean to everybody, that man. No spark of good in him."

Molly always fired up at anything like that. She'd say: "You're mistaken there, John. There's good in all. In some it's hid mighty deep, but give it the chance and it'll out."

And she'd go on in that way, defending Old Man Bush as if he was somebody. It used to make me laugh.

I knew it would please Molly if I went, so one morning after breakfast I said: "I'm going over to Old Man Bush's." It had snowed in the night, and then came the bitterest morning I'd ever known, so I put on everything I could lay hands on. I was just going to open the door, when I heard a faint scraping outside, as though a dog were trying to get in; and when I opened the door, you could have knocked me down, for there was Brailsford, half hanging on the knob. He fell into the room, and when I closed the door and carried him to the fire and looked at him, I knew he was badly off. "What's the matter?" I cried. "Anything wrong? Where's the old man?"

He couldn't answer at first, but after Molly brought some hot coffee, he spoke up in a sort of queer, faint, far-away voice, and yet every word had a terrible distinctness like that of frozen mountains. "The old man is dead," he answered.

"Dead!" we cried. "How did he die? What is the matter?"

Brailsford lay there, limp, in the chair, and he had to wait awhile before he could go on. "Frozen!" he said. "Frozen dead!"

Old Man Bush frozen dead! We could hardly believe it. We looked at each other, and suddenly I felt guilty. Why hadn't I gone there sooner?

"Last night," went on Brailsford, "the old man came to me, and he said: 'It's going to be cold. We must go after them ten sheep we let out. Come on,' says he, 'we'll start now.'

"We started out about ten o'clock, and you know how it is with sheep. The dern critters are never where you'd expect to find 'em. We went over to near Red Dog, and not a sign of the critters. The old man was ravin' half the time, cursin' the weather and the sheep and everything."

Brailsford paused a moment and shivered. Molly, know-

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ing how bitter the night had been, looked at me and shook her head. Brailsford took some more coffee, and went on:

"About midnight, it started to snow, and on the way back from Red Dog we got lost. We spent the rest of the night wanderin' around. Well, you know I ain't got much vitality, and at last I couldn't stand it any more, and I fell. At first, the old man cussed me out to make me get up, but I had no 'get up' in me. Knowin' him like I did, I expected him to leave me, but I didn't care. And in the end, he did go off, and I closed my eyes and lay there in the drift."

Brailsford paused again, and we put him closer to the fire. I took off his shoes and felt his feet. "One of 'em's bad," he said, "but I think it'll be all right. It wa'n't the cold that knocked me out, but the durned hopelessness of wanderin' around in the drift. It seemed I lay there a long while, and then I felt myself bein' shook, and I heard the old man cussin' me out. 'Lemme alone,' I said. 'You go on. I'm done up.' And then I was kinda surprised to hear him say: 'I can't leave you here, Henry Brailsford. I tried to run away, and I can't!'

"I sat up in the snow, and I said: 'Go on now, old man. Save yourself. I'm gone;' and with that I sorta lost track of things again. I saw the old man go off, and I thought: 'Now he's gone for good!'"

All the time that Brailsford was talking, Molly was rubbing his hands, and I his feet. He seemed to feel better for that. He went on:

"I came back to my senses again after a long time, and there was the old man a-hollerin' my name. 'Henry Brailsford,' says he, 'do you think I'm goin' to leave you here in the snow?' And this time, somethin' told me he'd been shakin' and rubbin' me a long time before I woke up.

"Well, at last he got me up, and then it was me that acted the old man, for I was fallin' half the time, and him holdin' me up. We went along like that for the rest of the night. Sometimes, I would lie for a long time in the snow, and he would pound and rub me to keep me awake.

"Then I saw the light in the east, and what happened for a while I don't know. When I came to next, the old man was lyin' over me and I could feel his hands chafin' my face and hands. I remember I shouted at him to go on and leave me, or he'd get his death, and he said a queer thing. I guess he

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was out of his head. What do you s'pose he said there, as he lay on top of me, shieldin' me from the cold?"

"What did he say, Henry?" asked Molly.

"Why, he said—and he shouted it at me, too, and it was the last thing I heard him say—he said: 'I ain't found my death, Henry Brailsford; I've found my life!' Then he became still and I roused up, and I saw the house about a mile away; and this time it was my turn to drag him and carry him, and somehow I got him there and tried everything to bring him to, but his heart had stopped. It wa'n't no use.

"Well, my life was saved, but I knew to what I owed it. I'd be lyin' out there this minute, if it wa'n't for the old man."

Brailsford stopped. His head fell forward weakly on his chest. Molly put her fingers to her lips. "Let him sleep now," she said; "it's the best thing for him."

We carried him into the bedroom and undressed him and put him between the sheets. Then I put on my coat again, to go down and get the boys, so we could go out and bring in the old man.

Molly was standing in front of the fire. "Too bad about the old man, isn't it?" I said.

"I don't think it's bad at all," she answered; "I think the old man was just born—last night—and I'm sure it was the best night he ever had!"

"I guess you're right, Molly," I said.

THE TRAITORS.

By F. Kevin Condol.

I hid my love deep in my heart,
And spoke words veiled and cold;
But, oh, the secret I would keep
My treacherous eyes have told.

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THE CHILDREN OF POLAND.

By Charles Phillips.



NEVER see children "playing soldier" now, but my thoughts go back to the American Red Cross orphanage at Bialystok in Eastern Poland. There had been a wobbly little tot there among the refugees, not two years old, not two feet high, who had learned to make such a perfect salute, with such a precise click of his wee baby heels, that one of our nurses had cut him out a uniform, decorated with sergeant's stripes and no end of insignia, and in this he would parade the aisles between the double-decked beds, delighting himself and the other youngsters by the hour—though for himself he would never crack a smile during these performances, stepping off his paces as solemn as an old general.

Through the eighteen months I spent in Poland my work took me over so much of the country, in so many directions, I would not venture to compute the miles I covered. But wherever I went, I would remember the orphanage at Bialystok, because it stood out as a sort of common denominator for the whole vast total, embracing in its eight hundred boys and girls all types, sizes and ages, all colors and degrees of the seven hundred and fifty thousand orphans of the new Polish Republic.

There were types among the Bialystok children which certainly gave one a deep breath of hope for the new Republic; character types whose individual stories spelled qualities of sturdiness and determination that ought to play a big part in the making of their country. Two brothers I remember, aged eleven and thirteen. They had walked all the way from Vilno to Bialystok to find shelter in the Red Cross orphanage, leaving their mother and the smaller children of the family (the father had been lost in the war), simply because there was not enough food at home to go around, and they could not bear any longer to eat the scanty rations needed for the littlest ones. They were manly little fellows, rather quiet and reserved, and much occupied with their new work in the orphanage car-

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penter shop. For they had not come to beg. They had heard that the Americans would give them work; it was this that had sent them abroad, tramping two hundred miles to earn their living. This was the first question they had asked, the day they landed at the orphanage—could they find work?

The carpenter shop was only one of several branches of activity established by the American Red Cross to teach the Polish refugee children self-help and useful trades. Every piece of furniture in the Bialystok orphanage, every piece of wood, I might say, from the flooring to the rafters (and actually including the flooring)—cupboards, tables, benches, beds—all were turned out by the boys themselves. The beds were their special pride. They were made of pine two-by-fours and were double-decked. The top decks were so popular (especially on account of the climbing up at night and the climbing down in the morning) that "turns" had to be arranged, to keep every youngster satisfied. Every child made his or her own bed; they were as trim and orderly as beds at West Point on "inspection."

Then there were the food trays on wheels (also made by the young carpenters). These served a double purpose: first, to bring in food for the sick; and then, for recreation. As many of the very smallest and weakest of the convalescent kiddies as could be piled on them were wheeled up and down the aisles by their older companions. This was an invention of their own, and they took endless delight in it. I saw more "little mothers" among the ten and twelve-year-old girls of that orphanage than ever I laid eyes on before. The life these children have led, scattered over the country, seeking shelter and food and looking out for themselves, seems to have developed in them a strong spirit of helpfulness. The smaller and weaker ones at the orphanage were cared for and "shown off" with tenderness and pride by the elder ones. Very often, little brothers and sisters would cling together inseparably, no matter how happy their new surroundings or how numerous their new playmates, so stamped were they with the impulse of mutual protection and preservation developed in their wanderings.

Wherever one went in Poland, one's heart was wrung by the tragedy of the children. But what hurt the most at times was not the sorrow, but the joy of these youngsters when they

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were given even the smallest chance to smile and play and forget hunger and suffering. Many a time we found ourselves caught between laughter and tears, seeing their tragedies turned into comedies, their sobs into a misty smile, faster than one could keep track of them. There was Ignazy, for instance, the boy who lost his playmate and came to one of the Red Cross shelters hunting for him. Ignazy was not an orphan, but one of the children of a laborer in the railway yards. Janek was his refugee chum, whose abode was a box car. When Janek was finally picked up by the Red Cross and taken away, Ignazy was desolate. So he followed Janek a few days later to the big A. R. C. House, walked in, was mistaken for just another stray, and was put through the whole terrifying process of head-shaving and steam bathing and tucked into bed. It all happened with the swiftness of a tornado, and despite his wildest protestations, before the error was discovered. But he found his Janek, and in the end his little chum went home with him, adopted as his brother by the railway worker and his wife, in spite of the struggle the couple had to keep their own little family fed and clothed.

If we ever doubted that all children are alike the world over, we changed our minds at the time of the "terrible gambling scandal" in the Bialystok orphanage. The "scandal" was discovered by one of the nurses when she found that all the buttons in the institution were disappearing. Children must play games. These ingenious little Poles had invented a game something on the plan of marbles and "jacks;" but having neither marbles nor jackstones, buttons, the only available booty, were "shot" for, with the result that all the buttons in the orphanage were rapidly vanishing, at least from their proper sphere. Even the girls' stock was giving out, one or two of the more enterprising boys having cornered the market and sent their less lucky playmates to bribe the girls to "lend" theirs. It was Adam tempting Eve, and Eve had fallen to such a degree that dressing in the morning was becoming a serious problem, and the keeping up of little pants and petticoats all but an impossibility. Then the nurse discovered why, and "buttons," as the game had been called, was taboo.

The next day safety pins began to disappear from all the little aprons and blouses and breeches in the house. If "but-

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tons" was forbidden, "pins" was not. A consignment of good old-fashioned American marbles finally solved the problem.

Before I went to Bialystok, I had heard some of the wonder tales that are told at bedtime in Polish nurseries. I knew all about Morskie Oko, the fairy lake in the Tátra Mountains, where the disobedient princess and her children had been turned into rocks and tears. Then there was the story of the Enchanted Water Lilies which no one may pluck because they are not really water lilies at all, but the souls of Polish maidens saved by magic from Tatar invaders many centuries ago. There was also the Princess changed into a Frog; the Dwarf with the Forty Foot Beard; the Good Ferryman; the Magic Whip; and dozens of others, delighting the hearts of Polish youngsters. But you never really hear a fairy story until you hear a child tell it. It was not until I became acquainted with the refugee children and learned something of tales they bring with them from all parts of the country, from peasant cottages and small villages huddled within sight and silence of great forests, that I really appreciated what Polish folklore is and what a part it plays in the making of the national character.

I had wished to know something about this. I had been asking: "What traditions have these children back of them? What sort of beliefs and wonderments occupy their little minds? What ideals have they, and what is the source of those ideals?"

Polish folklore is a queer and fascinating mixture of fancy, poetry, pagan mythology, and Christianity, with such a confusion of Biblical and fairy themes in it that it is impossible to separate them. God and Heaven and Christ and the Blessed Virgin are as familiar figures in the stories Polish children listen to and tell, as are Cinderellas and Sleeping Beauties to us, and they are inextricably mixed up with Giant Killers and enchanted princesses. The good peasant, for instance, who shares his loaf with the hungry passerby is rewarded by a Grand Tour through the next world, in which he beholds all the marvels of hell, purgatory, and paradise—a sort of rustic *Divina Commedia*—winding up with a really magnificent presentation at the court of God the Father, where he is introduced to Christ and the twelve Apostles and the Queen, who, of course, is the Madonna.

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We may leave it to the theologians to discuss the merits of proper reverence, and so on, or to the rigorist to protest that this is no way to bring up children or teach Christianity; that it is only laying the ground for skepticism to tell children such yarns. There is no answer except the fact that to the youngsters who hear this sort of story, religion is not a far-off, but a very real and intimate, thing, in which love and kindness and right behavior are made ideal and familiar, and in which fear and aloofness have no part. As for skepticism, the whole Polish nation disputes the argument. It is certainly not a nation of skeptics. Facts are still miraculous to the Pole and miracles still are facts.

The fairy queen and the magic godmother of the Polish child is usually the Blessed Virgin. But she does not just sit on a throne in high heaven and listen to angels. (The song she enjoys most, according to Polish lore, is that of the meadow lark, which warbles sweetly at her feet to repay her for having once saved his nestlings from the hawk.) On the contrary, she is kept very busy on earth, playing godmother to the baby girl of the peasant who paused in the midst of his harvest work to have his little one christened; spinning those fine silver cobwebby threads which so often brush your cheek in the early morning, and which are let down from heaven for the express purpose of reminding you to do a kind deed sometime before the day is passed; and so on. It is she who makes the sun shine on wet days, by hanging out the little shirt of Infant Jesus to dry, for then, of course, the sun cannot possibly refuse. It is she who slips a cat out of her big sleeve to save the poor widow from a pest of mice. (The peasant's word for full sleeve literally means "cat.") In short, she occupies herself in a thousand and one ways, this wonderful Queen of Polish folklore, with the affairs of poor pestered humanity.

Angels, likewise, are familiar figures in the life of the Polish child. At Bethlehem—and the stable at Bethlehem, we must not forget, was really the cattle shed of a poor Polish peasant—at Bethlehem "there were over thirty thousand angels showing their best tricks to make the Madonna's baby laugh." (Could anything be more naïve and simple and delightful? Can't you *see* those angels flying upside down, doing dips and darts, "showing their best tricks?") These angels

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were very human in their feelings, too, it appears. Every one of them wanted to "fuss" with that Baby, dress Him and undress Him, hold Him and play with Him; and they all felt a little slighted when the Queen told them: "No, not even an angel can take a mother's place." (The unconscious pathos of that, among these motherless tens of thousands!)

To the Polish child everything in the world about him is linked in some way or other with holy things. I saw refugee children feeding on roots and on grass. The Polish forests were filled with lost and wandering people, who had no subsistence except what the ready earth gave them. But why is the root of the fern so sweet and palatable? Because when the Holy Family was fleeing into Egypt, and the Divine Infant cried with hunger, the fern offered its roots to Him to eat, "even though it knew it must die if its roots were taken." And why is the thistle leaf spotted? Because the Mother of Jesus spilled some of her sweet mother milk over it one day when she was nursing her Baby.

Why does the lightning never strike the hazel? Because when Mary—"like a frightened quail," as the legend quaintly puts it—was fleeing with her Child from Herod, the hazel offered her its shelter, "though it knew the sword of the wicked king would cut away its branches to hunt for the fugitives." So likewise the aspen always trembles, because it was cowardly when Mary sought its shelter. And the cuckoo must ever be a bird without a nest, because it wished to win the favor of King Herod by calling out to him to betray the hiding place of the Little Christ.

If you are a Polish peasant boy, and you look sharp enough when you are alone in the field, plowing and sweating under the hot sun and tempted, perhaps, to be a bit rebellious, you will see the Little Jesus riding your horse, with a golden bridle; because one of the first things St. Joseph did was to teach Jesus how to work. And if you are quite too lonely out there, with only the sound of the harness and the soft turning of the sod to break the stillness, a lark will sing to you. Larks have always sung in plowed fields, ever since the day God the Father took a walk over the Farm of Paradise and heard Adam complaining about things being so awfully dull and quiet. God the Father just took up a handful of earth

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from the furrow, tossed it into the air—and the first lark sang to man.

Orphans figure with striking prominence and frequency in Polish folklore. "There are no eyes in all the world so sad as an orphan's eyes," one of the legends begins. This may be one of the heritages of the country's long history of invasion and affliction, with the men of the country forever off on the frontiers fighting to keep out Tatar and Muscovite (and German and Bolshevik). Whatever the source of the tradition, there is no denying that thousands of little Polish hearts have been comforted in the night hours, under the stars, in wrecked homes and abandoned trenches and dugouts, in refugee camps and orphanages, by the old, old stories, handed down for generations, which tell of the love that fairies and angels, and especially the Queen Mother, have for fatherless children. Perhaps this tradition also explains the heartbreaking fervor with which I have seen Polish waifs cover the hands of their American benefactors with kisses, and even fall at their feet to kiss their shoes. "God sent the Americans," was the burden of ninety per cent. of the written thanksgivings received at the Red Cross headquarters in Warsaw.

Two other distinctive features of Polish childlore impressed me. One was that many of the tales are tragic; the story of Katinka and the Prince, for example, in which the little heroine, a slavey in the royal court, dies with her heart pierced by the hunting arrow of the king's son, whom she loved. About these tales there is an air of tragic inevitability which unquestionably is a reflection of the nation's history of suffering and endurance. Then, there is the absence of revenge. Is this a stamp put on Polish childlore by the gentle Slavic nature? Or is it one of the sources of that gentleness, which is an acknowledged characteristic of the Pole? Whichever way it works, the fact is that when you scan Polish folklore you find a surprising lot of forgiveness of enemies and inability to cherish a wrong or harbor vengeance, much pleading for the guilty, and letting them off with only a salutary modicum of punishment. Perhaps it is just plain, applied Christianity?

This is not saying anything so absurd, of course, as that Polish children do not quarrel and fight and do all the other things youngsters the world over have always done—even

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well-fed, healthy youngsters! I do believe, however, that these little Jans and Marylkas have a mystic touch in them. It pervades the whole country, even the landscape, breathing along the shadowy edge of forests and over the level plains as sure as the wind blows the grass.

But, however vivid to their young eyes the hidden wonders of their world may be, Polish children have the same strong instincts as other children, among them an undeniably American love of sports, as we found in the readiness with which they take to baseball. "Nines" are organized to-day wherever the Junior Red Cross is established, and by this time I have no doubt they have reached the stage of interscholastic and intertown games. We got our first insight into the Polish boys' aptitude for ball, bat, and mitt the first day we traveled across Polish territory, when young soldiers played catch with us along the railway tracks where our train was halted. Afterwards, I saw children on a Red Cross playground get into the game, in fifteen minutes, well enough to go to the bat. In the Polish army, the boys go in strongly for football. Soccer is the favorite game. I have known one regiment to have as many as four separate teams challenging each other, as well as playing other regiments.

Field and track sports are very popular among Polish boys, while athletics for girls are extensively developed, especially by the Sokols, or Girl Scouts. In normal times there is a good deal of outdoor life for the Polish youngster. From the time that he rolls hoops and spins tops, as hundreds of little ones may be seen doing all summer long in the beautiful Lazienki Gardens at Warsaw, or in the Cracow Planty; from the time he rows a scull on the Vistula; rides his father's plow-horse or first mounts the saddle of a thoroughbred; hunts rabbits in the field or skates on the pond—be he city or country bred, the Pole knows sports and games and contests, and has learned how to lose as well as win. After all, the one thing to ask of athletics is, what sort of men, what sort of *morale*, do they produce? Do they make men sportsmen, in the true sense of the word? The Pole is a good sportsman. His history demonstrates that.

The Boy Scout movement flourishes in Poland. It has already played a striking rôle in the history of the new Republic, and its story reveals a side of Polish boy and girl character

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that is significant when one is studying the nation and its making. Except in that part of the country formerly occupied by Austria, scouting was always prohibited and proscribed, children being expelled from school and their parents persecuted when their connection with the organization was discovered by the German or Russian police. Nevertheless, the movement spread and progressed, surreptitiously, of course, fostering and keeping alive not only Polish games and sports, but the forbidden Polish language, literature, and geography.

When freedom came in 1918, there were over ten thousand Boy and Girl Scouts in Poland. They played a thrilling part in the fighting in those first days, when a ring of enemies pounced on the new-born Republic from every side. They were the first to volunteer for the freshly organized Polish army, which sprang into existence in twenty-four hours. At present, there are about twenty-five thousand boys and some ten thousand girls enrolled in the Scouts, with three thousand of them still in the army. Their Scout training and camp life has served them in good stead, and has made them quick and ready for practical and active service. With the extremely popular General Haller at their head, the boys and girls of the Polish Scouts are to-day a real element in the life of their country. In no land in the world have the Scouts such a tradition as in Poland, despite the still short life of the organization. On their honor rolls are the names of some of their country's most illustrious heroes, among them the most famous of Polish Scout-masters and a former Boy Scout, Father Skorupka, "the saver of Warsaw," and that bravest of all the girl martyrs of the Great War, Captain Sophie of Plock, who was killed by Cossacks.

But the glory of the youth of Poland in the World War does not belong exclusively to the Scouts. When the Bolshevik invasion of 1920 began and Haller organized his "Miracle Army," all the children of the land rushed to the colors, volunteering in numbers and in a spirit that was staggering. There was no stopping them. Their fathers and their brothers were at the front. Even their mothers and sisters were digging trenches or serving as guards, or in the ranks. So it was that the very children rose up—the hope of the land—and the soil of Poland was wet with the young blood of boys in their

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teens, who were mowed down by the hundreds under the fire of the Red machine guns. Unspeakable sacrifice! yet it was these boys, Skorupka and his own students from his own classroom, and thousands of others like them, who stopped the gap and saved their country.

We used to see them marching in Warsaw, rank after rank of little fellows, trim and tidy and serious-faced, stepping out with a grimness of purpose that struck a man's heart cold. I have watched them drilling under the Poniatowski Bridge, when the red light of sundown, flaming like a blaze of glory behind them, cast grotesque shadows across the parade ground, as if their figures were those of old and bent and crippled men. I knew that in other towns, in Posnan, Lwow, and Cracow, the same scene was being enacted. And I would wonder what sort of a shadow this holocaust of boy blood would cast over the manhood of the future Poland. War had already cut the birth rate in half. The normal ten per cent. increase of population had been changed to a thirty per cent. decrease. But now one felt that the very vitals of the nation were being drawn. If there had been too much of this—there would not be much Poland to talk about to-day. But the miracle happened. The faith of Poland was the faith of a child, but her strength was the strength of a man.

Wherever we went in the field, we came across these boy soldiers. Their pluck and endurance in the hospitals, where we so often discovered them sick or wounded, was astonishing. There were many of them even before the 1920 invasion, mostly orphans and homeless waifs whom the Government was doing its best to gather up and place in institutions and schools. But that was easier said than done in the Poland of those days, when institutions and schools had vanished and the whole country lay in ruins. At Christmas, 1919, there were by actual count over fifty-five thousand orphans in the city of Warsaw alone. How to care for them? How to feed them? There was neither housing nor bedding nor food for them. In one orphanage we found fifty-three children—with three single beds for them to sleep on. The hard floor was the portion of forty-seven. Six lay ill in the beds, two apiece, feet to head. The Polish refugee bureau was then spending fifteen million marks per month caring for children, at an overhead expense of only three and one-fifth per cent.; but

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that was only a drop in the bucket. One million children per day were receiving a free hot meal of American food from the Hoover Mission alone, not to mention the thousands cared for by the Red Cross; but other millions still went hungry. At least, the boy soldiers could share the poor rations of the men in the ranks.

To look at the children of any country is to look its future in the face. Is it hopeful? There were moments when one felt in Poland that the country would deteriorate into a nation of consumptives, were it not for the astounding vitality of the stock and the help given by America. Two million children were suffering for want of medical attention in October, 1920, with twenty per cent. of the total child population gone tubercular. Nearly ten thousand children (to be exact, 9,696) died in Warsaw in one year, thirty-seven and one-fifth per cent. of them succumbing to tuberculosis. In Lodz, five hundred children were dying every month, forty-three per cent. of them tubercular. And to combat this? A famine of food and medicine, and a famine of doctors. When one knows these things (and a few others) about the child problem in Poland, and considers at the same time the pluck and endurance and persistence of the Polish people in handling that problem, along with the inherent clean-bodied vigor of the race, he can only salute. He can never despair. And when he sees the miracle of child resuscitation wrought before his eyes, then he knows that Poland's "come back" is an assured thing.

A glance at the educational problem of Poland and the manner in which it is being tackled confirms this assurance.

Among my keepsakes is a little scrap of paper which tells the dramatic story of my first acquaintance with Poland's efforts to educate her masses. We were in the Dvinsk region, where American supplies were saving thousands of children from actual starvation. A Polish officer with us stopped our sleigh to explain the details of a battle which had taken place just a few days before, along the road we were traveling. "Here," he said, "our men took their last stand before they entered the town. Some of them fell on the spot where we are standing." He knew his men by name. "Piotr Bendik was killed here." As he spoke, my partner, Jerry, spied a

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little paper fluttering in the sharp wind, frozen into the crusted snow. It bore the name of Piotr Bendik, under which were a few lines of laboriously written A's, B's, and C's. It was a page torn from the boy's copy book, lost when he fell, and left on the spot where he had died. He was sixteen, but had only begun to learn his letters. "Children got very little education under the old régimes," the Captain explained. "In the rural districts practically none. We had sixty per cent. illiterates in the army when we began. We have reduced it to twenty-five per cent."

That army school system which, in twelve months, could raise the literacy of the Polish soldier thirty-five per cent. is characteristic of the entire educational scheme of the Republic. The Pole is instinctively a lover of schooling. He has a traditional reverence for learning, and is justly proud of the fact that the first national ministry of education Europe ever possessed was founded in Poland in 1773. One of the most favored methods of persecution indulged in by the Powers was the suppression of native schools and the closing of universities. The alien rulers of the Pole knew how to touch their victim on the quick. One of the first steps taken by the new government as soon as independence was regained, was the passage of laws assuring the livelihood of the elementary teacher.

The inborn idealism of the Pole finds no readier expression than through the medium of the school. In the school, the Poles rightly feel, they have their hands on the tangible future, on the hope of the nation, and they seem fired with a determination to mold it not only into something beautiful, but into something lasting and substantial. In all the schools I visited, I found a strong tendency to emphasize manual labor, "to glorify work," as one teacher expressed it. If boys, for example, learned dimensions in their arithmetic class, they forthwith applied those dimensions in practical work in the school's carpenter shop. School gardens were made an integral part of the curriculum. I saw little housewives of the future working out their study of weights and measures in their own little plots of potatoes and carrots. One Warsaw school has a botanical garden with five hundred growing specimens, among them many valuable medicinal plants, and an outdoor arbor, where the lessons are taught. The up-to-

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dateness of the Polish schools was a constant revelation. A compulsory education law is in operation which, except in the extreme circles of Rabbinical Jewry, is meeting with enormous popular success. One outgrowth of this law is the establishment of a widespread system of evening classes for adults, hundreds of whom are eagerly "taking pen in hand" to learn the transcendent art of writing their own names.

The difficulties which Poland has encountered in working out her educational scheme have, at times, been almost insurmountable. Shortage of teachers, lack of school buildings (4,000 destroyed in the war), shortage of food and clothing for children—these have been some of the chief obstacles to be coped with. Yet, to cite one province alone (the most backward): in former Russian Poland, where before the war there were only 5,600 primary schools, 7,600 teachers, and 370,000 children, for a school population of 2,000,000, there were, in 1919, after only one year of Polish administration, 10,800 primary schools, 13,600 teachers, and 850,000 children; and to-day these figures are greatly increased. It has been in the supplying of food, clothing, and shoes that American relief has done its best work in helping "the hope of Poland" to carry on.

If it was in a dramatic manner that Poland's struggle for the education of her youth was first revealed to me, on that snow-covered Dvinsk battlefield, what shall I say of the Fourth of July celebration in 1920, when the school children of Warsaw gathered to pay tribute to America? That was an event almost too poignantly dramatic for words. Marshaled in perfect orderliness by their Scout leaders, the smallest and youngest of them led by white-winged Sisters of Charity, regiment after regiment of Polish youngsters, from toddling babes to strapping boys and pinafored girls, marched into Platz Teatralny, where a gigantic replica of the Statue of Liberty had been erected. Twenty-five thousand of them were massed before us in solid phalanxes of cheering, singing, ardent young humanity. From the balcony where we stood, it seemed as if we were lifted up over a sea of upturned faces and fluttering flags.

Those flags! Those brave attempts of little childish hands to fashion our Stars and Stripes! Never were the home colors so beautiful as we saw them then, though often the stripes

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were awry, too few or too many, and, in many cases, set perpendicularly instead of parallel; or the stars, numbering, perhaps, only half a dozen instead of the proper forty-eight, were clustered on a field of apple-green instead of azure. But, oh! the rippling and fluttering and the thrill of them in the sunlight; the loud happy hum of voices; the treble cheers of little isolated groups; the pathos of the tiny girls whose flowery patterned tams were really Red Cross comfort bags (though we alone of all the thousands of onlookers knew that strictly family secret); and then, at last, the clarion blare of the bands playing the "Star Spangled Banner;" and the rising voices, swelling at last into the brave lusty chorus of the Polish national anthem!

In the thrill and glory of that scene, one was apt to lose sight of the actual heroism of the Poles in making such a holiday for us on our national birthday; for at that very moment while Polish bands played American music and Polish children waved American flags, a new tragedy was impending in which the children, more than any others, were doomed to suffer. On July 4, 1920, the Red armies of the Bolsheviki were already thundering up from the east and south, threatening the very existence of the Republic. In two weeks' time the Bolos had chased out that Bialystok orphanage of ours. We transported it clear across the width of Poland for safety.

With all their hardships, those moving days were merry days for the youngsters. In the whole process of transferring the eight hundred children and the entire equipment and personnel of the institution, first to Warsaw and then further west, almost to the German frontier, there was not a single accident, so orderly and well behaved was that large-sized army of boys, girls, and babies. The excited youngsters, in fact, enjoyed their escape, with all its hairbreadth adventures, like a circus; and the long train of fifty-one cattle cars, loaded with children, nurses, beds, and trailing a complete kitchen outfit, with stoves, boilers, canteen, and all accessories, was not unlike a circus, especially when old Nanny was in the picture. Nanny was the orphanage goat, whose special function was to furnish fresh milk for the smallest infants. She made the trip without a mishap, even riding occasionally on top of a box car to survey the scene and sample the sheet roofing.

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The orphanage landed at Liskow in the middle of the night, making the last twelve miles of the journey by wagon and motor. There was consternation in the village at first. Some one, giving the alarm that the Red Cross had arrived, left off the Cross. "The Reds have arrived!" Certainly, this force of nearly one thousand in wagons and auto trucks, appearing in the dead of night, looked very much like an invading army. There were various complications. The "Army" slept in the open the first night. The next day tents were put up—but the only available space for them was in a field of grain still uncut, for lack of help. (Most of the men and boys of the community were at the front.) So the Red Cross men and all the larger orphanage boys went at it, harvested the crop for the Liskow peasants, and pitched their tents in the cleared space.

One of the little fellows had a bad fit of lonesomeness, during which he wrote the most pathetic letter to his mother, regarding whose whereabouts neither he nor anyone else had the least idea; she was very likely dead by the roadside back in the Russian plains, whence the boy had come with a trainload of refugees. This letter he confidently intrusted to one of the nurses with injunctions to "send it off," in an unshakable belief that Americans can do anything. When that letter was translated, there were tears wetting the smiles of those who read it.

> O my mametczka, dearest of little fat mothers [the letter said], do not scold your growing son Wiktor because he is very lonely. I will be good. The Americans are so good there is no telling only it isn't the same though I have much to eat and beautiful pants. There are meats to eat and even breads and also medicine when you are sick. But I am not sick any more. And many good things, but littlest of dear fat mothers, there are no herrings. I will give my heart for a herring. Please to send your growing son Wiktor a herring or he must die or run away where herrings are once more.

Perhaps you do not realize how toothsome a good brown herring is to chew on? Perhaps you cannot feel the depth of the tragedy of Wiktor's letter. Wait till I tell you its sequel.

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Wiktor did run away. The pressure was too great on his lonely little heart—or stomach—or whatever part of his young anatomy it was that longed most for the salty relish. But his nurse knew nothing of his disappearance, because she had driven into the nearest town for fresh supplies early that morning, and did not discover Wiktor's truancy until evening, when she was coming home in the dusk.

A little huddled figure showed down the road, trudging along with a stick, like a grandfather. The nurse stopped the camionette and waited. That solitary figure had a familiar look. It was Wiktor.

"Where are you going, Wiktor?"

The truant was struck dumb. He could make no answer. A pucker came into his little pale face, his stick dropped, one fist began to tremble up toward his eyes.

"But Wiktor!" The nurse jumped down beside him and put her comforting arms around him. "We've got herrings, Wiktor, a whole bushel of them. Herrings for everybody. Pile in."

Wiktor went to sleep on the nurse's lap long before the camionette reached the orphanage. In one hand, he clutched a shiny toothsome herring, already well sampled by sharp, young teeth. The Polish driver smiled and said something to himself.

What is it you are saying, Stas," the nurse asked.

"I can't very well say it in American. In Polish it's *'Dziecko za reke—matke z serce.'* It means—well, something like this: 'Take a child's hand, you take a mother's heart.'"

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JANET ERSKINE STUART.[1]

By Blanche Mary Kelly, Litt.D.

THERE is no more entrancing study than that which Père Mainage calls *la psychologie de la conversion*, the study of the countless ways in which God draws souls to Himself. From time to time, He seems to delight in fashioning a character of singular grace and charm, a mind on which He lavishes gifts of penetration and illumination, a soul into which He instills high ardors, generous desires. Until His own time, He suffers such a one to dwell afar from Him, and then by Divine devices, He lures His own unto Himself. Of this kind was Janet Stuart, the daughter of an Anglican canon, who, at thirteen, found it "a serious thing . . . not to know my last end," and, at twenty, had reached "a point that was more agnosticism than anything else." It was, however, no mere intellectual pride and cocksureness, this agnosticism, for its exponent, her doubt of doubt once aroused, practically capitulated to the *Memorare*, which "took her off her feet at once." This is both God's way and the way of great souls, the one to use, the other to submit to, the might of littleness.

That Janet Stuart, given her mental gifts, her uncompromising sincerity, her "clear, calm, candid spirit" should have become a Catholic, was, allowing for both free will and election, inevitable; that she should have become a religious was, if it be not paradoxical to say so, even more inevitable. Not that her vocation was a rapid growth. Between the time of her reception into the Church and her entrance into religious life there elapsed an interval of three and a half years, which she, in the huntsman's speech which came to her so naturally, subsequently described as "standing at the covert side," unable to tell which way the hounds would break covert. During most of this time "being a nun always seemed not to be thought of for the moment," and then, quite suddenly, God's grace struck. There came a day in May, a walk through Regent's

[1] *Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart.* By Maud Monahan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5.00.

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Park, a lingering beside a clump of blue hyacinths, and, as she said herself, "*factum est ad me verbum Domini,* and I saw it all." Again she wrote: "It was all gathered up into a light and it was all in a balance. What is this and what is that? The whole world was on one side, all that was best in it, and God on the other, and my heart told me 'If thou wilt have one thou must give the other.' I saw that all life was to be seeking and all death finding." Is it only because this speech is put into the mouth of a medieval nun that it recalls the "I saw God in a point" of Juliana of Norwich?

Janet Stuart entered the Society of the Sacred Heart at Roehampton on September 7, 1882, and made her first vows on November 13, 1884. Her profession took place at the mother house, then in Paris, on February 12, 1889, and she immediately returned to Roehampton, where she was made sub-mistress of novices, being placed in full charge in 1892, in succession to Reverend Mother Digby, whom, less than two years later, she succeeded as superior of Roehampton and, in 1911, as superior-general of the Society. This is a brief summary of full years, years filled with activities beyond the experience of most religious, especially such as are members of an inclosed congregation, years which took her on many a long journey, including even the circuit of the world, years abounding in variety of intercourse and experience, years that brought responsibility which might have been thought beyond the strength of woman to bear, but for which, when God's work is to be done, there are always to be found willing shoulders.

The story of these years, as it is related in Mother Monahan's pages, makes them an exceptionally interesting contribution to biographical literature. The character drawing in this work is masterly. You close the book feeling that you know the person here depicted; she stands out for you a living, breathing, vivid personality. You have been shown the contour of her mind, you have heard the fashion of her speech, you know the things she loved and laughed at (and by these things is a person truly known). But more marvelous than all, you have been permitted to witness the steady growth and unfolding of a soul, a great soul; you have been admitted to the laboratories of God and made the witness of His alchemy.

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Mother Stuart possessed natural gifts of a high order. Hers was a gallant, boyish spirit, which loved wild things, flowers, and beasts, and weather, and she carried this *gaie science* into the spiritual sphere, so that it became a kind of characteristic of both her doing and her teaching. The strain of Irish in her, although it was of the Pale, may possibly account for the quaint and lovable cast of her humor, which grew as she grew in grace, although it is largely accounted for by the salt of her uncompromising common sense, the twin of sanctity. Many a delicious Teresian phrase is scattered through the letters she addressed to her community from the far ends of the earth. For them, she set down swift sketches, which are half snapshots, half etchings, unforgettable in their felicity and truth. From Rome, where she tarried during the unhurried round of the beatification proceedings of Blessed Mother Barat, she writes: "I feel rather like a buttercup that has been licked up by a sacred Roman ox and is being ruminated at leisure." Of the novices at Villa Lante, she writes: "They are just like other novices—full of ideas." She tells them of the St. Cæcilia Society of Vaals, singing the High Mass in the chapel at Blumenthal with a volume of sound that was "a sheer joy to them and probably to God also." And she adds, demurely: "To His creatures it seemed that the chapel was not quite large enough to contain it." Then there was the *Missa de Angelis*, at the abbey church of Flône, played by the village carpenter, "who gives a lift to Monsieur le Curé in the dangerous parts of the Preface." At Guadalajara, Mexico, there was the "nice child" who served the Mass and who, considering "that respect consisted in nearness, not in distance . . . established himself almost under the chasuble." And she adds: "There were little asides between him and the patient padre from time to time."

Such sentences sparkle through pages of entrancing description, inimitable turns of characterization, passages of high seriousness. For, of Mother Stuart's many natural gifts, that of literary expression seems to have been predominant. As head of an educational order, her interest was naturally largely given to educational matters, in which field she elaborated theories that entitle her to a place of eminence among educationists. Naturally, also, she knew and loved books. Her writing was done out of the fullness of her mind, and she

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regarded literary training as of paramount importance in a liberal education. She was deeply concerned with the training of her religious for their work as teachers, in which training she took an active and painstaking part. "Easy teaching," she used to say, "is not good teaching." But more deeply still was she concerned with their spiritual formation. Those who knew Mother Stuart's guidance in the things of the soul, with its quick discernment of human nature, its wide Pauline sympathies, knew it to be that of one deeply versed in the science of God. "Waste no time in beginning," was a maxim characteristic of her own whole-heartedness. "Far better return to the world than lead a life of sleepy piety in religion," was another of her stimulating observations.

One rejoices to have the seal of her opinion for a favorite theory, in her assertion that humility is not a virtue which children can understand; she was rather for inspiring them with a sense of their dignity than of their unworthiness. For maturer years, however, she had exalted standards for this exalted virtue. Faith, she said, was "to *know* without understanding." Only two loves can fill our souls," she wrote, in a conference for the feast of Pentecost, "God and self. If self invades our faculties there is room for nothing else; if God takes possession the whole world comes in with Him, but ordinated and subordinated to Him." To one who clung to her counsels amid continued tribulation she wrote: "It is just what you need, to have the harriers after you in one way or another. Otherwise, you sit down in gardens and nibble the herbage, sweet and poisonous. . . . You need to be running with the hounds to keep you in good running form, so welcome be the hounds of God that goad you to run, and when you are hard pressed you know where to run to, poor hunted leveret, to God, 'the hiding place of His vexed creatures.' "

Mother Stuart's inner life, marvelously outlined in these pages, is convincing proof that God can do what He will with His own. For, as this outline clearly shows, this woman, who was so actively engaged in affairs, whose journeys took her to the far ends of the earth, whose duties kept her in constant intercourse with people, upon whose shoulders rested the care of hundreds of spiritual destinies, by whose hands were administered the temporalities of a great society—this woman takes her place among the contemplatives, in whose company

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she is not the least. In this we have the secret of it all, for only by some such secret source of strength could she have done what she did, have been what she was. She began her spiritual career by the common ways, the customary paths, and these she followed with meticulous fidelity, until a God-given guide authorized her to heed the Divine impulsion to feed her soul "not on thoughts of God, but God."

If any lay woman had had such a career of achievement, had excelled in even one of the fields in which Mother Stuart set a standard of excellence, the secular press would hail her biography as a marvelous human document, but it is safe to assume that it will not so treat the *Life of Janet Stuart*. If she had been an opera singer or a suffragist or a hunter of big game or a mountain climber, her story would be listed among the best sellers, but the fact that she was a nun removes her beyond the pale of comprehension. The week-end reviewer can handle a human document, but he shies at the Divine. Let it not be said to our shame as Catholics, however, that we are unfamiliar with our records of glory, with the lives of our heroic dead. That one year has witnessed the publication of such lives as those of Mother Mary of St. Maurice, second superior-general of the Congregation of Marie-Réparatrice, of Cornelia Connelly, and of Janet Stuart, ought to renew hope within us. Let us not be among those who, looking upon them, are compelled to say: "We fools! We esteemed their life madness and their end without honor!"

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THE VOICE OF SCIENCE, THE VOICE OF GOD?

By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S.

THE phrase, *vox scientiæ vox Dei,* is ambiguous. It may convey the idea that the study of Nature leads to God. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork," not only to King David, but to Galileo, or La Place. Not only the seer and the poet, but the scientist may be the recipient of the revelation written on the sky or in the rocks. Or, on the other hand, the dubious phrase might be taken to indicate that the voice of God at last is silent, and that now science speaks in His place.

There *are* other things to be considered in this universe besides science, though there are moments when we are almost persuaded by its pontiffs that there is nothing else. In one of his brilliant flashes, Mr. G. K. Chesterton reminds us that one of the most difficult things to keep in mind is that *our* time is *a* time and not *the* time, and that the brilliant flowering of science, during the last three quarters of a century, may some day come to be looked on by mankind, in the same way that we look upon the sudden outburst of the Italian school of painters in its palmy days—as brilliant and as brief.

It is a hard saying, no doubt, but one must remember that the fathers of the Renaissance thought that the restoration of the "humanities," especially Greek learning, was going to create a new heaven and a new earth. No doubt, that movement had its good side; it did encourage a love of learning for learning's sake; but the kind of new earth which it created was one defiled by many base vices, which had earlier disappeared or at least hidden themselves carefully from the face of the world. Science encourages a love of learning for learning's sake, but part of its work in the creation of a new earth—a misuse of its powers, no doubt, but still to be written down in its ledger—has been the production of all the damnable methods of killing and maiming humanity, which we saw in operation during the World War, and many of which we daily witness in connection with private vendettas and semi-

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private trade struggles. If science has much to boast about, she has also much to deplore, in the use to which men have put her teachings.

But apart from this aspect of the case, which should not be forgotten, it would seem as if the outburst of scientific discovery, so wonderful and so promising, has blinded at least some of its pontiffs to the fact that, after all, science occupies only one corner in a large room, and a multangular room, too, and that she is wholly incapable of explaining either the occupants of the other angles, or the existence of the multangular room itself.

Look, for example, at that important corner where the various æsthetic tastes reside: love of all kinds of art, of beautiful scenery, of fine literature. Science can offer not the slightest explanation of any of these—not even an explanation of the same kind of manifestations amongst the lower animals; for we seem to find indications of such a sense apart altogether from those facts once brought forward in favor of sexual selection, to which we are not here alluding. That very competent observer, the late Professor Hutton, F.R.S., in his *Lesson of Evolution,* says:

> The song of birds, apart from their calls, is also due to the love of pleasure. Several of the forest birds of New Zealand sing softly to themselves, and it is necessary to be very near to hear them. This is, probably, the primitive style of bird melody, and the loud-throated thrush and skylark come later. All these songs are the result of pure enjoyment; there is nothing useful in them, so they cannot be due to natural selection.

In fact, Huxley himself was so puzzled by these æsthetic considerations that he was finally obliged to speak of them as "gratuitous gifts," though he did not seem to see that in so doing he was giving his entire case way. Whose gifts? Not the gifts of Natural Selection. Then, on the utilitarian Darwinian showing, of whom? Or of what? Yet if, as surely must be conceded, the things of the mind are greater than those of the body, these æsthetic considerations are far from unworthy of notice.

Or, again, what about the ethical corner? What would a

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world without ethics be? A hell and an absurdity. Yet science cannot say one word about ethics, for science deals with natural facts, and nature has no word to utter on ethics. Nature is neither moral nor immoral.

Lastly, what about the psychological corner? I am well aware that there are many who will not admit that there is such a corner, but those people are obsessed with the idea that chemistry and physics are the keys to all mental operations. This is here, and now, emphatically denied, and not only by the present writer, but by men of much greater distinction in the scientific and philosophical world, men like Driesch, McDougal, and Haldane. The extreme behaviorist sets out with the first principle, that there is nothing in psychology which cannot be measured, just as one measures electricity or flour. Strange attitude! To imagine that after having measured all the reflexes—an undoubtedly useful and enlightening inquiry—exhibited by a man, you have exhausted all his psychological possibilities.

> Run "instinct" for all it is worth; show how Man's delicate sensibility in a thousand directions is but the hypertrophy of such instinct; collect whatever instances you will of inherited tendencies, of herd-psychology, and the rest of it—you still come up against a specific difference between man and brute which eludes all materialistic explanation: I mean the reflective reason. When your attention, instead of being directed towards some object outside yourself, is directed towards yourself as thinking or towards your own thinking process, that is the work of the intellect, that is Man's special prerogative. When Adam awoke in the garden, we dare not guess what monstrous forms of animal life, what wealth of vegetation our world has forgotten, his eye may have lighted upon. But we do know what was his strangest adventure, because it was an adventure he shared with none of his fellow-tenants in Paradise. His strangest adventure was when he met himself.[1]

No. Science cannot explain fully the psychological corner.

There are, then, quite a variety of directions in which science can give us no assistance: one would not always

[1] Rev. Ronald Knox, *The Beginning and End of Man.* Catholic Truth Society, England.

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gather that fact, at any rate, from the utterances of some of its camp followers.

No doubt, science has this excuse for being perhaps a wee bit over-assertive: it is not so very long ago since, as some one once said, Huxley made science respectable. In fact, it is not a hundred years ago since those who followed its way, in England at least, were looked upon as just a little different from ordinary men, which, to be sure, is more or less true, but different in being more in need of protection—just a little worthy of sympathetic consideration. Look at Daniel Doyce in Dickens's "Little Dorrit," and observe the attitude adopted towards that man of science by the practical John Bulls of the day, the Meagles, the Barnacles, and the rest. Dickens knew his world, and pictures it faithfully; and at a later day, when George Meredith made Sir Willoughby Patterne indulge a taste for a laboratory—in which, by the way, nothing ever seems to have been investigated—it was because the hero of *The Egoist* desired to be a little different from his brother county magnates. From all this, perhaps, flows the tendency, sometimes quite noticeable, just a little to overemphasize the importance of science—highly important, as all will admit, but, as we claim, not *all important.*

And from this flows also the kind of attitude, sometimes exhibited by scientific men like the late Professor Huxley, of pontificating in respect to subjects outside science, such as, in Huxley's day, Home Rule, about which he knew as much or as little as the next man. And thence flows also the reflex attitude of a portion of the public which is quite sure that, because a man is a leading authority on the nature of the ether of space, he must also be an infallible witness as to the doings of what he would have us believe are the spirits of the departed. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam:* it is an old saying, but a useful one. "Let the cobbler stick to his last." Science has a large and important "last" of her own, but it is not the only "last" in the universe, even if it be the only one which she can handle. And, therefore, those who help to handle it are not necessarily, though, of course, actually they may be, expert handlers of any of the other "lasts" just mentioned.

Amongst other false ideas which some leaders of science, again like Huxley, have been led to adopt, is that which declares that the bitter and uncompromising opponent of science

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is religion, and more especially that exceedingly virulent and lively form known as the Catholic Church. Of course, Huxley talked, as he did in the case of Home Rule, about a thing of which he knew just exactly nothing, when he declared that one of the virtues of the doctrine of evolution was, that it was in fundamental opposition to that deadly enemy of science, the Church of Rome. Huxley did not know that a far more drastic scheme of evolution than even Darwin put forward, had been enunciated centuries before by St. Gregory of Nyssa, and that it had since been accepted in one measure or another, as it has been down to our own day, by scores of writers whose adhesion to the Catholic Church is quite undoubted. Well, it would be a silent world if people only talked about things which they really understood, and a dark day for the compositors if the same rule were applied to writings.

Of course, there is this to be said, in common fairness: that we, on our side, are not entirely free from blame. In his *De Genesi ad Literam*, St. Augustine, that man of towering intellect and extraordinary modernity, not only lays down a scheme of evolution, almost the Latin of Gregory of Nyssa's Greek, which covers anything that modern biologists can ask, but he also gives some very valuable advice. He points out what a fatal thing it is, for the Christian professor to talk about scientific things which he does not fully comprehend, when trying to defend his religious position. The saint goes closely and fully into this matter; too fully for us to attempt to follow him by quotation. His position is adopted by Canon Dorlodot in his recent work, *Darwinism and Catholic Thought*, in which he asks:

> Why has it been possible to exploit Darwinism so successfully against religion, if not because there have not been lacking Catholic authors who have compromised the Christian religion in falsely representing it as irreconcilable with scientific theories? And why has Darwinism kept certain scholars away from religion, if not because, seeing clearly themselves the truth of these theories, they have not even dreamt of studying the foundation of a religion which was made to appear to them as hostile to what they know to be the truth.

If men's eyes were not sealed so that they might not perceive

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the light, they would surely see that the very fact that a book, such as that from which we have quoted and containing remarks like the above, can emanate from Louvain, the most Catholic university of the world, with the imprimatur of its rector, is in flat contradiction to the absurd idea that the Catholic Church and genuine science are at enmity with each other.

These reflections have been aroused by a perusal of a very interesting pamphlet, *The Place of Religion in Modern Scientific Civilization*, by Charles P. Steinmetz.[2] Mr. Steinmetz is a distinguished man, whose name is known wherever electricians congregate, and naturally he takes an exalted view of science, though, as we shall see, he is willing to admit that there are other things which must come into consideration in our survey of the universe.

But one or two of his observations we are compelled to criticize. The writer tells us that "undoubtedly experience led to the first conception of superior beings, or 'Gods,' the forces of nature personified," and so on. Seeing that the point is one which has been hotly discussed for years, as witness the books of Frazer, Lang, Marett, and Schmidt, to mention but a few, and is still a most debated point amongst anthropologists, we think the term "undoubted" is, to say the least, premature. And we are here writing, let it be clearly understood, from the purely anthropological, and not from the theological, standpoint.

Again, after an interesting argument—in which the writer displays, if we may respectfully say so, somewhat less acquaintance with the present position of the vitalistic controversy than we should have expected, even from a physicist—we are told that "science had inevitably to become atheistic." It is greatly to be desired that writers would try to use their terms with some approach to clearness. In a sense, it might be said that science had "inevitably to become agnostic," *i. e.*, to admit herself incapable of expressing an opinion as to whether there be a God or not. But atheism is the flat denial that such a Being exists; and as far as we are aware, no other writer has put forward the claim that science can prove what the fool has said in his heart: "There is no God."

[2] Bulletin No. 13, Unitarian Laymen's League. December, 1922.

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Physicists as distinguished as our author have not feared to take up a position opposed even to the agnostic attitude which we have suggested to be more possibly permissible. The late Lord Kelvin is generally held to have been the greatest physicist since Sir Isaac Newton, and it is well known that he deliberately stated it as his opinion, that the idea of a Creator was one necessary to science. "I cannot admit," he said, "that, with regard to the origin of life, science neither affirms nor denies creative power. Science positively affirms creative power . . . which (she) compels us to accept as an article of belief." And it will probably be admitted that the greatest living authority in this branch of science, is Sir J. J. Thomson, who, at Winnipeg, in 1909, concluded his presidential address to the meeting of the British Association, by calling attention to the country traversed by scientific inquiry. He said: "In the distance, tower still higher peaks, which will yield to those who ascend them still wider prospects, and deepen the feeling, whose truth is emphasized by every advance in science, that 'Great are the works of the Lord.'" As to that agnosticism of science, which we suggested as possible, it is really, as Lord Kelvin's remarks show, only possible to those curious persons who, like the late W. G. Ward's Philosophical Mouse, can never look outside their own piano or system, at things beyond. These, too, are the ones who talk of "mysticism" and "metaphysics" as equally unworthy of the notice of the true man of science. But the man of science, by the way, if he is not something, at least, of a metaphysician, is a very incomplete, not to say lopsided, individual. So much for this point. If we have delayed over it, it is because a want of logical thought leads to great confusion.

Great confusion arises, too, in our opinion, from what must always be an impossible task: namely, the attempt to fit, as into a Procrustean bed, physical, biological, and—what is far worse—psychological facts, into one and the same set of categories. It cannot be done; and it is the attempt to do it, which leads to such remarks as, "the conceptions of physical science are incompatible with the metaphysical conceptions of God, immortality, infinity, etc." Passing the question as to whether the idea of God is to be fairly described as purely metaphysical, the word *incompatible* is defined, in the Century Dictionary, as meaning "incapable of harmonizing or

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agreeing; mutually repelling." No one will, we suppose, say that, in this sense, the term can accurately be applied to the conceptions alluded to. What the writer seems to mean is that they are not to be set under the same categories. If that is his meaning, we fully agree with him, but that is a wholly different matter from being "mutually repelling."

These criticisms, which we have ventured to make, must, in fairness, be supplemented by the statement that we quite agree with his conclusion, that "the negative answer of science"—allowing for a moment what we personally do not admit, that the answer *is* negative—as to God, immortality, and so on, "is not conclusive." We agree, also, that "inherently, science and religion are not antagonistic, but separate, the one dealing with the finite conclusions from our finite sense perceptions, that is, the world of facts and reality, and the other with *infinite* conceptions, which can neither be proven nor disproven empirically, but are outside of the realm of science, in the field of *belief*." The professed philosopher would be inclined to put in a *caveat* in connection with the use of the word *reality*, as applied to the matters dealt with by science, but we are not going to quarrel over that detail. It is with real satisfaction that we welcome, from a distinguished man of science, the statement, which, after all, every scientific man must know to be true, that science is no more the Key to All the Mysteries than Casaubon's book was likely to have been, as he fondly imagined, the Key to All the Mythologies.

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RANDOM ADVENTURES IN NAMES.

By Benjamin Francis Musser.

Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
—*Thomas Campbell.*

EMERSON has said that all language is "fossil poetry," and all poetry, said Carlyle, "consists in the giving of names." If this be true of names in general, rhythmic or sound-pleasing names for things inanimate, for feelings and gestures, surely we ought to be able to become Christian poets in the giving of Christian names at "christening" or holy baptism. A seed catalogue may be replete with poetic appellations, but the Violet or Pansy of infancy becomes a wilted and faded poem indeed when she has bloomed into her fourth stanza or decade; whilst the Margaret or Stephen of the martyrology remains a Christian name with its "power of grace" freighted with a poesy that cannot fade. What is more humiliating than to have to admit that one's sponsors in baptism gave one the moniker of a mythological goddess, of a jewel or a vegetable, of a soap or a perfume? Truly, as Cowper once wrote:

Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwink'd.

In spite of Hayward's declaration that "I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom," the perversion of good old stand-by cognomens into diminutives or nicknames is wisely deplored by pedants and pastors. How many, think you, of the "Harries" and "Franks" and "Joes" and "Jacks," all too plentiful in any city directory, must hark back to their deluded parents' custom of "only once in a while" abbreviating their children's names? Only-once-in-a-while soon develops into a habit, and habits, if not resisted, become our masters.

The very name grotesquely caricatured is in time forgotten through misapplication. Jack, for instance, notwithstanding the allegations of some writers and the general public's unthinking acceptance of those allegations, is not a diminutive

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or colloquial form of or substitute for the name John; it is, as authoritative etymologists are agreed, in reality, a derivation from or shortened form of Jacob, hence of James. For Jacob and James are the same name: in Hebrew, Yakob; Septuagint Greek, Iakob; New Testament Greek, Iakobos; Latin, Jacobus. The similarity between Jack and the equivalent of James in modern languages can readily be seen: James in Spanish is Jago, Iago, Diego, or Jacobo; in Italian, Giacomo and Giacobbe, or Jacopo, with Jacopone (*e. g.*, Jacopone da Todi) as its diminutive; in French it is Jacques, and Jack is probably the immediate anglicized form of this modern French word for James. Jacques, in its turn, is certainly derived from the Jacob of the Old Testament and the James (Jacobus) of the New. The derivation of James from the Hebrew is traced, like Jack, through the French, not however from Jacques, but from the earlier—and now extinct—form Jacquaemes, a gallicized transportation by missionaries from Rome. Thus: James, Jacquaemes, Giacomo, Jacopo, Jacobus, Iakob, Yakob.

On the other hand, no resemblance can be found between Jack and John in any language. In Greek John is Ioannes; Latin, Iohannes, Ioannes, Johannes, Joannes; Italian, Giovanni; German, Johan, Johann, or Johannes, affectionately Hans; French, Jean or Jehan; Portuguese, Joao; Spanish, Juan; Cymric, Isan; Russian, Ivan; Danish and Polish, Jan; etc., etc.; whereas, we have seen how closely allied Jack is to Jacob, and hence to James. If you must have a nickname for your boy John (but why must you?), call him Johnny, which at least agrees with the Italian Gianni, abbreviated form of Giovanni.

Frivolous treatment of Christian names is, in part, responsible for degeneration of much of the significance attached to those names. The name of St. Mary Magdalen is, in England, pronounced, and sometimes written, Maudlin, whence the adjective *maudlin*, concerning which the honest Protestant Archbishop Trench once wrote: "Could the Magdalen ever have bequeathed us 'maudlin' in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential sorrow had been held in due honor by the world?" [1] It is one of those lamentable instances of a word whose early meaning has suffered perversion through sneering misuse on the part of unbelievers.

[1] Richard Chenevix Trench, *The Study of Words*, lecture iii.

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In like manner, the name of the great Franciscan scholar, John Duns Scotus, who was familiarly spoken of as Duns, has been corrupted into a term of scorn by repudiators of Scholastic learning; so that to-day a *dunce*, instead of being regarded as an erudite disciple of Duns Scotus, is, on the contrary, called by the term which has become a byword for invincible ignorance. A somewhat analogous case, but without the implication of religious skepticism, is that of the adjective *tawdry*, derived from Awdry, Awdrey, Audry, or Audrey, variants of the name of Etheldreda. Dr. Trench says:[2] "'Tawdry,' an epithet applied once to lace or other finery bought at the fair of St. Awdrey or St. Etheldreda, has run through the same course: it, at one time, conveyed no suggestion of mean finery or shabby splendor, as it now does."

Among the most lamentable offenses against nomenclature have been the perversions, misnamed translations, of ancient Irish names into what was supposed to be, but certainly was not, a correct English form. Irish, or Erse, is to-day the purest dialect of the Gaelic, or Gaodhelig, language; but it is only within recent years, and owing at first almost as much to the labors of German philologists as of Irish savants, that the ancient tongue has received the attention it deserves.

Gaelic was, for many centuries, under a ban imposed by England. As touching personal names and surnames, note that, in 1367, English settlers in Ireland were forbidden the use of Erse, and even the names of Irishmen were, by an act of Parliament in the reign of Edward IV., forcibly "anglicized." Thus, Domhnall or Donel legally became Daniel—a Hebrew name; Diarmouid or Dermot was "translated" Jeremiah! Aine became Anastasia, or Anna, or the Hebrew Hannah; Donogh is even to-day called Denis; Turlough and Brian have given way to Terence and Bernard, or Barney. It is difficult to recognize Teigue in Thaddeus. The lovely Irish name Una masquerades as Winifred, *via* the Anglo-Saxon Guinevere and the Cymric Gwenhwyvar; Lorcan has given place to Lawrence; Calbhach, Carroll, Cathal, Connor, and Cormac all now pose as Charles. Keara has been hebraicized Sarah; Finnin is now called Florence, and Felim becomes Philip. Eoghan has been modified into its Cymric relative, Owain, or Owen, or has been hellenized into Eugene. Conn and Art were regarded by the

[2] *Loc. cit.*

"Jingo" originated contemptuously by [illegible] the introduction [illegible]

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English as mere nicknames, wherefore Conn does penance as Cornelius or Constantine, and Art has been elongated into Arthur. Ruardi or Rory (Cymric, Rhodri), "the ruddy chief," has been supplanted by the Teutonic Roderick and Roger. Maolmhuire or Myler, meaning "Mary's devotee," has been metamorphosed into Miles or Myles, which means "soldier." Sighile or Sheela, "fairy-like," a name probably older than Rome, beguiles mankind as Julia, Judith (Siodha), and, colloquially, as Judy; Cecilia is another misrepresentation of the same source-names. Maghamhu or Mahon, "rich in pastures," poses as Martin; Alastair, "a swan-bearer," dons the Greek name Alexander; Aonghus or Angus has been replaced by Æneas; Aodh has disappeared altogether, the Teutonic Hugh taking its place.

Irish surnames, too, were made to suffer etymological agonies. In the reign of James I. an act was passed forbidding the retention of all but a few of the old Gaelic surnames; the vast majority fell under the mistranslator's pen, and came forth a sorry spectacle, but agreeable to English taste. MacGabhan emerged as Smythe (*gabhan* is the Gaelic for "smith"); MacSeaghan became Johnson; O'Neill posed as Nielson and Nelson; Maol Eoghan did service as Malone; O'h-Aonghus, as Haynes; O'Ceallaigh as Kelly, or Kellogg; O'h-Uilleachan, though it still wrenches unaccustomed jaws as O'Hoolahan, has been generally changed into Howlan or Holland. O'Seaghdha became O'Shea; MacGiola Mhachudha degenerated into MacGillicuddy or MacEllicott or even Eliot; Giola h-Iosa, "servant of Jesus," and Maol Mhuire, "client of Mary," have had their beautiful significance disguised in the forms Gillies, or Gillis, and Mallory, which supplanted those ancient patronymics. Fionn, "white," was phonetically misrepresented by Finn; the same being true of the anglicized names, Duff (from Dubh, "black"), Dunne (from Donn, "brown"), Gorman (from Gorm, "blue"), Leigh (from Laith, "gray"), and Glass (from Glas, "green"). Conn Chobhair, "the helping war-hound," became Connor or Conor; and the now very familiar Gallagher, a name which means nothing at all, was, by the Gaels, called Gall Chobhair, which meant "the helping stranger."

No other people in Europe has had a similar experience. And the pity of it is, that this war on the language has been

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waging so long that the Irish themselves are unconsciously bearing mutilated names into all the corners of the world. How many Irish women with an *O'* (anciently written *ua*), or a *Mac* before their surname realize that they thus proclaim themselves a male descendant or a son? O'Donel, for instance, means "a male descendant of Donel," Donel presumably being the founder of a clan. Padraig mac Eoghan (not Patrick McKeon!) means "Padraig, or Padraic, son of Eoghan." His sister would be Daela ni h-Eoghan (not Delia McKeon!): *ni*, a contraction of *nighen*, or *ingean*, was used by the tribal Hibernians to denote "a daughter of." Thanks to the English lawmakers, Irish women are now sons and male descendants.

But the English are not alone to blame in the unsuccessful rôle of translator. Americans, although theirs is the melting pot of nations, have never been able, as a whole, to assimilate foreign names without butchering them in the process. When giving the most beautiful of all names, Mary, to her children, Columbia sometimes substitutes the Latin-Spanish-Italian parallel Maria; but in so doing care should be taken to have the child's name pronounced Ma-ree-a, which is far more poetic than the ugly sound one so frequently hears in America —Ma-rye-a. But even less lovely is the Americanization of the beautiful French form of the name, Marie. This should be pronounced Mar-ree, but with a slight roll of the "r." Instead of which, Americans commonly mutilate this into a monosyllable something like M'ree!

American Catholics, too, have a strange way of dressing up the names of the saints in cloaks of motley. Thus we have John Baptist de La Salle, Francis de Sales, Francis de Paul, Vincent de Paul, Mary Magdalen de' Pazzi. In some cases, there is not even the prop of a surname to justify the semi-translated label. For example, "St. Francis de Paul" is, in reality, St. Francis of Paula, in Calabria. Then there is the very flagrant misnomer, as unpoetic as it is erroneous, of "Joan of Arc."

Many English-speaking people, with the legitimate desire to anglicize foreign names, call the French National Patroness Joan *of Arc*, a popular error, but an error which usage alone cannot justify. "Of Arc" is a nomenclatural and geographical impossibility. There was no town called Arc, no ancestral house of that title, so that one cannot be said to have been

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"of" it. The French *d'Arc*, with the aristocratic apostrophe, proclaimed a good origin and was so written in the patent of nobility given to the Maid by the King in 1429, when he also conferred on her the additional surname Du Lys and a coat-of-arms—honors she declined to make use of, but both latter name and blazon were afterwards appropriated by her brothers and their descendants, as well as the apostrophized *d'Arc*, though during the lifetime of their father, a well-to-do peasant, it was plain *D-a-r-c*. Had he been English, Jacques Darc would have written his name James of the Bow, or Bowman, or perhaps Archer.

Honor Walsh, in her "Busybody's Corner" of *The Catholic Standard and Times*, once commented amusingly anent the Maid's name in this manner, after giving an excerpt from some verses by Pauline Barrington:

> Wisely the poet gives the saintly Warrior Maid of France her one true name—Jeanne. The English translation, "Joan," is stodgily British, even when correctly dissyllabilized into Jo-an, but the common American perversion of the name has produced the even uglier "Jone." . . . Writing to You-know-me-Al, this hero [of Ring Lardner's Big League fiction] relates that when he became corporal, a rookie, disdainful of his lurid heroics, demanded: "Who do you think you are? Jonah Vark? Jonah Vark never wouldn't use a cuss word like that." So I said: "I guess he'd say a whole lot more than that if he had you in his command!"

Hence, you lovers of "disforeignized" words, call Jacques' saintly daughter Jane Bowman if you must, but do not, do not label her Joan of Arc. If she had known how to write, her signature would have been Jehannette Rommée, because, as she said at her trial: "My mother's name was Isabelle Rommée, and in my country girls take the surname of their mother." To her young friends, she was known as Jehannette la Pucelle (familiarly, The Maiden Jenny), or as Jehanne. Jeanne is modern French: Ioanna, Iohanna, Joanna, or Johanna is Latin; Jean, Jane, and Joan are allowed to pass for English.

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LETTY OF CRAGGY SUMMIT.

By Esther W. Neill.

CHAPTER III.

A Bit of Family History.

LETTY was still deeply engrossed in the history of the Hottentots when old Mam' Eliza came limping into the room to order her to bed.

"'Taint no use in yer settin' up puttin' yer eyes out readin' yer pa's books," she said, mopping her black face with a red bandanna, "yer bath tub's waitin'. My Lawd! I reckon I've toted enuff water up dem steps, year in and year out, to fill der bottom of der creek at Cannon Run an' I've got a mizry in both my laigs. Come on, honey, an' let me comb de tangles out of yer hair 'cause I'm 'bliged to git some rest."

Letty thrust the big book back into its place and rose obediently. "I'll say good-night to father and Père Jean," she said.

She ran out on the porch, and the faithful old woman stood patiently waiting, knowing that her beloved nursling would not detain her long. The child was back in a moment; she lifted Mam' Lize's fat leathery hand to her strong young shoulder.

"Lean on me," she said, "I'll help you up the stairs. Put your other hand on the banisters and lean on me. Ben says he is going to put a bathroom in the house as soon as we can afford it. He's thought of a plan—some sort of a wheel to pump the water to a tank in the attic, and then it would flow out of spigots in the house."

"Well, I ain't askin' for no new sort of contraptions," said the old woman as they ascended the white-railed steps together, "I reckon if we had a tank in de attic it would be leakin' all de time jest like de roof does now when it rains. My Lawd! dis here place ain't what it useter be. Seems like de war wuz intended to be de ruination of dis here house.

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I wuz only a child like you when de Yankees cum a clatterin' and a yellin' an' a shootin' up de road. I remembers it well 'cause it wuz jest de day before Christmas an' de pantry shelves wus jest a creakin' and a groanin' wid good things to eat—turkey stuffed wid chestnuts 'till it wuz fit to bust, an' a fruit cake settin' on de safe wid all sorts of fancy fixin' an' curlycues made out of biled icing. Yer grandma useter put it on wid a little horn of paper—I never yet known how she done it; an' de pies an' de cakes an' de cookies wuz coolin' in dem blue willow-ware plates on de window sill, when dar cum a hollerin' an' a bangin' at de doors. . . . Dat wuz de end ob Christmas fer us, honey. Dem Yankees sot right down and et up eberything in sight an' out of sight, dey cleaned out de pantry, de chicken yard, de smoke house, and den dey started eatin' up de hawgs an' de cows. I druv one cow down to der Creek and hid her in de bushes so your pa, who wuz a baby, could git some milk. It wuz a turrible time, honey. Dem soldiers wuz wuss dan a cloud of locusts an' I reckon dey would hev tore de house clean down if General Lee hadn't druv 'em away by surrenderin' at Appomattox."

They had reached Letty's room now, and the old woman paused in her reminiscences to attend to the comfort of her little charge. She pinned back the muslin curtains to admit more air, folded the heavy crochet spread that covered the bed, and lighted the lamp on the table, while Letty undressed and proceeded to pull her snowy nightgown over her tousled hair.

"I'll sit in this little armchair and dabble my feet in the water while you fix my hair, Mam' Lize, and you—you tell me about Aunt Corinne. Did she ever live here when she was a little girl?"

"Well, whar else wuz she gwine to live, honey?" said the old woman as she brought the brush and comb from a drawer in the low dressing table. "Dis here place wuz her home same as it wuz yer pa's, seein' dat she wuz his own born sister. But I never did have much use for Miss Corinne. She wuz allus contrary. She useter git as mad as a hornet an' den she never cared what she done. I remember she bit me once clean thru de hand same as a mad dog, an' I ain't tole anybody 'bout it to dis day. Dar wa'n't no use talkin'. Yer see her ma and pa wuz both dead an' yer pa never had no control over her when

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she took a notion. She certainly behaved scandalous when yer pa married Mistah Ben's mother—called her 'po' white trash' right to her face—I ain't jest sure dat Mistah Ben's mother wuz quality. She cum from somewhar up north, an' she cum to live wid her brother, who had been overseer to General Churchill Scott. Now, de General wuz mighty easy goin', he ain't payin' much attention to his plantation 'cause he had had one of his laigs shot off in de Mexican War an' he useter jest drink his juleps an' say he'd quit worryin', 'cause half of him wuz buried, he don't know whar, an' if a man wuz in his grave, his restin' time had cum. But when all dese Yankee soldiers cum trapesin' round here to free de niggers, de General he rage an' he cuss, and he say he's gwine to fight an' he ain't gwine to stop dis time til dey blow his haid clean off. An' I reckon he did, honey, 'cause he went off and got hisself killed in de fightin' in de Wilderness, an' his son, Col. Churchill, cum home, atter de war, wid nothin' but de General's sword an' de General aint eben buried 'long side of his own laig or his own people; he wuz buried a long ways from here. Well, de young Colonel—'cause he wuz young in dem days, honey, he ain't got no use for dis here overseer, so he jest up and says he ain't got no place for him 'cause he ain't got no more niggers. But as soon as de niggers heard dat de overseer had gone for good, dey cum a sneakin' back to de Colonel's to work, an' dey wuzn't afraid to talk den, honey. I useter hear dem in de quarters. Dey said he wuz a debbil, chile, eben if he wuz Mistah Ben's uncle. Dar wuzn't any odder word to 'spress him. He was de wustest overseer in de county 'cause he don't care no more for a nigger dan he did for a dog; he'd whip 'em an' he'd burn 'em an' he'd drown 'em if he took de notion.

"Dar wuz dat yaller gal, Selina, useter to cook for him. She had cum all de way from New Orleans, an' I reckon dey had sold her away from all her folks 'cause she didn't do nothin' but peak and pine and grieve 'bout de baby dat had died on de steamboat dat had brung her up de river. I reckon she went clean out of her haid 'cause one mornin', when Mistah Ben's uncle got up and went down to git his breakfast, dar wa'n't a sign of cookin', not even a fire in de range. Ole Black Jim cum walkin' in an' Mistah Ben's uncle ax him whar's Selina. Jim said she jest gone drown herself in de

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Creek, and' Mistah Ben's uncle begin to rage and to rare, an' 'low dat nigger wuz lyin' an' he said he know dat gal has run away, so he took Jim out in de swamp an' he runs him in a swamp hole—one of dese here quicksands, I reckon—and he says he's gwine to sink him if he don't tell which-away dat gal has gone. Well, Jim, he sink in de sand to his knees an' he holler for help an' he cuss all he knowed how, an' den he sink to his armpits, an' den he begin to pray to de Lord. Mistah Ben's uncle jest settin' dar watchin' him sink an' tellin' him he'd yank him out if he tell whar Selina has gone. Jim kept sayin' she's drowned dead in de Creek, and Mistah Ben's uncle ain't sayin' nothin' but 'it's a lie,' an' Jim jest kept a-sinkin' an' a-sinkin' till dar wa'n't nothin' but de tip of his haid, an' den de tip of his hair, an' den dar wa'n't nothin'—at all."

Letty's big blue eyes had widened with horror. "Oh, that's a dreadful story," she cried, "I don't believe it—I can't believe it."

"Well, I ain't seen it," said the old woman, indifferently, "but I've heard 'em tell it in de quarters. I reckon it must be so. Now Mistah Ben's uncle wuz an' ole man when Mistah Ben an' his mother cum to live wid him, but I reckon he wuz allus onerary, an' I reckon Mistah Ben's mother wuz mighty glad to marry yer pa and get shet of him. But somehow, honey, when she cum here she didn't seem to know 'xactly how to take hold. I ain't meanin' to say she wa'n't a manager, 'cause she wuz, but it wuz a sort of Yankee managin' dat I reckon we didn't understand. She knew all about farmin'. She useter ride out in de fields to look after de hands, same as a man, an' I reckon dey wuz a little skeered of her 'cause she sort of favored her brother, she wuz tall and spare, but right puny lookin'. Dar wa'n't any broken fences when she wuz around. De hawgs and de horses an' de sheep had dar regular pastures an' dis here house ran same as a clock. I useter think dat sometimes yer pa looked right droopy, an' he an' Mistah Ben useter go off on long campin' trips in de woods while we had house cleanin's dat would last a week at a time, an' eberything in dis here house would be turned bottom upwards 'til you'd think a cyclone had blown spang thru it. She wuz a mighty good woman, chile. I ain't denyin' dat, but yer own ma, Miss Letty Fairfax, was real quality an' yer pa

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thought the sun rose and set in her—she wuz real quality, an' no mistake."

"What's quality?" asked the child, dabbling her feet in the water while she rubbed a bit of soap on a turkish wash-cloth. "What is quality, Mam' Lize?"

The old woman hesitated for a moment and looked for inspiration at the portrait of Letty's mother that hung above the wooden mantel shelf.

"Well, I ain't knowin' jest how to 'splain it," she said. "You jest know it an' sort of feel it soon as dey cum 'roun. Dar's quality in people same as dar is in dry goods, I reckon. If yer go to de store an' buy heavy all-wool goods yer know it's gwine to keep out de cold, an' if yer live wid quality yer sort of know yer can count on 'em in peace and in war. Dey learn in de Bible, I reckon, to feed de hongry an' clothe de naked an' nuss de sick an' bury de dead, an' dey ain't struttin' 'round puttin' on airs same as peacocks, 'cause dey don't have to. Ebberybody knows who an' what dey be. An' when trouble cums dey ain't cryin' an' carryin' on, dey jest act natchral. Dar wuz Miss Minnie Stevens of Culpepper, for instance. She had been a schoolmate of yer grandma's, an' atter de war my ole Miss heard she wuz starvin', so we packed up an' went straight to whar she wuz. Dar wa'n't nothin' left of de house but one chimney, an' Miss Minnie Stevens wuz livin' in de barn. Her gold harp wuz a-settin' up in one corner. I reckon de Yankees ain't got no use for dat—an' she wuz settin' in a high-backed chair wid a seat on it made of roses in worsted work. It was de same kind of chair we've got in de parlor. Yer grandma and Miss Minnie had been at de convent school together, and dey had made dose chair seats from de same pattern. Well, Miss Stevens got up and kissed yer grandma same as if nothin' had happened, an' she axed yer grandma to lunch, though all she had wuz a piece of corn pone an' a silver cruet full of molasses, an' then dey both sot down and et off a little table, wid a checker board top, an' dey laughed and talked same as if dey wuz at a party an' I waited on dem, though dar wa'n't nothin' for me to do but fetch well water.

"Well, yer grandma brought Miss Minnie home to visit her, and she married one of your grandma's brothers, so she never had to go back to de barn. Dey's all dead now, honey—

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all dead. It ain't so easy to 'splain quality, 'cause sometimes it seems to slip up, not often, but sometimes. Dar's your Aunt Corinne. Some folks say she favors my ole master in his wust ways. He wuz a mighty good master in some ways, but he had a turrible temper when he wuz riled, an' he ain't got no patience wid my ole Miss's Popish ways. You know she cum from New Orleans, an' she had religion same as you an' Père Jean, but ole Marse, he ain't payin' no attention to jedgment 'cause I reckon he never learned how. My poor ole Miss didn't hev the spirit ob contention; she jest grieve an' study 'bout de way ole Marse don't believe in de Bible or nothin' else the preachers talk about, an' one day she jest laid down an' died, when Miss Corinne wa'n't nothin' but a baby. Ole Marse don't know nothin' 'bout bringin' up gals, an' he didn't live long, no how atter ole Miss, so yer pa and Miss Corinne wuz left alone, an' dey nebba got on, honey. Seems like dey wa'n't made to get on. Soon as she cum home from boarding school, she wanted to git away again. She didn't care nothin' for dis here place. Yer ma wuz mighty kind to her, but Miss Corinne wuz jest so natcherally contrary, she jest can't be happy at home.

"So when de railroad wanted to cut dis here place in two, Miss Corinne wuz all for sellin' her share. She didn't want to wait a minute. De railroad wuz gwine to cut thru de south meadow, and dat would hev brought de tracks clean thru de back door. Miss Corinne said she didn't care 'bout dat, she'd jest as soon hev a locomotive settin' in de parlor as some of de beaus dat cum to see her in dis here 'God-forsaken place.' Yer pa got mad and yer ma cried a little when he wa'n't lookin', and den she shet her lips tight like she useter do when she'd made up her mind to do somethin'. An' dat night she got my ole man to harness up de pony phaeton, an' while Miss Corinne and you an' Mistah Ben wuz asleep, she and me took de midnight train for Richmond, an' when we got dar she went to one of de banks, dat wuz jest bustin' wid money, an' she got all her pa had left her, an' den she went to one of her kin, who wuz a lawyer, an' she sold her old home in de city an' nearly eberthing else she had, an' she bought yer Aunt Corinne out. Yer pa wuz madder dan ever wid Miss Corinne. I heard him say she wuz askin' more dan de whole place wuz wuth. But yer ma jest up and kissed yer pa an' told him she

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wuz buyin' happiness, and nothin' wuz too high to pay for dat. An', I reckon, she wuz right, honey, for Miss Corinne went away an' she ain't never set foot in dis house until to-day. An' I wuz afeard she might stay—she can be mighty soft-spoken when she has a mind. I didn't want her to think we wa'n't gettin' on, so I wuz killin' chickens and making Sally Lunn all de time she wuz here settin' on de porch, but my spirit wa'n't in it, honey, an' I made sure dat Sally Lunn would sink."

"You don't have to put spirit into Sally Lunn, Mammy. You put in an yeast cake and then it's sure to rise."

"Well, it might an' it mightn't. I never count on nothin' when I see Miss Corinne."

"Well, I didn't like her either," said the child frankly, as she raised her dripping feet out of the soapy water and wiped them on a torn towel. "I thought she talked in a very strange, unpleasant way."

"What did she say to you, honey?"

"I don't want to remember all of it—I'm trying to forget it before I say my prayers." She looked down critically upon her slender feet, resting now on the old rag rug. "Will you lend me your shoe for a moment, Mam' Lize, just for a minute, I want one of your shoes for a very particular reason."

The old woman untied the frayed lacing that held her worn shoe to her ankle.

"My Lawd, honey. Yer ain't gwine to put it on?"

"I just want to try it on for a moment, Mammy. It is too big—I'm glad it's miles too big—and that slit on the side I can get all my toes through. Do you suppose that going barefoot gives you bumps on your feet? You really need a new pair of shoes, Mammy. I'll ask Ben to buy you a pair."

"I'd a heap rather have a pair of carpet slippers," said the old woman as she tied the child's thick braid with a piece of faded ribbon. "An' don't you go and pester Mistah Ben until he gets the corn crop sold. 'Taint right for him to have to work so hard in de fields when de county's full of no 'count niggers. Nothin' is like it useter be. I'm thinkin' dat jedgment is right here. De Bible says dar shall be wars and rumors of wars. I'm thinkin' jedgment is here."

"Oh, I guess not," said Letty calmly. "I guess judgment won't come until I'm wrinkled and old."

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"It don't do to count on a day nor an hour," said the old woman gloomily. "Dar wuz a hoot owl a-settin' up in de blasted cedar a-hootin' trouble on dis here house. I reckon dat hoot owl saw Miss Corinne a-comin' up de road. Now say yer prayers, honey, and get to bed. It's after nine o'clock."

Letty's prayers were short and distracted by the troubled thoughts of the day, but as she ascended the three carpeted steps that led to the reposeful height of her tall four-poster, she lifted her nightgown and viewed her small feet again, with some satisfaction. She paused when she reached the sheeted level and, before stepping on the bed, she turned and said:

"Give me Arabella, Mammy. She is over there on the window sill. Sometimes, I think that Arabella hears everything that goes on in this house—poor Arabella! No one is going to hurt you or take you away from me. I'm not afraid of germs."

She cuddled the misshapen doll in her arms and lay back among her pillows until Mam 'Lize blew out the light and started to leave the room, then she dropped Arabella and, sitting up, alert in the terrifying darkness, she held out a detaining hand.

"Could—could you stay with me a little while longer, Mam' Lize," she said beseechingly. "That was an awful story you told me 'about Black Jim—I'm afraid I shall have bad dreams—I—I am sure I shall see his ears wobbling—"

The old nurse paused beside the bed. "I ain't tole yer nothin' 'bout wobblin' ears," she said defensively.

"But I can see them, Mam' Lize, see them as Black Jim sinks—I'm sure—sure his ears would wobble. Won't you stay and sing to me, Mam' Lize—sing to me until I go to sleep?"

The old woman sat down again without a protest. The child's will had always governed hers, and she began to sing in a dull monotone the familiar negro hymn that had been one of Letty's lullabies:

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

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I looked over Jordan,
An' what did I see
Comin' for to carry me home,
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home."

The monotonous words were repeated again and again with a growing musical quality. The summer moon rose, filling the big room with spectral light; the child slept in tranquil peace, but the old woman still kept vigil; her body rocked to and fro, as if compelled by the strange rhythm, until the words were altogether lost in a murmuring sound, an echo from the reeds of the jungle, an audible primal strain, surviving a slave generation.

CHAPTER IV.

Letty Is Expelled From School.

Looking back in the after years upon her childhood, Letty divided it into three epochs. The first, that happy care-free period of irresponsibility; the second, marked by Aunt Corinne's visit when self-consciousness dawned and she began to make vague comparisons with the world outside her own; and the third, marked by her expulsion from school, when Don came into her life.

Aunt Corinne did not remember her promise to find a suitable boarding school for her niece until February, and then a doleful remark of Don's about, "exams for second semester," roused her to the fact that the school year was half over and she had to acknowledge, with a momentary symptom of regret, that she had completely forgotten Letty's existence. To make amends, she humorously described her small "savage" niece to some of her fashionable friends and asked their advice, and they promptly recommended St. George's Academy, a most expensive finishing school, presided over by Madame Fouard, the widow of a distinguished diplomat.

Corinne wrote to her brother at once, and her generous offer was worded like an imperious mandate which admitted no thought of refusal, for with her letter came a railroad ticket, a Pullman reservation and a box full of clothes, purchased

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with a lavish hand, a suitable stylish outfit that amazed Letty, because everything fit without any tiresome "tryings on."

As the child viewed her transformed figure in the old mirror in the hall, her opinion of her aunt slightly altered, until Mam' Lize, limping from the library with her bucket and broom, mumbled something about, "Miss Corinne ain't gwine to be shamed by her kin." To the child's clear mind this remark canceled half the value of the gift she was enjoying. If the clothes had been bought because Aunt Corinne dreaded her appearance as a Hottentot, her generosity seemed to dwindle into disloyal pride.

Edward Markham's peace was disturbed by his sister's letter; he read it over twice and, then, unselfishly ignoring his own feelings in the matter, he decided to accept. He was too easy going and tolerant to allow an ancient family grievance against his only sister to interfere with Letty's prospects. He realized that it was a real opportunity for the child such as he could not afford to give. He dreaded the thought of parting with her, but he reasoned that her grandmother and her mother had both gone to the convent school to be educated, and, since this school of his sister's choosing was called St. George's Academy, he felt that she had considered the child's religious belief when she had made the selection.

Père Jean was away from home giving a mission to the negroes in the southern part of the State, so he could not be consulted, and Ben reluctantly agreed that Corinne's offer, for Letty's best interests, could not be ignored.

"I hate like the devil to see her go," he said the evening of her departure. "The house will be like a tomb without her."

Edward Markham took off his glasses and wiped the clouded lenses. "I can't help wishing that Corinne had never suggested it," he said. "My feelings are so mixed that they are hard to analyze. I've such an infernal memory that I can't forget that Corinne gobbled up the little patrimony that Letty ought to have inherited from her mother. I believe she's trying to make amends, and it seems sort of unchristian to refuse her."

Now, after three months and a half spent in this desirable exclusive finishing school, Letty had been expelled, and Madame Fouard, who directed all her communications to Aunt

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Corinne as the child's legal guardian, wrote a carefully-worded note on crested paper requesting that some one call for Letitia "at once."

"The child shows no moral obliquity," the lady wrote with puritanical conscientiousness," but her conventions are most extraordinary, and we fear their effect on the other girls. We realize, my dear Mrs. Wainright, that you are in no way responsible for her past training. She does not seem to recognize the necessity of rules and reasonable regulations, and we can no longer give her a place in a select school of our social standing."

Aunt Corinne was in Florida, so she forwarded the note to her husband, adding a postscript in her large scrawling handwriting: "Since she has disgraced the family, please buy her a ticket and send her home." Hugh Wainwright was on his way to an important bank directors' meeting when he received this letter, but his mind, working with the precision of a machine over some financial problem, paused at the word "disgrace." What could a child of ten do to disgrace a family? He had never seen Letty, but he had known Madame Fouard in Paris, and he considered her an insufferable snob; her letter roused him to vague interest in the child, and Corinne's casual acceptance of the situation seemed to him unfair.

To send the child home without questioning the justice of the expulsion might mean to consign her to undeserved punishment and months of misunderstanding in her small community. How would her family receive her, if she returned to them with no palliating excuses which an older head might offer to soften the humiliating fact?

Don came into his father's office at that moment, and he was welcomed as an ally who could effectually deal with the difficulty.

"Read that," said his father, putting the letter in the boy's hand, "and then take the car and go get the child and bring her to the hotel. I'll give you both lunch at one, and we'll talk this matter over and see what's to be done. Can't stop now—late for a meeting—"

He was out of the room before Don had spoken, but the boy was undisturbed; he regarded his father's haste as a natural characteristic of all business men. He sat down in the vacant chair in front of the big mahogany desk, and pieced

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out the hurried orders. He read the letter through, and then said with a sympathy that surprised himself:

"Poor little kid—she's a wild one."

His father's secretary, coming in at that moment to collect the morning's mail, smiled in a friendly way and said, with a curiosity not to be denied:

"Who's that, Don?"

"It's a girl," answered the boy, gloomily, "and you've got to help me, Mr. Fay. Dad's left the whole thing to me, and I don't want to sit around a finishing school for an hour. It would finish me, I know. You telephone this Madame Fouard —wait a minute, I'll find her number—and you say that Mr. Wainwright's car will call."

"Call for whom?"

"Miss Letitia Markham—aged ten." He grinned broadly as he added this last statement, which robbed the situation of all romantic interest.

"All right," said the Secretary. "That's Mrs. Wainwright's niece. I've been signing her reports—Mrs. Wainwright told me to. Nobody else ever saw them. Seemed to have a head on her. Got one hundred in exams and things."

"Well, I don't know," said Don, "I never saw her but once, and I'm sorry I've got to see her now. You'll help a lot if you telephone her to get ready."

Mr. Fay busied himself with the telephone. "She's ready to start now," he said.

Don arose reluctantly. "Then I'd better be starting. That school is a long way from here."

He wished that the whole job of extricating Letty had been left to the estimable and capable Mr. Fay, but it never occurred to him to disobey his father's direct orders. An expulsion seemed to promise a mild form of excitement and, now that his preparatory school had closed for the summer, any form of activity was to be preferred to an idle day.

As he passed through the lower corridor of the tall building, which was occupied by shops, his attention was diverted by a jade breastpin the shape of a frog, displayed in a jeweler's window. Following a sudden generous impulse, he went in and purchased it. It might comfort Letty, if she cried or caused trouble. The small box, bulging out his breast pocket, gave him an exaggerated sense of confidence in his ability to

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deal with an unpleasant situation. He flattered himself that so far he had acted wisely. Mr. Fay's telephone message would dispense with the necessity for further explanation. He need not enter the house at all where, no doubt, girls lurked in every corner. If he huddled down in the seat of the automobile and pulled his soft cloth cap over his eyes, he might escape recognition altogether and be mistaken for the chauffeur.

The plan seemed to work admirably. When he drew up at the curb in front of the Academy, he called a small urchin who was playing in the gutter, and he promised him a nickel if he would go up to the door and say, "Mr. Wainwright's car calling for Miss Markham."

The message was duly delivered, the boy returned to the gutter to receive his pay, and then the colonial door of the select school opened a second time and Letty came out smiling, with a little traveling bag in her hand. She was dressed in a French embroidered serge, which Aunt Corinne had purchased, she carried a tan sport coat over her arm, and she wore a wide-brimmed hat trimmed with tiny ribbon roses. She was so completely transformed from the "wild one" Don remembered, that for a moment he feared there had been some mistake. But as she stepped to the seat beside him he saw her heavy braids of yellow hair, an unerring mark of identity, and he was sensitively aware that the windows behind the irreproachable lace curtains were full of girlish faces, watching their departure.

"Cats," he said under his breath as he turned on the ignition. "Looks just like a house of cats."

It was a strange remark to establish good fellowship between them after their angry parting of less than a year ago. Letty exclaimed in some astonishment:

"Why, it's you! I didn't know it was you, Don."

"Well, I didn't want Madame Fouard to know it either. Dad and I used to know her years ago in Paris. She thinks she's the whole cheese—I should think you would be glad to get away. Look here, I've brought you something to sort of make up for the frog I took—I wouldn't feel bad, you know, or cry or anything." He rooted down in his pocket and brought out the little box, the automobile lurched sideways and narrowly escaped a lamp-post. "I almost forgot what

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pocket I put it in—thought I had lost it. There it is—I think it looks right real."

Letty accepted the small box doubtfully, snapped off the rubber band that held the lid, and then cried delightedly:

"Why, it's a little frog! It looks just like real. Did you mean to give it to me?"

Her exaggerated joy made him suddenly conscious of his extraordinary benevolence. He was pleased, yet embarrassed.

"Why, yes, if you want it. I saw it this morning in a window as I came by. The eyes are rubies, I guess. It's a breastpin, to pin your collar. I thought you might like it—I thought you might be feeling sort of blue. I wouldn't if I were you. Lots of people get expelled."

"Why, I don't feel badly in the least," she assured him as she fastened the little pin at her throat. "I'm so pleased to be going home, but I do think that Madame Fouard was lacking in hospitality. I never would ask anyone to leave my home. There was old Cousin Lucinda, who visited us once for two years. She really was very old and cross, and we had to carry her breakfast up to her room every morning. She was a lot of trouble, but we never asked her *to leave*. She just went when she got tired of staying. I don't understand Madame Fouard. There're lots of things I don't understand."

"What?" he said with a masculine air of superiority. "What?"

But Letty was not to be inveigled into ministering to this ancient vanity of sex. "Well, I guess you wouldn't understand either," she said. "You don't seem to understand an automobile very well. This engine's got an awful knock in it. I guess it's full of carbon."

"What do you know about automobiles?" he asked skeptically.

"I know a lot. Ben built one, and I helped him. It doesn't look very well—on the outside—because it isn't any special make, you know. Ben bought a body that had been rusted in the rain, and I helped him to paint it. But the engine is all right. It can make thirty on a good road. I'll help you clean the carbon out of this one if I have time."

"Hm! I don't know how to do it myself, so I don't sup-

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pose you do either. When this boat begins to knock I just take it to the shop."

"Why, that's just a waste of money," she said. "Anybody can take carbon out."

A paused ensued. Don's attitude of superiority was rapidly vanishing. He had a poor opinion of girls in general, playing dolls and fussing about clothes and cleanliness, but this one seemed to closely resemble a boy, and he could not fail to admire her sporting indifference to disgrace.

A small poodle, barking at them from the curbstone, diverted the conversation to—dogs. And here, again, Letty's experience seemed to minimize his own. *She had raised dogs,* whole litters of dogs, while he had never owned a single puppy. She promptly promised to give him a thoroughbred pointer if he would come to Craggy Summit and get it. She explained that she was afraid to send a good dog in the baggage car.

"You can never tell how they are going to be treated," she added, "just, just because a dog can't tell."

"Wouldn't it be great if a dog could talk," he suggested. He had never considered the possibility before, but, for some inexplicable reason, Letty roused his dormant imagination. "Wouldn't it be great? Dogs are mighty good friends, anyhow, but just suppose they could talk."

"I don't know," she said reflectively, "I think sometimes they do."

"Do?" he exclaimed in amazement.

"Why, yes, when I am with them, I just look in their eyes and know what they want."

This was a mystery beyond his ken, and he did not wish to acknowledge it. They had reached the hotel, and Don made a pyrotechnic turn in the heavy traffic to convince his sole passenger that his ability as a chauffeur compensated for his lack of skill as a mechanic.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Ball and the Cross.

The BALL AND THE CROSS *is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, the* WORLD AND THE FAITH. *It is our intention to publish monthly in this department two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION IN ARGENTINA.

THE Argentine Nation is almost entirely Catholic. By the provisions of its Constitution, the Government must "support the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion," and its President and Vice-President must belong to that faith. Yet the problems which confront the Catholic Church in Argentina differ little from those encountered in the United States of America. The Argentine Government still possesses the right, inherited from ancient Spanish days, of patronage over the higher ecclesiastical offices, and is required to make annual appropriations for the support of the hierarchy, the cathedral chapters, the seminaries, and the Indian missions. The lower clergy, however, with their vast number of parochial churches and charitable institutions, receive no aid from the State, but depend upon their own efforts and the contributions of the faithful for their support.

The enactment of the Federal School Law in 1884 caused a serious rupture in the previously harmonious relations between Church and State. This law decreed that religious instruction in the schools of the capital city and the Territories was to be given, not by the teachers, but by ministers of the respective religions to which the children belonged. It decreed further that this instruction should be given either before or after, but not during, school hours.

The sponsors of the law denied that its purpose was to drive religion out of the schools. Its immediate effect, however, was to create hardships for those seeking religious instruction. A decision of 1904, which makes it an offense to give religious instruction to children whose parents have not expressly requested it, leaves no doubt about the hostile spirit of the law. This decision roused loyal Catholics to defend the Church's rights. The dio-

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cesan administrator of Córdoba, Dr. Clara, in a pastoral letter, forbade the sending of Catholic children to a Protestant Normal School. The Government ordered the cathedral chapter of Córdoba to set aside the pastoral, but met with a refusal. It then declared Dr. Clara deposed. The State attorney for Córdoba and several eminent professors of the Universities of Córdoba and Buenos Aires were removed from office for declaring against the School Law. The Papal Legate, Msgr. Luis Mattera, who had been privately consulted in the matter, was dismissed from the country.

The breach created by the passage of the School Law in 1884, was widened in 1888 by the enactment of the Civil Marriage Law, which recognizes as valid only those marriages which are "solemnized before the public officer in charge of the Civil Register," though it permits the contracting parties to have "their union blessed" afterwards by a minister of their religion. Any priest officiating at a religious marriage in disregard of this law rendered himself liable to imprisonment. The clause providing for a prison sentence was later repealed, and an attempt, in 1901, to legalize divorce was defeated; but the broken relations between the Argentine Republic and the Holy See were not mended until 1907.

The driving forces behind anti-religious agitation in Argentina were the Masonic orders, which maneuvered the Educational Congress of Beunos Aires, in 1882, and similar congresses in the neighboring republics, into initiating a legislative war against the Church. A strong nationalist consciousness, which favored the retention of the old regal rights of patronage, and a liberalist sentiment, which would see only decadence in anything Catholic, played into the hands of the anti-religious forces. But the conflict resulted also in a great strengthening of Catholic faith and solidarity. It gave birth to a Catholic press in the founding of the *Unión*, in 1882; and it led to the formation of the Catholic National Union. But it failed to unite the Catholic forces at the first Catholic Convention, in 1884, into a political party, such as they have in Chile or in Uruguay.

During these years of conflict, Argentine was awakened to a new problem, which manifested itself in strikes, riots, and bloodshed. Within twenty years, nearly half a million laborers had come into the land. Many of these were anarchists, hostile to Church and State. To meet this problem, the Catholic Convention of 1884 outlined a program of social action, and organized workingmen's clubs and labor exchanges. This work, however, lacked a real leader until 1892, when Father Frederick Grote, of the Redemptorists, began to organize, in Buenos Aires, his *Círculos de Obreros*. These Catholic labor unions were soon extended through-

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out the Republic. There are to-day eighty-five circles, with a membership of 36,000. They own twenty-nine club buildings, a publishing house, and many evening schools; they have their own insurance and employment bureaus, and an endowment fund of 1,368,000 pesos. In 1902, Father Grote founded the Liga Democrática Cristiana, a society of educated young men, to assist him in organizing and instructing his *círculos*, and in combating Socialist propaganda. The Liga was suppressed in 1908 by episcopal decree on account of alleged excesses of party-zeal. It was succeeded by the Unión Democrática Cristiana, which has failed, however, to retain the Liga's political power and has allowed many of the unions to degenerate into mutual-benefit and social clubs. This is to be regretted, because the need of Catholic influence and leadership in Argentina is constantly increasing.

The public schools are practically without religion. Many of the State-paid teachers hold revolutionary socialistic views. Free thought and Freemasonry become more and more overweening. And, during the past two years, a flood of Protestant missionaries from the United States has poured into the land to "convert" the Argentine people. The many Catholic schools and colleges founded since the coming of the *escuela laica* have thus a huge task to perform. An equally arduous task confronts the leaders in social action. The first Catholic Social Congress of Latin America, held in Buenos Aires in 1919, passed a series of resolutions, drawn up by Father G. Palau, S.J., Father Franzeschi, and Don A. E. Bunge, which form a correct and complete code of Catholic social principles. Whether or not these resolutions will bear the expected fruit will depend to a great extent upon the persevering toil of the present Catholic leaders, as the existing organizations are hardly equal to the task.

AT MASS IN PAPUA.

ON Yule Island, a long way down the lonely coast of Papua, which is broken by only one town in many hundreds of miles, stands the Catholic Mission of the Sacred Heart.

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying.

Stevenson's sweet, haunting poem runs in my mind, I scarcely know why. It may be because every day, in my stay at Yule, I have passed, in the wind and the sun, by the quiet spot,

Where about the graves of the martyrs the birds are crying—

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the strange, wild birds of Papua: the leather-neck, with its querulous, over-and-over repeated call; the great blue kingfisher, singing merrily; the swamp pheasant, making strange mimicry of falling water; once in a way, from the mainland mountains, a bird of paradise, flashing orange-gold in the sun, and uttering its long, wild scream, as it flies swift as an aëroplane from high tree-top to high tree-top, never nearing earth.

These are the birds that, in the sun and the rain, fly about the graves of the martyrs on Yule Island, the graves of the Bishops, Fathers, Brothers, Sisters of the Mission, who lie buried here and elsewhere all over the field of the Catholic Mission.

It is Sunday to-day. Mass has just been offered in the white, wooden church, which stands up on the green, beyond the avenue of mango trees. The back part of the church was taken up by a crowd of Papuans from neighboring villages. Strange, wild figures, these—the men almost totally unclad, the women naked, save for a fringe of grass, a hand's-breadth wide, worn about the hips. Chains of dogs' teeth and shells about brown necks, feathers and flowers stuck into thick mops of hair as a pin is stuck into a pincushion; red-ocher paint used freely, coconut oil greasing the dark skins, and leaving stains upon the floor, where the native converts have knelt.

You do not see, at the Catholic Mission, the displays of calico dresses, shirts and trousers, among the natives, that make a feature of all Protestant Mission pictures. This is not because the virtue of modesty is undervalued, but because it is understood in the light of modern medical science, which pronounces European clothing dangerous and unhealthy for races not civilized. The naked congregation, standing and kneeling reverently through Mass, is as unconscious of its nakedness as Adam and Eve before the Fall, and, from the point of view of actual behavior, it compares very favorably with fully dressed Papuans in many civilized districts. Only when the native woman goes to Holy Communion, is it considered necessary for her to wear clothing; on such an occasion, she puts on one of the loose cotton dresses familiar in pictures, and leaves it off again after Mass.

These people are not, and have not been, cannibals; but all their forefathers were; and the priests, Brothers, and Sisters of the Mission on the mainland opposite Yule, are working among tribes who retain the old bad custom. The Sunday congregation on Yule Island, of decent, well-living natives, who are kind to the sick, instead of starving them to death; who do not bury aged relations alive, or throw unwanted babies into the bush; who do not count murder among the virtues, or cruelty and torture as

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legitimate sources of fun—these are the harvest of the Mission's martyrs.

Mass over, they go home to their villages, strutting with the pride of the savage, clanking their beads and dogs'-teeth chains, swinging their short grass crinolines. They are a simple, a happy-looking folk, removed from the fears that make night and day hideous to their pagan brothers and sisters of the man-hunting mountain districts. In the sun and the wind, they pass the little wood-fenced graveyard,

Where about the graves of the martyrs the birds are crying.

A PRIEST, A BISHOP, AND THE WORKINGMAN.

A SHORT time ago, a European prelate who had come to the United States on an important mission, and who seemed to be very familiar with religious conditions in Europe, particularly in Switzerland, was asked: "Did you know Canon Jung of Saint-Gall?" His face brightened, and with an expression of joyous admiration, he answered: "Oh, indeed! He was a dear personal friend of mine. I consider him one of the greatest men Switzerland ever produced." The expression on his countenance changed, as he continued in a sad, reminiscent tone. "I was present at his funeral just a short time ago. No bishop, no archbishop, no dignitary of Church or State in Switzerland ever had a funeral like his. Ten thousand people accompanied Canon Jung's coffin to the grave, in expression of their respect, gratitude, and veneration."

Prompted by further questioning, he was glad to go on and give a glowing, personal account of the work performed and the results accomplished by this remarkable priest, whom he so greatly admired.

In the aggregate, Canon Jung's achievements seem almost unbelievable. He organized sixty thousand workers into compact bodies, protecting them against the dangers of Socialism and infidelity, and training them for a social reform crusade according to the principles laid down in Pope Leo's Encyclical, *On the Condition of Labor*. These organizations include an association of Catholic workingmen, with 13,600 members; one of Catholic working women, with 20,000 members; another of Christian trade-unionists, with 15,000 members; and others of Catholic domestics and hotel employees, of clerks and government officials, of railroad workers, and of farmers.

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More material monuments to the fruitful labors of Canon Jung in behalf of the working classes, are the beautiful homes he erected for working girls and working women, to which are attached employment agencies, whose influence ramifies throughout the Republic.

Great as these creations were, and extensive enough as they were to establish Professor Jung's claim to undying gratitude and imperishable fame, their author is best known through his active interest in the coöperative movement. Coöperation became a hobby with him, not to say an obsession; and as he advanced in years, the conviction grew upon him that coöperation must be the most important element in Christian social reform. His ideas on this subject are contained in a pamphlet, entitled *Coöperation, the Economic System of the Future.* He became the founder of the International Federation of Christian Coöperative Societies, which has its central office in Rome.

Canon Jung actively promoted almost every type of coöperation. Perhaps his greatest creation is the Coöperative Bank of Switzerland, with its ten branches, and deposits amounting to nearly fifty million francs. During the year 1921, when other banks experienced a loss of business, this coöperative institution prospered more than ever, and was enabled to increase its surplus by two and a half million francs. He established consumers' coöperative stores, one of the most prominent being the "Concordia" of Saint-Gall. His coöperative wholesale society is doing a business of approximately ten million francs a year. Coöperative insurance was developed by him in all its branches—health, maternity, old age, life, etc.—and has been the cause of inestimable blessings for thousands of workingmen and their families.

Canon Jung had a keen appreciation of the needs and problems of the farmers. He promoted the establishment of coöperative banks among them, personally organizing twelve, and affiliating all with his Central Coöperative Bank. He taught the farmers to sell their produce and supply their needs coöperatively.

The convention of the International Federation of Christian Coöperative Societies, of which he was vice-president, was held at Genoa while the International Conference of the League of Nations was in session there. With the representatives of coöperative groups gathered together from twenty different countries, he collaborated in drawing up recommendations that were submitted to the Genoa Conference for the economic rehabilitation of the world. He was frequently consulted by some of the most prominent delegates. Unfortunately, the diplomatic representatives had not the wisdom or the courage to accept the recom-

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mendations of the coöperators, and, as a consequence, practically nothing resulted from their deliberations.

In the diffusion of his ideas and in the promotion of his undertakings, Canon Jung's powers as a writer and speaker stood him in good stead. He founded, and for many years edited, the following periodicals: *The Worker, The Working Woman, The Trade-Unionist, The Social Lighthouse, At Home and Abroad.* He also wrote extensively for other periodicals, and published a number of pamphlets through a publishing company which he himself had established. Every year he gave, on an average, about one hundred lectures, and attended approximately two hundred committee meetings. He performed this tremendous amount of work in addition to fulfilling his duties as professor of ethics and religion at the government Gymnasium of Saint-Gall.

The most prominent trait in his character seemed to be gentleness. He knew how to reconcile the estranged, and could retain the friendship of those whose views differed from his own. He never allowed feeling or passion to control him; nor would he descend to personalities in written or public discussion. He was a man of unquenchable enthusiasm, intense apostolic zeal, and inexhaustible energy.

He spent himself generously in the service of the Master. When he had consumed his energies, and was reduced to helplessness and riveted to a bed of pain, his real greatness appeared in even more splendor than in the heyday of his nation-wide activity. His favorite aspiration during these days of trial were: "May Thy most holy and adorable Will, Oh, Jesus, be done!"

The prelate, who was very enthusiastic when speaking about the wonderful achievements of his departed friend, said in conclusion: "I must not forget to pay a modest tribute to Bishop Egger of Saint-Gall. I feel that almost as much credit is due to this greatest of Swiss Bishops, for all that Canon Jung achieved, as is due to the latter. When Jung began propagating his ideas, he was suspected of radicalism. A considerable number of socially and commercially influential people publicly branded the young priest as a Socialist. A delegation, composed of Catholic members of the Swiss Parliament, approached the Bishop with the request that he silence the priest who was causing so much trouble and spreading such dangerous doctrines. At a convention which was held in Bern about twenty years ago—I remember it very well, because I was a student at the time and had become enthusiastic about Professor Jung and his progressive ideas—my friend was publicly denounced by some of the foremost sociologists of the country, and his policies were condemned.

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"But in spite of all this adverse criticism Bishop Egger never wavered in his loyalty and confidence. He was a man of heroic mold, and was actuated only by a genuine zeal for God's greater honor and glory. He knew full well that if Jung succeeded, he himself would receive little or no credit; that if his *protégé* failed, he would have to bear all the blame. To silence Jung would have meant to gain the applause of the respectable element in Swiss society, to be acclaimed safely and sanely conservative. To allow Jung to continue propagating his ideas meant to bring down upon himself the criticism of the powerful, and their disaffection, which might even mean the loss of church revenue. It would not have been so hard to put Jung 'out of harm's reach.' The young priest would have been disappointed, and would have been obliged to eat out his own heart, but it would have been in silence. The oppressed and the helpless would have continued to send their cries to Heaven, but unheard by the Bishop.

"But Bishop Egger, far from creating difficulties for Canon Jung, supported and encouraged him. What this heroic action meant for the welfare of his flock and for the Church at large, could not be seen at the time, but can be seen in the retrospect. What a tragedy it would have been had the Bishop followed the easier course!

"Thanks to the great Bishop's comprehensive grasp of the social question and its tremendous significance for the Catholic Church; thanks, also, to his courage and fearlessness, and to his genuine zeal for the interests of Christ, Canon Jung was enabled to fulfill the pledge he made, on the day of his ordination, to consecrate himself to the extension of Christ's Kingdom in the economic and social field, by doing all that lay in his power to carry out the wise provisions of the Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*. The example of both these men is an invaluable heritage that should be cherished by high and low in the Catholic Church throughout the world."

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Editorial Comment.

THE address of Dr. Steinmetz, on "The Place of Religion in Modern Scientific Civilization" (referred to by Sir Bertram Windle, in his article in the present number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD), is one more illustration of the fact that a scientist, although supreme in his own element, may flounder hopelessly when he plunges into the deep water of philosophy and theology. The enthusiastic editor of the lecture declares that Dr. Steinmetz is "probably the most learned figure in the world of electrical engineering." But he is evidently something more than that. He lays claim to a knowledge of all philosophy, for he says, authoritatively, that "Immanuel Kant is the greatest and most critical of all philosophers." Surely, no scientist, trained in the inductive method, would make such a statement without having read and thoroughly studied *all* the philosophers. And he is also, presumably, a student of all theologies, for he speaks scarcely less authoritatively of Mohammed, and Buddha, and Moses, and the "founders of other religions," including, of course, Christ. To lead the world in electrical engineering, while at the same time accumulating a thorough knowledge of all philosophies and all theologies, must require intense and prolonged application even for the most prodigious intellect.

Steinmetz, Universal Genius.

CURIOUSLY enough, however, the engineer-philosopher-theologian seems rather shaky in his logic. For example, he says: "There has grown up through the centuries an increasing antagonism between science and religion, making the two *incompatible* with each other." And, "The conceptions of physical science are *incompatible* with the metaphysical conceptions of God, immortality, infinity, etc." But two pages beyond this latter sentence, he says: "Science and religion are *not incompatible*." Incompatible, yet not incompatible. Is this a Kantian antinomy, or just a flat contradiction? Or is the doctor following the children's code: "If I say it three times, it's so?" But Dr. Steinmetz did not say it three times. He said it only twice. And, therefore, as it turns out, it wasn't so.

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Again, he says: "If we are honest, we must confess that in science, there exists no God, no immortality, no soul. Scientifically, God and immortality are illogical conceptions. Science had inevitably to become atheistic." That would seem to be final, at least for the scientist. But no, for he says, further on: "The negative answer of science on immortality, God, etc., is not conclusive. The question is still as open as it ever was."

The Kantian Sic et Non.

And yet again: "Science had inevitably to become atheistic." He does not admit that science could avoid the question of the existence of God. It *"had inevitably"* to decide that there is no God. And yet, he adds, "finite science cannot deal with the conceptions of the infinite or the absolute." The Infinite and the Absolute is God. If science cannot even deal with the concept *God*, how can science inevitably conclude that there is no God?

Now, of course, we know what the doctor is "driving at." His philosophy is Kantian. He is ready to admit that a statement may be illogical, that is, unreasonable, and yet be true. If we were Kantians, we might understand the difference between an antinomy and a contradiction. But we were brought up on the scholastic logic, and we abjectly confess that we do not understand how science and religion can be "incompatible" and "not incompatible," or how science can be atheistic and still leave open the question of the existence of God. To us, Dr. Steinmetz's amphibologies are as bewildering as the dictum of Hegel, *Das Sein und das nicht Sein, das ist dasselbe*, "to be means not to be."

AS a theologian, the "most learned engineer," is even less felicitous than as a philosopher. See how speedily and how conclusively he ushers God out of the universe. "The terror of the thunderstorm led primitive man to the conception of a Supreme Being, whose attribute was the thunderbolt. But when Franklin brought the lightning from the clouds, and showed it to be a mere electric spark; when we learned to make lightning harmless by the lightning rod, and when finally we harnessed electricity to do our work, naturally our reverence for the thrower of the thunderbolt decayed. So the gods of experience vanished." "So!" Just so. It is all very simple—and very striking.

The "Thrower of the Thunderbolt."

But how shall we explain the fact that after Franklin had brought the lightning from heaven, even he did not think that he

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had done away with God. In a letter to Ezra Stiles, written a little over a month before his death, Franklin says: "Here is my Creed. I believe in one God, Creator of the Universe. That He governs it by His Providence. That He ought to be worshiped."

BUT there are—or there were—other arguments for the existence of God, besides the argument from thunder and lightning. Among these was the "Argument from Design," which (permitting Dr. Steinmetz to define it in his own words) is, that "the wonderful fitness of nature gave argument for the conception of a Supreme Being who had made everything in nature so perfectly fitting its purpose." That argument, or that idea, is as old as human thought. But Dr. Steinmetz asserts that it was demolished by Darwin, who, he says, "gave a ridiculously simple explanation of the fitness of nature by showing that only the fit can survive, and anything unfit is rapidly exterminated. . . . Thus no evidence or proof of the existence of God has been found in the phenomena of nature." Surely, that is swift and reckless logic. But getting rid of God is not so "ridiculously simple." Dr. James J. Walsh, in the October number of this magazine, quotes the late Professor Cope of the University of Pennsylvania, who used to say, "What we are interested in is not the *survival* of the fittest, but the *origin* of the fittest." Until you explain origins without God, you have not made God unnecessary.

Getting Rid of God.

THERE is an occasional note of bitterness in the address under discussion, unworthy of a dispassionate scientist. After declaring that Darwin's discoveries destroyed the Argument from Design, Dr. Steinmetz says, "therefore, the hatred of all the forces of darkness against the theory of evolution." The doctor may think it clever to use the Scriptural phrase "the forces of darkness" to designate those who believe in God, but when he imputes vicious motives to those who disagree with him, he is unscientific. Is it not conceivable that a man should oppose materialistic evolution out of devotion to what he thinks to be the truth? And if a man be devoted to what he considers to be truth, is it in accord either with the ethical code or the dispassionate spirit of science, to damn him with a name that belongs only to devils?

Unscientific Animus.

But whatever be the spirit of science, the doctor must have his

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little sarcastic flings. He speaks of "semi-civilized countries such as attempt to forbid by legislation the teaching of evolution in state universities." Perhaps Kentucky is not the apex of wisdom, but when Dr. Steinmetz inferentially refers to that State, as "semi-civilized," he is only calling names; he is doing something eminently unworthy of "the most learned figure in the world of electrical engineering."

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FINALLY, Dr. Steinmetz commits the "suicide of reason." He removes the ground from under his own feet, and he is swallowed up. And with him, if his words be true, all science disappears. He explains that "science derives its conclusions from the sense perceptions by the laws of logic," and in the next breath he asks: "But what proof is there of the correctness of the laws of logic?" If there is no proof of the correctness of the laws of logic, all thinking is nugatory, all argument is futile, and all science is impossible. Science is logic applied to facts. If logic be uncertain, there remain only the facts. And an aggregation of facts can never be a science. We should never have believed that Dr. Steinmetz could do science so ill a turn. Perhaps he had better stick to his dynamos and his artificial lightning and leave Immanuel Kant alone.

The Scientist Destroying Science.

SOME years ago experiments were made at various universities to discover what the students knew of the Bible. The results were both ludicrous and scandalous. In one of the experiments, conducted at the University of Michigan, the following amazing information was unearthed: "Jordan was the name of the man who took Moses' place." "Sinai was the mount from which Christ spoke." "The temple of Solomon was in Babylon." "Levi was a man, Leviathan was a follower of this man." "Levi was a Jewish male, Leviathan a woman." "Levi was a priest, Leviathan was a law laid down by the priests." "Christ was crucified at the age of twenty-one." "Christ lived to a good old age." "The Gospels were the letters which St. Paul wrote to the churches." That leaves the epistles to be explained. Perhaps the student thought that the epistles were the wives of the apostles. "In the New Testament, every chapter is by a different man," while in the Old "all the chapters were written by one man." "The language of the New Testament

Ignorance of the Bible in Colleges.

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is more modern than that of the Old." It may have been this scholar who first discovered that the "Bible was written B. C., parts of it before B. C."

WE were reminded of these experiments by a passage which recently appeared under the well-known name of Heywood Broun, in the New York *World*. It seems that he attended one of Coué's demonstrations. The simplicity of the Coué treatment, he says, reminded him of the Biblical story of the cure of Naaman, the leper. "Elisha sent a messenger unto him saying, Go and wash in the Jordan seven times and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." Naaman was angry because of the apparently ridiculous simplicity of the prophet's advice, but finally, "he went down, and dipped himself seven times in the Jordan, and his flesh came again like the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."

And Even Among Editors.

"We tried," says Heywood Broun, "to get somebody in the audience which heard Coué, to tell us where we could find the passage we wanted, and we received no help. Nobody remembered it. The audience was composed of publishers and editors of New York newspapers."

MR. BROUN thinks that the Bible is neglected for the same reason that religion is neglected by many moderns: "It is associated in their minds with compulsion." And he recommends that children should not be compelled to read the Bible or any other valuable piece of literature, but that the great books should merely "be left lying about so that children might stumble over them and make their first ventures alone." We used to hear that people should read the Bible for themselves. Now it seems they must discover it for themselves.

Discovering the Bible.

He knows people "brought up in atheistic households," who never heard of the Bible "until they escaped from the stern orthodoxy of the family circle" ("stern orthodoxy" of an "atheistic family circle!"). "In every case, the encounter with the Bible has been sensational." "A newspaper associate of ours had read not a single line [of the Scriptures] until he happened to be in Europe at the time of the Passion Play. Although a bad Christian, he was an excellent reporter and so he read the four Gospels in order to equip himself for his task. He went quite mad about the Bible."

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Some one, writing recently about George Moore, says that Moore is so unlearned and at the same time so simple, that when he comes across some literary masterpiece known to all the world, but hitherto unknown to Moore, he enthuses over his "find" as if he were its first discoverer. So with the reporter. He "went mad," and, adds Mr. Broun, "in a short time he had made himself a new religion," out of the Bible. "Running true to form." They all do it. It is well, of course, that every man should be introduced to the Bible. But it is also important, when he becomes acquainted with the Bible, to know "What will he do with it?" If everyone makes a new religion after his "discovery" of the Bible, shall we not have "confusion worse confounded."

The Mystics and Civilization.

A "COLYUMIST" on one of the New York evening newspapers ventured the opinion that "whereas science can tell much about the workings of things, it can tell little about their original causes, and that where science leaves off, mysticism, or religion, begins." One of his readers, declaring that phenomena which were previously considered mystical, "have been run to cover and classified by science under natural law," presented a challenge: "If the mystic has done anything comparable for civilization, I should like to be told in detail just what it may be."

The newspaper writer answered that "to describe what the mystic has done for civilization would be to outline the world's religions, literature, and art."

He adds, justly: "Trouble arises when a religious person flies in the face of established scientific fact, or when a scientific person pretends to explain everything when he can actually explain very little, or when he frowns on those activities of the mind which come under the head of the imaginative and poetic. Between Mr. Bryan and the man who says that the whole truth about life can be found in chemistry, there is little to choose."

EVIDENTLY there has arisen, among a certain number of "camp followers" of the scientists, a curious delusion that science is all sufficient. And the delusion gives rise (as usual) to intolerance. There are, nowadays, far more scientific bigots than religious bigots. It is the non-religious to-day who "hurl anathemas." For every believer who cries "heretic" there are a thousand unbelievers who cry "obscurantist." The typical non-

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Catholic believer of to-day is anything but dogmatic. He is rather an indifferentist. His religious opinions are vague, and his hold upon them uncertain. If he defends dogma at all, he does so apologetically. He is not certain of his ground, and he is ready at almost any moment to shift his position.

But the typical "scientific" person is cocksure. His opinions are clear cut and irreformable. He knows what he knows, and he is impatient of all who disagree with him. He challenges religion to say what it has ever done for mankind, and he knows beforehand that religion has no word to say to justify its existence. His devotion to science seems to demand that he deride religion. To him there is not room for science and religion in this big universe. There is place only for science. "The fundamental dogma of all materialistic science is that all the phenomena of life, including the poetry of Shakespeare and Wordsworth, the reasonings of Aristotle, a Sir Isaac Newton, and all minor manifestations of life can be explained, and some day will be explained, in terms of chemical equations and physical experiments" (Windle, *Facts and Theories*, p. 56). There is an old phrase about measuring all things with a yardstick. It is just as absurd to imagine that all things can be analyzed in a test tube. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio." And there are more things in heaven and earth than can be investigated in your laboratories. There are things in human life, and in human nature, that cannot be ground in a mortar with a pestle, or boiled with a Bunsen burner. As the same newspaper writer says, there are "mysteries of which there is no rule-of-thumb solution."

Intolerant "Scientists."

EMOTIONS, passions, instincts, sentiments, may seem unimportant to the man who deals only with chemical elements, but they are none the less the directive force in human life. Love, music, poetry, art, literature, patriotism, religion, have always been more potent factors in history than chemical combinations or physical forces. The economic factor is *not* the determining factor in human affairs. Nor is the chemical factor. "In the last resort, the destinies of mankind are invariably guided, not by the concrete 'facts' of the sense world, but by concepts which are acknowledged by everyone to exist only on the mental plane. In the great moments of existence, when he rises to spiritual freedom, these are the things which every man feels to be real. It is by these

Mysticism Dominant in Human Affairs.

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and for these that he is found willing to live, work, suffer, and die. Love, empire, religion, altruism, fame, all belong to the transcendental world. Hence, they partake more of the nature of reality than any 'fact' could do; and man, dimly recognizing this, has ever bowed to them as to immortal centres of energy" (Underhill, *Mysticism*, p. 15).

IN the advertising pages of *Harper's* for January, there is a paragraph of eulogy of Mr. E. S. Martin, one of their staff, in which, amongst other qualities, are noted "his kindly philosophy, the graceful simplicity of his style, and the lucidity of his thinking."

Now, we have read Mr. E. S. Martin, both recently and in years gone by, and, in general, we are inclined to accept that description of the man and of his literary style. But whenever the editors of non-religious magazines take up religious topics, by some strange fatality, though their "kindly philosophy" and their "graceful simplicity of style" may remain, their "lucidity of thought" seems to desert them. In the "Editor's Easy Chair" for January, Mr. Martin devoted much of his space to controversies upon the meaning and authority of the Bible, and upon a heresy trial that has been recorded in the newspapers very recently. First, he cuts the Gordian knot of Biblical controversies by saying that it doesn't matter much whether a preacher have the right or the wrong solution.

"Take Parson Buckner's difficulty about the dealings of the Israelites with the Canaanites. It perplexes him because he reads in the Old Testament that God instructed the Israelites to clean up the Canaanites, man, woman, and child. He does not feel that God, being a good God, gave them any such instructions, and surely he is entitled to entertain that sentiment. . . . Parson Buckner may be right about what 'God said' in the Old Testament, *but surely he can be either right or wrong without impairing his value as an expositor of the teachings of Christ.*"

Lucid Thinking?

"Right" and "wrong" are identical with "true" and "false." And does it not matter whether a teacher teach the "true" or the false"? Curious "lucidity of thought!"

FOR one who is "a power throughout the country," Mr. Martin can be, on occasions, unbelievably innocent and naïf. Reading the following paragraph, one might imagine that the kindly

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Philosopher of the Easy Chair never had heard of Biblical controversies until he read of them in the newspapers of to-day. And he seems to think that they can be settled, perhaps in a year's time, if we only get our wits to work on the problem!

"It is too bad about the Bible [says Mr. Martin] that it makes so much trouble. Headlines in the paper almost every day disclose that this or that clergyman has incurred or achieved publicity by an opinion about something in the Bible which other clergymen object to. There is a row in the Presbyterian Church over the opinions of the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick of New York. There is a row in the Methodist Church in Nebraska over Parson Buckner, who thinks that certain statements about God in the Old Testament are not so. There is the row between Mr. Bryan and many supporters over the supposed conflict between the theory of evolution and the Book of Genesis. There is the row between the Fundamentalists, who insist apparently upon belief in the literal inspiration of the whole Bible from cover to cover as it stands, and the Progressives, who are for the catch-as-catch-can method of Bible reading, and who would have readers believe only so much as they think is true. Really, to clear up our conflicting notions about the Bible is a highly important piece of work. It has a bearing upon the peace of the world and the progress, as well as the composure, of human life, and deserves to be included among the big jobs that should engage our wits in 1923."

The Bothersome Bible.

Surely, this is refreshing innocence. "To clear up our conflicting notions about the Bible!" The eulogy of Mr. Martin should have included "sweet simplicity of mind," with "graceful simplicity of style."

"It is a big job that should engage our wits in 1923!" Just so! But how odd that men should have delayed for so many centuries before putting their wits to work on the interpretation of the Bible.

Perhaps, before really taking up the Bible "in a serious way," some "little group of serious thinkers" ought to devote part of an afternoon to the Versailles Treaty.

Of course, we are optimists—and all that—but if the "peace of the world and the progress, as well as the composure, of human life" must wait until "we clear up our conflicting notions about the Bible," we fear that we are doomed to warfare and discomposure for a long, long time.

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"MR. HARDING is going to save Europe. Mr. Harding is not going to save Europe. Mr. Harding would save Europe feebly. Senator Borah suggests tersely that Europe do a little saving on her own account. Mr. Harding is increasingly doubtful about saving Europe. Mr. Morgan is going to save Europe by lending the German Government a billion and a half dollars. Mr. Morgan denies that he will, under the present circumstances, lend Germany a single pfennig. American business men are going to save Europe by arbitrating the reparations and fixing the amount Germany can pay. This bright suggestion came from Germany. It did not come from Germany. It originated in Mr. Harding's Cabinet. It did not come from the Cabinet.

Why Newspaper Readers Go Mad.

It was invented by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. It was a surprise to the Chamber. It just growed. The British and French Governments are most enthusiastic about the idea. The British Government is skeptical, and the French Government declares that never, never will it permit a group of outsiders to fix any limits to its German reparations." The *Freeman* asserts that "the foregoing is a faithful summary of the news-divertissement of several recent days, and we confess it shows certain elements of contradiction." Saving Europe seems about as uncertain and as difficult as killing Lenine. But, after all, the newspapers must live, and their columns must be filled. How odd it would seem to pick up a newspaper and see many blank spaces on its pages, with an editorial note explaining, that "the news items which we planned to print in these spaces are probably untrue, so we have omitted them." Of course, that would never do. The space must all be filled.

ONE of our most frequent and most highly esteemed contributors, Sir Bertram Windle, has just received from the Pope the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, *honoris causa*. The Brief announcing the bestowal of this degree records that Cardinal Gasquet and the Archbishop of Birmingham have brought Sir Bertram's great services to Catholic learning before the notice of the Holy Father. Sir Bertram C. A. Windle was born in England in 1858; he was educated at Kingstown School, near Dublin, Repton School in Derbyshire, and Trinity College, Dublin, from which he holds the degrees of M.A., M.D., and Sc.D. He left Ireland in 1882 to take up a position in

"Honor to Whom Honor Is Due."

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Birmingham, and was received into the Catholic Church in 1883. He was Professor of Anatomy and Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in Birmingham and was, at various times, Examiner in Anatomy in the Universities of Cambridge, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Durham, and for the Royal College of Physicians, London, and Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1900, and is also a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London, and an Honorary LL.D. of the University of Birmingham and of the Royal University of Ireland. He was a member of the Irish Convention. He was President of University College, Cork, from 1904 to 1919, but in the latter year he accepted an appointment as Professor of Anthropology at St. Michael's College, Toronto. He is the author of a large number of books and papers, including the *Proportions of the Human Body*, *Shakespeare's Country*, *The Wessex of Thomas Hardy*, a *History of Chester*, *Remains of the Prehistoric Age*, and *Vitalism and Scholasticism*. For his work, *The Church and Science*, which he published in 1917, he was awarded the Gunning Prize by the Victoria Institute; the award was made on the basis that this was the best book published within three years upon revealed religion. In 1909, Pius X. bestowed upon him the K.S.G., and King George knighted him in 1912.

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Recent Events.

What Fascism Means.

Italy's bloodless revolution, which advanced Mussolini and the Fascisti to power, has certain lessons for the whole world. It was possible, because the governments that had held office through ordinary parliamentary procedure had failed. The situation was beyond them. They could not cope with the problems that clamored for solution. But can the Fascisti solve them? And if not, what then? Every civilization that has preceded ours has finally reached a point where the problems created by its own top-heavy organization were too complex for solution, and there has been a reversion to simpler forms. When organized government fails, unofficial groups step in. There is nothing in history to indicate that modern civilization will be exempt from this common experience of all previous civilizations. If Mussolini fails, perhaps Italy will be nearer to the point of collapse than most persons suspect.

Fascism in Mexico.

Fascism has spread to Mexico. But as yet there seems no Mussolini to lead the movement to a victory comparable to that which it achieved in Italy. Nor could Obregon well emulate the action of Italy's king. Success of the Fascisti would inevitably mean Obregon's retirement, if not death. It is almost inconceivable that Mexico should have a peaceful revolution. The leader of the Fascisti in Mexico is said to be a devoted Catholic, but the Archbishop of Mexico City, in an official statement, denied that the Catholic Church was in any way connected with the movement.

Another Catholic Justice of the Supreme Court.

Pierce Butler, a Catholic, has been confirmed by the Senate as a justice of the Supreme Court. This appointment was a splendid gesture of Harding in the face of anti-Catholic agitation. And the fact that only eight Senators voted against his confirmation, shows how little influence the bigots have on men who are big enough to reach the Senatorial dignity. Even if all eight were actuated by bigotry, their showing would be almost negligible. And we have cause to believe that most of them voted as they did for entirely different reasons. The fact of a man's being a

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Catholic should not count either for or against him when there is question of such an appointment. Yet it does seem very appropriate, in the present situation, that coincidently with the balance in the Supreme Court between Republicans and Democrats, there should be a Jew and a Catholic in addition to the Protestant members.

Pasteur's Centenary and Its Lesson.

On December 27th, occurred the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Louis Pasteur. Scientific societies the world over, celebrated this event. Everyone knows that Pasteur was a devout Catholic, and the universal tribute rendered to him makes us realize that true science knows no religious bigotry. Years ago, Cardinal Gibbons said, in a sermon, that an optimist is a man who has an apple, half of which is good, whereas a pessimist is a man who has an apple, half of which is bad. We ought to fix our attention on the examples of breadth and tolerance and generosity and fairness rather than on those of narrowness and bigotry and injustice. Bigots may make a good deal of noise, but they are a very small minority. Our apple is nearly all good.

Increased Prestige of the Vatican.

One of the great surprises brought out by the war has been the increased prestige of the Vatican. The Pope's voice in international affairs is perhaps more influential to-day that at any other time since the Protestant Revolution. Twenty-eight nations are now officially represented at the Vatican, either by ambassadors or ministers. But in connection with this situation, it is interesting to recall Cardinal Manning's opposition to England's having a diplomatic representative at the seat of the papal government. For this question of representation has many angles. Manning maintained, and with very good show of reason, that the Pope needs no other representatives in dealing with a government than the local bishops, and that the representative at the Vatican would often be playing politics to gain the Pope's assent to something that the Bishops opposed. An English representative at the Vatican, for instance, might often see Anglo-Irish questions in a very different light from that in which the Irish Bishops would see them.

The Pope Dares to Do It.

We are glad to reprint this excellent editorial, which appeared under the caption given above, in the *New York Times* of

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December 6, 1922. It shows that the Pope is a force to be reckoned with, even though he has not temporal power:

> Pope Pius has sent to the Near Eastern Conference at Lausanne a solemn protest concerning the deadly peril in which it is proposed to leave the Armenian and other Christian minorities throughout the Turkish Empire. His Holiness seems to be unaware of the immutable principle that you cannot protest against an act of gross inhumanity unless you are prepared to prevent it by force. Is it to be imagined that the Turks will stand in fear of the Swiss Guards at the Vatican? The Holy See is without any temporal power at all. Yet the Pope does not hesitate to make his indignant voice heard at Lausanne and throughout Christendom as confidently as if he had fleets and armies at his command. This strange Pontiff seems to believe that there is still in the world such a thing as moral force. They would tell him his error if he applied to Washington.

Academic Freedom.

The Council of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, meeting in Boston, December 26th, declared that "any legislation attempting to limit the teaching of any scientific doctrine so well established as is the doctrine of evolution would be a profound mistake, which could not fail to retard the advancement of knowledge and of human welfare, by denying the freedom of teaching and inquiry which is essential to all progress." The report of the committee, signed by Edwin Grant Conklin, Henry Fairfield Osborn, and Charles B. Davenport was a good example of hazy thinking and gratuitous assertion. Evolution is not defined, and apparently the term is made to cover everything that is taught under this name in some of our colleges.

From a Catholic standpoint, there is no objection to a purely scientific theory of evolution—that man's body was developed from lower organisms—provided that God is acknowledged as the power that started the process of evolution by creation, and provided that man's essential distinction from brute animals, through the possession of a spiritual soul, is recognized. But professors of science in some of our colleges have not been content with this purely scientific theory of evolution. They have drawn the conclusion that man has no free will and no intellect essentially different from that possessed by brute animals, and that there is no need of postulating a Creator to commence evolution. If evolution in this latter sense is meant, then many of the assertions of this committee are false. And it would certainly seem that the men who pay the salaries of the professors teaching it, have a

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right to object. The whole question of academic freedom needs to be threshed out more clearly and deeply. It is recognized that academic freedom does not mean the privilege of teaching Catholicism or Methodism or Mohammedanism or Mormonism in a State institution supported by general taxes. But if not, then why should anyone claim that it does mean the right to preach what is subversive of all religion? To deny man's free will—a denial that is sometimes tied up with a theory of evolution—is to deny the possibility of sin, and hence of moral right or wrong, of the Atonement, and of other fundamental Christian doctrines.

Eight New Cardinals.

Eight cardinals were created at the consistory in December. Rumors that certain Americans would be elevated to this dignity proved false, or premature. Nearly fifty years ago, Father Hecker looked forward eagerly to "the no distant day when the august senate of the universal Church shall not only be open to men of merit of every Catholic nation of the earth, but also its members be chosen in proportion to the importance of each community, according to the express desire of the Œcumenical Council of Trent" *(The Church and the Age)*.

To Prevent Another War.

Cardinal O'Connell was one of a group of one hundred and sixty prominent Americans to issue a New Year's appeal to church people throughout the nation, declaring that "another war is inevitable unless a better mind can prevail." They warned that the nations are frankly pushing preparations for another war, and that the prevention of such a war is the foremost duty of all Christian people. Yet the annual expenditures of the United States for national defense, amount to $568,000,000. Cardinal O'Connell deserves the support of all public-spirited Catholics in his coöperation with this movement. If it is patriotic to fight for one's country when war has been legitimately declared, it is still more patriotic to prevent war when it can be done by honorable means. Most wars, probably, are the result of a mob attitude induced by the shouting of those whose last refuge is patriotism. Ordinarily, the only ones who profit by a war are the profiteers.

César Franck, Catholic Musician.

Coming close upon the centenary of Louis Pasteur, was that of another great Catholic, who, however, was distinguished in a

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different sphere. César Franck, the famous musician, was born in Liége, Belgium, December 10, 1822. He is so modern in his style of composition that it is difficult to think of him as walking the earth with Beethoven and Schumann. And it is safe to say that no one has exercised a profounder influence on the modern French school, and indeed on modern music generally, than César Franck. The *Manchester Guardian* says of him: "He has become a greater force outside of his own music than in it, for the leaders of the younger French school were one and all his pupils, and it is as the hero and tutor of genius, even more than as the man of genius, that his fame will be preserved." Franck spent the whole of his active life in Paris, and during the main part of this time he gave ten lessons daily. After a short period as organist at Notre Dame de Lorette, he became organist at Sainte Clotilde, and, in his last years, was also organ professor at the Conservatoire. The necessity of teaching accounts, to a large extent, for the fewness of his compositions. In order to get time for this original work he was compelled to begin work at 5:30 in the morning, and his compositions were mainly written in the first two hours of the day. The influence of the organ is evident in all his works. Franck died in 1890.

Some Religious Statistics.

The *Methodist Year Book* for 1923 is now published. It contains some very interesting facts that Catholics can well ponder. A gain of 119,007 is recorded. This brings the total up to 4,593,540. As Methodists do not count infants and young children, the total for comparison with our own membership should be increased by about 1,000,000. For 1921, we were credited with 18,104,804. This was a gain of 219,158 over the preceding year. But it is well to note that the gain for the Methodists, over and above what was to be expected from natural increase, was about 65,000; while for us it was only about 38,000. Since, for this particular year, we may probably disregard immigration, without introducing much of an error, this means that the Methodists gained through converts in the proportion of one convert to every 85 previous members, while we gained one convert for every 475 previous members. That is, the Methodists gained, proportionately to their membership, five times as many converts as we did. Or, to put it in a different way, it took the activity of 84 Methodists to make one convert to Methodism, and the activity of 475 Catholics to make one convert to Catholicism. The comparison is certainly not very much to our credit. There are 20,517 Methodist preachers serving 29,420 churches, besides 16,495 local preachers

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who are not members of conferences. Taking the smaller figure, this means that the Methodists have about three times as many ministers, proportionately, as we have priests; if we take the sum of these preachers, 37,012, it means that they have about seven times as many ministers, proportionately, as we have priests. Yet Protestants sometimes think that Catholics are priest-ridden.

The Irish in the United States.

"Sacerdos Detroitensis," writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, of St. Louis (January 1, 1923), asks: "How is it that a five million population immigrating from Ireland [to the United States] continues five millions, and a sixty thousand [French] in Quebec during much the same period has multiplied into three millions?" His answer seems to be that the French in Quebec were, and are, mainly agricultural; whereas the Irish immigrating to this country settled principally in the cities. No doubt this did have something to do with making the birth rate among the Irish smaller than among the French-Canadians. But there seems to be a still more important consideration. The French-Canadians formed a homogeneous group, with a distinctive language, and all their descendants, practically, are recognized as French. But the Irish were mingling intimately with non-Irish groups, and they had no distinctive language to transmit to their children whereby they would all be distinguished as Irish. Consequently, the Irish intermarried with the English and Scotch and Welsh and German and Scandinavian, and so on through all the various racial strains. If the children bore an Irish name, they were probably looked upon as Irish; but Schneiders and Smittinskis and Björnsons and Franzettis were not likely to be identified with an Irish parent or grandparent.

The fact that there are only five million people in the United States to-day, who are identified as Irish, does not mean that the Irish have been less than reasonably prolific, but simply that a minority settling in the midst of a majority loses its racial identity. If we were to expect twenty-five million Irish here to-day, by the same token we should have a proportionate number of Poles and Bohemians and Germans and English and Scotch, until the total population would be half a billion or more.

Americanization Methods.

Thomas R. Marshall, former Vice-President of the United States, said some very good things recently in a syndicated article on "Americanization." He warned those who are advocating the

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quack remedy of compelling the use of English by forbidding foreign languages, that men "may wrangle and dispute in English over principles of our Government and remain as far apart as though they spoke different tongues. English-speaking men all over the United States right now are not only in dispute about their Government's form, but are declaring that it is a failure and ought to be changed." Simply to teach men to speak English "is not Americanization in the sense that all our people are being made to believe in the principles underlying rule by the people." He might have added that the compulsory use of English is in itself a violation of the American ideal of personal freedom.

An essential American principle, says Marshall, is the doctrine that all are equal before the law, that there is no privileged class. But, as a matter of fact, sometimes the men who are shouting loudest about the necessity of Americanizing the immigrant, are evading or, with impunity, violating some law. "Men of foreign birth were working in a factory in which children under fourteen years could not, under the law, be employed. Government inspectors, ferreting out violations of the law, found the American flag floating over the factory when they visited it. They were told it always floated to show that the factory was one hundred per cent. American. By careful investigation, the inspectors established the fact that children as young as eight years were working in the factory, and that the flag had been run up as a signal to them not to come to work until it was dropped"—that is, until the inspection was over.

This use of the American flag to hide one's violation of the law of the land reminds us of an incident that occurred years ago in a country school. The teacher expected the trustees on a visit, and hence cleaned things up as well as possible. One marring stain on the wall could not be removed, and so an American flag was gracefully draped over the spot. The next day, when the trustees had come, the teacher asked a little boy what the flag meant, expecting the answer that it stood for our country, the land of the free and the home of the brave. But the little boy saw life with the frankness of childhood, and his disconcerting reply was: "To hide a dirty spot." That is what a good many flag-wavers use Old Glory for. When you find a man shouting his own patriotism and wanting to Americanize others by force, you can be pretty sure that he is hiding a dirty spot in his own life.

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New Books.

MICHAEL FIELD. By Mary Sturgeon. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

The biographer of Michael Field has certainly succeeded in communicating to her readers her own enthusiasm for this strange and interesting subject. She brings to her evidently chosen task wit, sympathy, insight, and a fine story-telling faculty, as well as a trained literary sense. Her book is so worthy of her theme, that one is arrested from time to time by the admirable style and quality of the biographer's own work; she says so well what she has to say that one feels it could not be better said.

"Michael Field" is the *nom de plume* of two highly cultured ladies, aunt and niece, of quite unusual poetic gifts, and intense devotion to one another, who collaborated in the production of twenty-seven tragedies and several books of lyrics, from the years 1875 and 1881, when their first volumes appeared under the names of Arran and Isla Leigh, until 1914, when the aunt, who was the survivor, published their last work, written as Catholics. Katherine Bradley, the elder by sixteen years, was "Michael" from a preference for the name; Edith Cooper, whose early nicknames were "Heinrich" and "Field," became the "Henry" of the partnership; but "Michael Field" appeared in the world of English letters as the name of one male and mysterious genius, and as such was at first welcomed and applauded, as showing, to quote from the *Athenæum* among many, "something almost of Shakespearean penetration." The *Cambridge History of English Literature*, however, put the seal on later popular indifference by the same contempt that it bestowed on a distinguished group of Catholic poets: it "could dismiss Michael Field in six lines and commit the ineptitude of describing the collaboration as a 'curious fancy.'"

It is to be hoped that the works of these remarkable women will, some day, be collected on a chronological basis, that their gradual evolution from frank paganism to Catholicism of a heroic type may be the more easily traced; although their actual conversion, like everything else about them, was swift and decided. Protestant, as such, they never were. Is it rash to say that the best pagans are better material for Catholicity than ordinary Protestants? Their joy in mere life as life, the sense of some glorious Divinity, the affirmative character of the pagan concep-

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tion of felicity, make for a surer and quicker power of Catholic apprehension than the vague ideas and desires of anæmic Christians. Certainly, the early martyrs, converts from paganism, were splendid Catholics, and of them we are reminded in the last days of these high-souled women. They were received into the Church in 1907, after which began their *via dolorosa*. In 1911, Edith was attacked by cancer. For nearly three years, she suffered ever increasing anguish with the courage of a martyr, refusing the use of morphia to alleviate her pain. Her last lyrics were often written in her nights of agony. "Desolation" is touched with the sincerity of pure vision that often accompanies accepted pain. "The Homage of Death" is poignantly beautiful. But, at the last, comes a veritable spring song of childlike hope:

Make me grow young again,
Grow young enough to die,
That in a joy unseared of pain
I may my Lover, loved, attain
With that fresh sigh
Eternity
Gives to the young to breathe about the heart. . . .

When Thou dost challenge COME . . .
Let me rush to Thee when I pass,
Keen as a child across the grass.

Six months before Edith died, her aunt fell a prey to the same dread disease, but her niece never knew it. In the midst of her own torture, she writes of her darling in pain:

She is singing to Thee, Domine!
Dost hear her now?
She is singing to Thee from a burning throat,
And melancholy as the owl's love-note;
She is singing to Thee from the utmost bough
Of the tree of Golgotha where it is bare,
And the fruit torn from it that fruited there,
She is singing . . . canst Thou stop the strain,
The homage of such pain?
Domine, stoop down to her again!

Both had come to live in a supernatural atmosphere, which penetrates their latest books of lyrics: *Poems of Adoration* and *Mystic Trees.*

Michael's sufferings were mercifully shorter than Henry's. She died within the year, in a cottage near Hawksyard Priory, where she had retired in order to make her daily Mass possible

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and to be near the friend of the two poets, the Dominican Prior, Father Vincent McNabb. Until the day of her death, this courageous woman assisted at the Priory Mass. On the last morning, she fell back into the arms of her nurse as she was trying to get into her little carriage, and died before Father McNabb could reach her. A gallant spirit!

This heroic Catholic background makes the reading of the spirited biography and the profoundly interesting literary and personal comments of one who is evidently a non-Catholic, more significant and alive. Those of us who had already been prepared for this fine book by the chapter on "Michael Field" in the author's *Studies of Contemporary Poets*, will easily recognize the consistent development of that sympathetic essay. Miss Sturgeon has succeeded where so many biographers fail: she has made these two women as vivid and separate as are their interesting portraits in the frontispiece.

DARWINISM AND CATHOLIC THOUGHT. By Canon Dorlodot, D.D., D.Sc. Translated by Rev. E. Messenger. New York: Benziger Brothers. Vol. I. $2.00.

Some twelve months or more ago, when this book appeared in its French form, we expressed the high opinion which we had formed as to its value. That opinion we retain after re-reading it in its English dress. The translator has given us at once a readable and an accurate reproduction of the original. We could earnestly wish that some Catholic with means would buy a score or two copies of the book and mail them to the most prominent professors of biology in our chief universities, for, after reading this book, it would be impossible for any impartial person ever again to repeat the fable as to the Church stifling scientific discussion. Here is a book—with the original imprimatur from the University of Louvain, and, in its translated form, another from the Archdiocese of Westminster, England—which, in outspoken devotion to the Transformist theory, cannot be surpassed by any work with which we are acquainted.

In connection with this, we may venture on the first of a few criticisms. "Transformism and the Catholic Church" would have been a more accurate title. Darwin by no means initiated the idea of Transformism, as the book most clearly shows. What he did was to set up the theory of Natural Selection, which does not receive much attention in the book, as explaining the mechanism of Evolution. However, it is true that Evolution and Darwinism seem to the man in the street to be synonymous, and perhaps the title is thus justified. Our second criticism is directed towards

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the first philosophical argument in favor of Evolution, which runs to the effect that there is such a force of facts to prove the theory of Transformism that we cannot refuse to accept it without attributing to the Creator a lack of veracity in His dealings with mankind. If this means, as of course it does, that the Book of Revelation and the Book of Nature, both coming from the hand of God, cannot possibly contradict each other, no one will deny the familiar truism. But there is more in this, for the major premise implies that there *is* sufficient evidence to make Transformism quite certain. That is a premise which not all would accept. The present writer may claim to have devoted more than forty years to the active pursuit of biological science, during which time the Transformist problem has always been before him. He is, consequently, in a position to express an opinion on the matter, and his view is that whilst the evolutionary hypothesis is indeed—to him—far the best up to date, and to-day the only conceivable *method* of creation, he is far from claiming that it is definitely proved and "necessary" in the meaning of Kant (and common sense) that "necessary" means incapable of being conceived in any other way.

We think, too, that he is unduly hard on the Successionists in connection with the first chapters of Genesis. Undoubtedly, that view has been too much stressed in the past, but, after all, (1) Genesis and science both teach that there was a succession, and (2) as Romanes once pointed out in "Nature," the coincidence between the two successions is remarkable, and this is at least a point worthy of consideration, for one does not quite see why it should have occurred to Moses as it did. Also, we think that because we are not *to expect* the Bible to teach science—which is abundantly true—it is not quite the same thing as the assertion that it is impossible that it should contain any scientific facts. Lastly, we do not at all think that the author's view as to the fallaciousness of all but the Thomistic idea of the succession of souls in the human embryo is at all sustainable. The evidence of embryology alone is, to our mind, quite in the contrary direction.

THE PSYCHIC HEALTH OF JESUS. By Walter E. Bundy, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

This book, in spite of its repellent title, will bring consolation to those who still believe that the so-called "higher criticism" can be rescued from the mire of its own confusion.

Dr. Bundy sets himself the laudable task of defending the psychic health of Jesus from the aspersions of Holtzmann, Rasmussen, de Loosten, Hirsch, Binet-Sanglé, and Baumann. The

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method followed is to reject the whole of the fourth Gospel with many parts of the other three, and to show that the remainder contains nothing that manifests the symptoms of ecstasy, or of epilepsy, or of paranoia, or of fanaticism.

In the critique, the author's aim and purpose are beyond censure, the spirit of his treatment is eminently fair, while his frankness points to his own intellectual honesty. But one may be intellectually honest and subjectively mistaken. The endless confusion and the mutually contradictory conclusions arrived at by the whole line of higher critics under review in Dr. Bundy's book, should be enough for the thinking mind to suspect the mere subjectivism of the whole process.

May one not hope that the arduous efforts of Dr. Bundy in defense of the psychic health of Jesus may yet win for himself a knowledge of the true Christ, the Son of the Living God.

WHAT I SAW IN AMERICA. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.00.

"Everybody who goes to America for a short time," says Mr. Chesterton in his last chapter, "is expected to write a book; and nearly everybody does." The fault lies with Americans who hunger for such books and are invariably disappointed with them. They will, to a certain extent, be disappointed with this one; for its author, observant as he is, has only seen what a traveling lecturer can see—Pullman cars and hotels and women's clubs and millionaires' dining rooms; and these, though American, are not America. We do not wish to imply that the book has no value—on the contrary, it is full of wisdom and wit—but that its greatest value lies not so much in its account of what Mr. Chesterton saw as of what he looked for.

Gilbert Chesterton could probably have written as good a book about America without visiting America; indeed, the book might have been even better if he had never crossed the Atlantic—for then it would have been solely concerned with its thesis, the American testimony to democracy, without the running comment on small social facts, such as the extraordinary American customs of chewing the ends of unlighted cigars, of removing hats in elevators, of the unpunctuality of a nation of business men, and the like. These comments are often very amusing, but they distract the attention from the contemplation of the really important matters that Mr. Chesterton has to discuss.

If Mr. Chesterton could have written this book (or the best sections of it) without leaving England, it is because there is a sense in which he was a good American before he left. He seems

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to be one of the few men left in the world, who accept the doctrines of the Fathers of the Republic in the precise sense in which they were meant to be understood. *What I Saw in America* is largely a gloss upon the Declaration of Independence, with an extension of its principles to apply to the industrialism and the fads of our time.

It remains to be said that Mr. Chesterton writes with singular modesty, almost with diffidence. "A foreigner," he remarks in one place, "is a man who laughs at everything except jokes;" and, in another, confesses with disarming candor, "Even when I am certain of the facts, I do not profess to be certain of the deductions."

With all its limitations, this is as good a book as we are likely to get on America by an Englishman, until an Englishman of genius lives long enough in this country to be able to do what is impossible to a visitor. Such an Englishman will have to live here a long time and will have to possess a high order of genius—for an Englishman is congenitally all but incapable of understanding the American character.

MEDIÆVAL PHILOSOPHY. By Maurice De Wulf. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $1.75.

Professor De Wulf's present volume is a supplement to his recent work on *Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages*, but the standpoint is different. There he showed how medieval philosophy was part and parcel of medieval life, and how the system of thought pushed its tentacles, so to speak, into art and architecture, literature, and sociology. Here he treats purely of philosophy, and philosophy as set forth in the writings of St. Thomas. He deliberately excludes theology and dogma from his consideration. His aim is to sketch the system of thought, the line of rational speculation, adopted by the Angelic Doctor.

In nineteen chapters, brief and clear, the great outstanding queries of philosophy are treated, and their Thomistic solutions set forth—knowledge and its formation; theories of epistemology; the individual and God; moral values and virtues; group life and the state; questions of æsthetics. St. Thomas is a moderate realist, a thoroughgoing individualist, the unswerving, unrelenting foe of monism. Anterior to all individuals and causes, and standing completely outside their series, is the *Primum Mobile*, the Infinite Being, without any admixture of potentiality or limitation, whose very essence is existence—God. In this life, He is known to us only by indirect means—by analogy, in attributing to Him all perfections; by negation, in excluding from Him all

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imperfection; by transcendence, in removing from Him every limitation. It is curious and worthy of remark that St. Thomas altogether rejects the so-called "ontological" proof of God's existence. This proof, first indicated by St. Augustine, was rigorously developed by St. Anselm, and, we may note also, it was accepted and expressed with marvelous beauty of language by Bossuet. This God is the ultimate foundation of ethics, and its bulwark also, because God alone can dictate a law which binds morally, and only He can defend it with the required sanction. He, likewise, is the source of all legitimate civil power, for all authority is finally vested in God. Rulers are thus divine delegates. "Since the eternal law is the reason or explanation of government in the chief ruler, the reason for governing rulers must also be derived from the eternal law" (Ia IIæ, q. 93, art. 3).

Throughout the book, footnotes give the apposite reference, and show which treatise of St. Thomas establishes the points advanced. It would be difficult in so brief a compass to give a clearer or less technical exposition of Thomism.

FROM BERLIN TO BAGDAD AND BABYLON. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $5.00.

Whether imaginative literature in this country is or is not degenerating to its own inevitable prejudice and loss, it is now fairly patent that books of fact—memoirs, travel, biography, and such like—are steadily growing in popularity. Among the men responsible for this encouraging change, the late Father Zahm ranks as a leader. His was a gift, the inherent qualities of which won the literature of actual record an ever increasing public confidence; more and more the "average reader" learned from him and others like him that "serious" books need not be stupid and heavy. He was the sort of writer who carried knowledge easily, made the ordinary man unafraid of erudition, and built up for the whole school of non-fiction literature a new and devoted following.

The latest (and, regrettably, the last) of Father Zahm's books will perhaps enjoy even more popularity than his former volumes; for in this work he traverses a scene which has the double appeal of the familiar and the remote. Bagdad and Babylon!—the very words are like a song out of childhood, a song that awakens all the love of the far-away and the wonderful that lies in the heart of every man and woman who ever was a child. To travel with Father Zahm to these fabled spots through the pages of this book —down the blue Danube to the Euxine and the Bosporus, to the Hellespont and Homer's Troy, along the Euphrates and the Tigris

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to Nineveh and its wonders, and thus, finally, to Bagdad, Babylon, and the Garden of Eden itself (through Paradise in a motor car!) —what thrill of romance or what ache of invented realism can surpass such an experience? One could exhaust the superlatives in praising this book and still leave its qualities untouched. There is not a dull page in it—yet it contains a liberal education. It leads us through the dust of ages and over the ruins of long centuries of human endeavor—yet we rise from the reading of it, not baffled, but refreshed; neither weary with hopelessness nor blind with unfaith, but with a feeling instead that after all life is worth while and the world still young and a good place to live in.

LIFE OF MOTHER MARY OF ST. MAURICE. Second Superior-General of the Society of Marie Réparatrice. By a Religious of the same Society. Translated by Mary Caroline Watt. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $2.75.

Before Mother Mary of St. Maurice committed herself to religion, her life was one that, from a worldly point of view, yielded much pleasure and high social prospects. Because of the opposition of her father, she postponed her going to the convent, but eventually she was compelled to take matters into her own hands and follow the call of God to her soul. The high courage and sacrifice she displayed are as inspiring as they are unusual. Gifted with administrative ability, Mother Mary of St. Maurice fulfilled a high and important position in the younger days of the Society of Marie Réparatrice. She was a woman wholly of the interior life, and for all of us that is the one lesson of this book: how one may leave a sensible, attractive world and live far from it in the heart of God.

Any account of the interior life of Mother Mary of St. Maurice must, of course, be incomplete and more potential than concrete—who can tell the secrets of God except she to whom they are revealed! To all religious, particularly to contemplatives, the book under review will prove inspiring and helpful.

DRAMATIC LEGENDS AND OTHER POEMS. By Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

There are almost as many kinds of verse in this volume as there are streams of influence in Irish literature, and yet the verses are all Colum and none other. In "The Fair Hills of Eire," he has translated part of the lament of the eighteenth century hedge-poet, Donogh MacNamara, of which Mangan, Ferguson, and Sigerson have given various renderings; the "Lament of Queen Gormlai" includes a version of the queen's adjuration to the monk at the

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grave of Niall, which has likewise been done by Sigerson and Hyde; "The Rune Master," which sings the praise of Kuno Meyer, has caught the true note of many a "rune of old time," which the great Gaelic scholar lured from its hiding place in ancient MSS.; "Wandering and Sojourning" is an authentic rendering of an old ballad, a similar source providing most of the blackbird's song, which explains the preference for a guinea rather than a five pound note. Old fires which seemed smoldering to extinction are rekindled in the stirring lines on the death of Roger Casement, while "Gilderoy" and "Old Soldier" are Irish echoes of Housman's Shropshire philosophy. It is good to know that Mr. Colum can still give us verse of this quality, even though the volume contains nothing quite equal to his "Old Woman of the Roads" and "O Men Coming In," and though he seems almost untouched by one stream, which is as truly Celtic as any from which he has drunk, that Christian stream which began with "The Deer's Cry" and was surely not at its ebb in Plunkett's "I See His Blood Upon the Rose."

IRELAND'S LITERARY RENAISSANCE. By Ernest Boyd. New York: Alfred Knopf. $3.50.

This is the revised edition of a work which was reviewed in these pages on its publication in 1917. The Irish literary revival which took place in the thirty years prior to that date, the author ascribes to what he agrees with Eglinton in calling the "De-Davisization of Irish Literature," the discarding of the *motif* of nationalism in Irish culture. Susceptibility to this disastrous *motif* has been renewed in Ireland by the Sinn Fein uprising and its eventful aftermath, a fact which provides Mr. Boyd with the text for the preface of this new edition, which is in only a slight sense a revised one. This text is, that with political preoccupations once more supreme, literature in Ireland has again been relegated to second place. This theory doubtless accounts for the casual mention of Pearse and for his and Plunkett's exclusion from the bibliography, although since the Easter uprising Pearse's writings have been published in English, and they are not all devoted to the nationalist themes which arouse Mr. Boyd's displeasure. He devotes several satisfactory pages to Daniel Corkery, whose "harsh humor" seems to atone for the leaping fires of the *Hounds of Banba* and several of the plays, such as *Clan Falvey* and the *Yellow Bittern*. With the same reservations made for the first edition, the criticism may be regarded as generally sound, even the pathological Joyce coming in for a word of reproof, though a faint one and wholly on artistic grounds. For

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those who bring to its reading at least a partial knowledge of the subject it treats and a sane critical judgment, the work will serve as a comprehensive and valuable history of the modern cultural movement in Ireland.

ALCUIN. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.75.

In this volume of the "Catholic Thought and Thinkers" series, the significance of Alcuin is indicated as follows: "It has been said, indeed, that the history of Charles the Great enters into that of every modern European State, and it is equally true to say that all that was most permanent in his Empire—not his conquests, nor his forced conversions, but the high ideal of mental culture in the midst of a most material world, the ideals of knightly chivalry, of domestic purity, of national well-being, as well as of true doctrine and practice of religion that belong to his era—was inspired by Alcuin, Father in God, Minister of Education, adviser and teacher of the most striking figure of medieval Christendom." Miss Wilmot-Buxton's book is an illustration *in extenso* of these various aspects of Alcuin's influence. In the opening chapters she sketches the background of the eighth-century world, and the character and history of the Franks, with whom the fate of Latin civilization rested. The personality of Alcuin, and of Charlemagne, as well as the joint part played by them in reviving learning and preserving Catholicism in Europe are then portrayed in an exposition that is a model of lucidity and scholarship. The special sphere of Alcuin's activity—the Palace School of Charlemagne at Aachen—is considered in detail as one of those centers of light that marked the beginnings of the great universities. Miss Wilmot-Buxton does not claim for Alcuin, as a teacher, any gift of originality, but she emphasizes his importance as a torch-bearer of learning and religion. The curriculum of the monastic schools, the figures of their saintly masters, their libraries, and the quaint authors—Boethius, Cassiodorus, etc.—studied in them, lend variety and color to the pages of this interesting study.

A HERALD OF CHRIST: LOUIS BOURDALOUE, S.J. By John C. Reville, S.J. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. $1.75.

Father Reville's study of Bourdaloue supplies a desideratum because, as he tells us, no reliable account of the orator, or of his methods, exists in English. In the introduction, he declares it is his purpose "to describe the more striking features of the man, the priest, the sacred orator, to analyze his work, and to trace, in outline at least, those historic scenes, across which flit the

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figures of Louis XIV., and of the men and women of those distant times." The task which he essayed few could execute better than this gifted writer, who combines an intimate knowledge of the age of the *Grand Monarque* with a spiritual ardor that glows in sympathy with the subject of his memoir. Mindful of the saying that "the Jesuits answered Pascal's attacks about their moral teaching by making Bourdaloue preach," Father Reville poises the stainless rectitude of this son of St. Ignatius, the absolute morality of his discourses, against the contrasting background of casuistical laxity ascribed to the Society in the *Lettres Provinciales*. He points to the conversions wrought by this uncompromising preacher among the members (including Louis himself) of that vicious court, and asks if the authentic altar-fire that touched those eloquent lips had been kindled at the flame of a corrupt Christianity.

The main part of the book considers the character of the sacred oratory by which these wonders were accomplished. Father Reville exemplifies the special genius of Bourdaloue by contrast and comparison with other masters of the spoken word (notably, Bossuet and Massillon), and stresses the excellences and limitations of his technique. He dwells on the clearness, force, and logic of the sermons, their dialectical order, their practical moral bearing, and the studies of the soul that abound in them. He shows how they reflect "the very form and pressure of the time" in their ethical genre-pictures, sketched from life after the manner of La Bruyère. Finally, he analyzes the great discourses on the Passion as typical masterpieces of Bourdaloue's style of preaching.

Father Reville is to be congratulated on having given us a vivid and picturesque portrayal of Bourdaloue, Herald of Christ.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Of the literary papers that comprise this second series of *Studies in Literature*, those dealing with Byron and Shelley are the least satisfactory. In his desire to correlate literature with modern life, Quiller-Couch goes undue lengths in commending these heralds of revolt to a generation troublous as theirs. The defense of Byron the man—waiving recent revelations—seems artificial and unconvincing. It has been done far more effectively in the essays of G. S. Street. Similarly, a more compelling plea for Shelley as seer and reformer has been made in the monograph of Henry Salt. In general, the lectures on Shelley lack continuity, and add nothing new to our knowledge of the poet. Anent Mat-

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thew Arnold's famous dictum, Quiller-Couch humorously remarks: "The only void in which Shelley ever beat his luminous wings in vain was a void in Mr. Arnold's understanding."

The discourses on Milton are much more substantial. They exemplify the art of the lecturer in tracing through his works the influence of a few dominant *motifs*. Quiller-Couch seeks to explain the determination of Milton's genius to the Epic rather than to Tragedy, and interprets his poems in terms of his solitariness and his musical faculty. He embodies this conception in a charming tailpiece: "That is how I see Milton, and that is the portrait I would leave with you—of an old man, lonely and musical, seated at his chamber organ, sliding upon the keyboard a pair of hands pale as its ivory, in the twilight of a shabby lodging of which the shabbiness and gloom molest not him; for he is blind—and yet he sees."

A paper on *Antony and Cleopatra* is another fine study of the dramatic quality of Shakespeare's workmanship, as it is also the most considerable criticism in the book. A gossip on Chaucer and his successors, and a clever apology for the Victorian age, urged against Lytton Strachey and Samuel Butler, complete a volume marked by the vivacity of style and novelty of treatment that we have come to associate with "Q."

THE REVOLT AGAINST CIVILIZATION. By Lothrop Stoddard, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The author successfully diagnoses syndicalism, anarchism, and bolshevism as "superficially alluring, yet basically false and destructive." In striving to be succinct, we would extend the same condemnatory compliment to the book under consideration. It seeks to reëxamine the problem of social revolution, becomes greatly disturbed over the acceptance of human equality and the influence of environment, paints a very gloomy picture, in which civilization is seen dying at the top, because it is being "drained of its superiors, and saturated with dullards and degenerates," and then tries to grope towards a hopeful outlook by a process of repudiation. Heredity alone is said to count. Biology is the New Revelation. Civilization is to be saved through eugenics. All else appears of little avail. Faith falls. Philanthropy and medicine are suspicioned as being foes of racial betterment. Even democracy is not safe in the hands of the author.

The findings of the mental tests conducted in the United States Army, and a meditation on the sad statistics of the oft-quoted Juke family, served to fill the mind of the writer with great fear that a widespread collapse of civilization is impending because

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of the crushing numerical weight and violent unreasoning emotion of the under-man. In the final analysis, he leaves all to sweeping evolution and seeks safety in the philosophy of determinism, which denies the freedom of the will.

ENGLAND. By An Overseas Englishman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00.

The publishers announce that the author of this book is a distinguished colonial, who served with the British Army in France, Italy, Egypt, and Palestine, was in Paris during the Versailles Conference, has undertaken missions in Germany and Belgium, and has spent much time in England. The author is intensely English, one might almost say obtrusively English. One should, therefore, not be surprised when he holds that the "Celtic Roman Catholic Irishman" is "dangerous to civilized humanity." He is deeply enamored with England, and regrets to note that England has been submerged, engulfed in the British Empire. He deplores the decline of the Established Church, and the ascendancy of the Labor Party, which hates labor. He is alarmed at the numerical preponderance of women over men, and at the notable deterioration of the physique of the English. The destinies of the Empire are in the hands of Scotchmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, and Jews. "Has England, as a separate homogeneous race and nation, really spent herself?" asks the author in dolorous accents. This is the question torturing the mind of the loyal colonial. Perhaps the writer's pessimistic outlook would not be warranted by a cold and dispassionate study of the facts, but it must be admitted that the work is a truly remarkable *exposé* of England's ills. The author's style is both vigorous and incisive, and his work compels and deserves the attention of all students of contemporary history.

THE HAIRY APE. By Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.

This volume contains three plays, *The Hairy Ape*, *Anna Christie*, and *The First Man*, the second of the three being the Pulitzer prize winner of 1922. All these have been received with lavish (one might say with hysterical) enthusiasm by various critics, and only temerity can venture to disagree with their encomiums. Mr. O'Neill has constructive powers of a high order, he has learned much from that master of dramatic construction, Oscar Wilde. He has passion which rings true mostly, though occasionally it strikes one as hectic and, consequently, false. He lacks humor; in fact, to his mind, the drama is only effective when it plays about a tragic theme. A larger serenity may come

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to him later on, and he will then realize that the emotions of an audience need not always be upon the stretch. Mr. O'Neill has a genius for making the improbable seem probable, and he hurries on with a passionate vigor, which carries the reader (or the spectator) with him and overpowers his critical judgment. The loudly-praised *Hairy Ape* is the least convincing play in this volume. It is a *tour de force,* an artificial product, which, while possessing nearly every dramatic virtue, fails in the primary quality of convincingness. It is striking in its conception, and its tragic *dénouement* is the most original thing Mr. O'Neill has ever done. But in so far as the drama is life, the *Hairy Ape* is a failure. *Anna Christie* can lay scant claim to originality. A girl gone wrong, who confesses and is forgiven and wedded, is a theme as old as the centuries. It is the vigor, the passion, the directness of Mr. O'Neill's treatment which give it vitality. In *The First Man* are echoes of Shaw, especially in the last act, where Curtis, the hopeless egoist for whom the author has such obvious sympathy, expresses his disdain of his conventional-minded relations. George Bernard Shaw is, of course, as far Mr. O'Neill's inferior in construction as he is his superior as a literary artist. Both men are keenly aware of the irony of life, Shaw because he sees the humor of it, O'Neill because he sees the tragedy of it. When he comes to appreciate its power to evoke laughter, as well as tears, Mr. O'Neill will gain in power, and his plays in truth to life.

SOCIAL CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND, by Dr. Karl Waninger, translated by Charles Plater, S.J. (Eindhoven, Holland: N. V. Lecturis), is a forceful and resourceful study of the social resuscitation of England. The reader journeys from that pathetic, individualistic period, following the suppression of the monasteries, when beggars were legally threatened with branding and even capital punishment, to the present day, when the conscience of the country is sufficiently sensitive and social to make provisions which include unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. Modern socio-religious situations constitute the direct object of the work. Both directly and by reference it touches upon the history of social politics, and hence deserves a place on the same shelf with Professor Moon's recent scholarly study, entitled *The Labor Problem and the Social Catholic Movement in France.* All who read this volume should reach a better understanding of the salutary influence of Catholic thought in the field of social activity. It might be recommended as a fundamental handbook of guidance to social-service workers. The book is not controversial, but to turn its pages understandingly is to perceive that the Oxford Movement, the Catholic Revival, and the present program of Catholic social reform in England are to be traced to the proper employment of sound philos-

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ophy and the grace of God. Newman and Ward were metaphysicians, Manning was well versed in St. Thomas, Bagshawe carried on Manning's ideas, Devas was a convert and a disciple of Newman and Faber. It is, therefore, only superficially surprising that the prayerful study of philosophy and theology, both dogmatic and moral, should serve as the basic approach to genuine social betterment.

OUR NEIGHBORS, by Annie Marion MacLean (New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75), is a swiftly moving, brilliant swirl of human-interest stories. In spite of its kaleidoscopic style, however, there is a unity to the work as a whole, due to its excellent chapter divisions. Each chapter sheds light on a different phase of these "our neighbors." We see "the spenders," "the toilers in a treadmill," "the laid off," "the pleasure seekers," "the pilgrims in a promised land," "the little children." Within a remarkably short space of time, we meet an astonishingly large number of people—Ivan, Paul, Giulia, Josie, the ice man, the milk man, and dozens of others. We pass from one to the other with such rapidity that they are merely a sea of faces swarming around us. This, perhaps, constitutes the book's chief fault. We are not given long enough to become acquainted with any one character. Our one swift glance has not been enough to arouse our personal interest, which we know is there, could we but go back and follow Rosie or Minna a little while longer. We are always wondering, but we are never told, just what becomes of them. There is one quality about the book which delights us above all else. That is its leniency. The pictures it draws are redolent of truth, but so softened with a neighborly love that we feel that they are seen as through the eyes of Christ Himself. There is no criticism. There is only gentle consideration and generous understanding.

APPRAISEMENTS AND ASPERITIES, by Felix E. Schelling. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.00.) THE CRITICAL GAME, by John Macy. (New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.50.) Professor Schelling is well known to students of literature as an authority on Elizabethan drama. It is a pleasant surprise to find him playing the part of critic in the case of contemporary literature. This little volume contains some thirty essays, or more properly, reviews, first contributed to *The Evening Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, and they are concerned with such diverse volumes as Crothers' *The Dame School of Experience*, Thayer's *The Art of Biography*, Drinkwater's *Mary Stuart*, and Romain Rolland's *Liluli*. Professor Schelling is no mere reviewer. He is a ripe and deep scholar, whose name is one to conjure with at the University of Pennsylvania, and these brief papers are rich with the fine gold of his scholarship and his sound sense. One of the best papers in the volume was evoked by Edward Yeoman's *Shackled Youth*, which Professor Schelling calls "a breath of fresh air in education." Professor Schelling, like Mr. Yeoman, rebels against the dominance of the "mechanical group which is at present exploiting education" and

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whose "momentary enthusiasm is charts, intelligence tests, and percentages."

Mr. Macy regards criticism as one of the phases of the professional writer's "game." In other words, criticism is not a special field which only the scholar who is widely acquainted with books and men should invade, but something which any scribe can dash off exactly as he would cover any reportorial assignment. Mr. Macy calls us to witness that he foreswears dullness, and indeed he succeeds in avoiding it admirably. But the book is not distinctive nor unusually stimulating. Mr. Macy writes with the facile skill of the trained journalist; he is well read and has a catholic taste. He treats of such diverse types as Hardy, Masefield, Whitman, Shelley, Poe, Tolstoy, Maeterlinck, Joseph Conrad, and George Edward Woodberry, and sees weaknesses as well as excellences in all of them. He is not unduly dogmatic, though he threatens to become so in his estimate of Whitman, and he is often delightfully keen in pointing out an author's shortcomings. This is evident in the two best chapters of the book, that on Thomas Hardy and that on Joseph Conrad. In all these ways, Mr. Macy displays no inconsiderable equipment as a critic. But, for the most part, the reader finds him a bit too facile, a bit too cocksure, to inspire absolute confidence in his scholarship or his judgment.

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1921-1922, by Burns Mantle. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.00.) Although some readers may disagree with Mr. Mantle's choice, he has certainly presented ten of the best plays that have been gathered in one book. The introduction and the chapters on "The Season in New York" and "The Season in Chicago" are equally important preludes to the work itself. As for the plays, the author's choice includes *Anna Christie,* by Eugene O'Neill, which is described as being a "rough play, in that it is a story of rough characters," and which is one of the most vital things yet produced by that playwright; *Dulcy,* by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, a comedy of American life, which reads as well as it acts; *He Who Gets Slapped,* by Andreyev, a colorful and interesting tragedy; and *The Dover Road,* by A. A. Milne, a comedy of England, which contains some charming, if polite, farcical situations. *The Circle, A Bill of Divorcement,* and *Ambush* are also among those included in Mr. Mantle's list.

His manner of presentation is not particularly novel; he devotes a few paragraphs to description of either the author or the *modus operandi* of the play, and then proceeds to the dialogue itself, eliminating the non-essentials by a picturesque comment on the scenic effects, or by a narrative of the conversation. An interesting addition to the plays themselves is given at the end of the book. This consists of a history of the plays and their authors, a list of all the plays produced in New York from 1921 to 1922, with their casts and a short synopsis; a statistical summary of the number of performances of each play; and a list of well-known theatrical people, showing when and where they were born.

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DOWN THE RIVER, by Roscoe W. Brink. (New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.90.) A novel in free verse may have very little appeal to readers who do not have a certain penchant for that sort of writing. Mr. Brink has made an interesting experiment, and has succeeded in transferring to the pages of his book many beautiful and impressive pictures. The story is trite enough, as it portrays the effect of the city upon a young wife who knows only the country, but the methods of interpretation are original and not altogether displeasing. The four divisions, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, give subtle transitions from youth to age, and serve to illustrate the warping effect of the city upon the souls of those who people the book. There is no moral pointed out, and there is no lesson to be learned from the reading of *Down the River*. It is interesting chiefly because of its novel form, and because of the many homely truths which have crept into its pages.

WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS, by Christopher Morley. (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.) The keynote of the present novel is sounded in the opening verses, one of which reads:

> Out of the very element
> Of bondage, that here holds me pent,
> I'll make my furious sonnet:
> I'll turn my noose
> To tight-rope use
> And madly dance upon it—

a defiance, as the observant reader will recognize, peculiarly Chestertonian. The theme of the book itself might reasonably be expected to show a similar derivation, and even a casual investigation tends to convince us that such is the case. From *Manalive* might have come the basic idea of search through the world for what is all the while at one's own hearthstone; and from *The Man Who Was Thursday*, the pseudo-epic spirit of the second half of the book.

The story revolves around Morley's dog, "Gissing," to which the author introduced us in one of his essays; but the canine nature of the characters is constantly lost in the author's backgrounds and in the thoughts imputed to "Gissing" and his canine associates. It is true, we are occasionally brought up sharply by some humorous animal characteristic or proper name; but, while we laugh, we cannot escape the sense of incongruity. One could read almost any satiric purpose into the numerous adventures of "Gissing," though it is difficult to find excuse for theological fooling, no matter how well-meant.

The parts of the book typical of the author, such as the finding and care of the pups by "Gissing," his department-store experience, the ship and its philosophic Scotch captain, are better than anything else that Morley has done; while his characteristic humorous touches and felicitous descriptions are to be found scattered lavishly throughout the book.

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FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

A particularly attractive and authoritative edition of *De Imitatione Christi* is that just published by Pietro Marietti, Turin, Italy. Its size is less than that of a vest pocket, yet it is so well printed, in type tastefully chosen, that the eye experiences no difficulty. This edition is in Latin, and for priests and the laity conversant with Latin, it will prove most convenient. From the same house we have *De Casuum Conscientiæ Reservatione* (lire 3.50), by the Rev. Nicolaus Farrugia, O.S.A. In eight chapters, the author discusses the nature and purpose of reservation, the conditions required for validity, the source of the reservation, the persons involved, the fact of ignorance, and the method of annulling. *De Synodo Diœcesana*, by Rev. M. Pistocchi (lire 3.75), is a brief commentary on canons 356 to 362 of the new Code (Book II., Part I., Section II., Title 8). The seven canons under discussion treat of the obligation of holding a diocesan synod, its presiding officer, the place of meeting, those having the right to attend, penalties for non-attendance, and the preparation and discussion of the decrees. *De Locis et Temporibus Sacris*, by Rev. M. A. Coronata, O.M.C. (Lire 14.) This is an excellent commentary on the third book of the Code, which deals with sacred times and places. The writer discusses the building of churches, their dedication, church bells, public and private oratories, the notion of an altar and its history, cremation, the rules governing cemeteries, the denial of Christian burial, and the laws of fasting and abstinence. *Commentarium in Codicem Juris Canonici.* Liber II.—*De Personis.* By Rev. Guido Cocchi, C.M. (Lire 8.) The ten titles of this third volume of Father Cocchi's *De Personis* comprise canons 487 to 725 of the Code. They deal with the founding and suppression of religious institutes; the duties of superiors, chapters, confessors, and procurators; the conditions of admission to postulantship, novitiate, and regular professions, the *ratio studiorum;* the obligations and privileges of religious; the secularization of individuals and communities; the organization, government, and recognition of communities not bound by vows; etc. A final chapter deals with associations of men and women approved by the Church, such as sodalities, confraternities, and tertiaries of the religious Orders.

From Charles Beyaert, Bruges, Belgium: *Lettres de S. François Xavier.* (4 vols. 14 *frs.*) The Abbé Thibaut has just published in four volumes a new translation of the Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and Latin letters of the great missionary of the Far East, St. Francis Xavier. They reveal, as no biography can, the inner life of the saint, and give us an account of the Far Eastern colonies of Portugal in the sixteenth century, which is invaluable to the historian. St. Francis gives us a good insight into the manners and customs of the peoples of India, China, and Japan, describes vividly the hardships of the missionary life, records many wonderful conversions, and bemoans the bitter opposition of the immoral and hypocritical pagan priests. *La Prière de Toutes les Heures*, by Abbé Pierre Charles, S.J. (5 *frs.*), is an excellent meditation book—theological, scriptural, simple, and devout. The writer dispenses with the old-time preludes, points, affections and colloquies, and writes, as some of his brethren have done before, meditations without method. His one aim is to make straight the way of the Lord—to suggest a few thoughts based on the words of Christ that may bring his readers into intimate union with Our Lord and the Holy Spirit. *Recollectiones Precatoriæ.* (2 *frs.* 50.) After a brief biography of Lessius (1554 to 1623), this volume contains sixteen Latin meditations taken from the work of this Jesuit theologian on the Divine perfections.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
The Golden Bough. By Sir James Geo. Fraser. Abridged edition. $5.00. *A Short History of the World.* By H. G. Wells. $4.00. *Getting Ready to Be a Mother.* By Carolyn C. Van Blarcom. $1.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Americans. By Stuart P. Sherman. $2.00. *The Return of the Middle Class.* By John Corbin. $2.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
Catechism Theology. By J. B. McLaughlin. $1.25. *Early Christian Times.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. 50 cents.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Analysis of the Interchurch World Movement Report on the Steel Strike. By Marshall Olds.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Saint Ignatius of Loyola. By John Hungerford Pollen, S.J. $1.50. *Spiritism and Common Sense.* By C. M. de Heredia, S.J. $2.00.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Sacristan's Handbook. By Bernard Page, S.J. $1.25. *Retreat Conferences for Religious.* By Bishop Cox. 2 vols. $2.00 each.

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DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, N. Y.:
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The Psychology of the Superconscious. By Philo Laos Mills. $1.00.

B. HERDER BOOK CO., St. Louis, Mo.:
At the Feet of the Divine Master. By Rev. Antony Huonder, S.J. $1.50. *A Day's Retreat.* By Robert Eaton. 60 cents. *Meditation Manual.* $1.75.

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The Bronze Age and the Celtic World. By Harold Peake. 42 *s.*

M. H. GILL & SON, LTD., Dublin:
Apologetics and Catholic Doctrine. By Most Rev. M. Sheehan. Pt. 2. 3 *s.*

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Sainte Catherine de Sienne. Par L'Abbé Jacques Leclerq. 7 *frs.* 50. *Retraites Spirituelles.* Par Mgr. Touchet. 12 *frs. Les Secrets de la Vie Spirituelle.* Par P. François Guilloré, S.J. 10 *frs.*

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris:
Histoire de la Nation Française. Tome XI.: *Histoire des Arts.* Par Louis Gillet.

L'ACTION POPULAIRE, Paris:
Traité de Droit Naturel. Par Albert Valensin. 12 *frs.* 60.

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Souvenirs Universitaires. Par Henri Joly. 7 *frs.*

A. TRALIN, Paris:
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PIETRO MARIETTI, Turin, Italy:
Bibliorum Sacrorum. Curavit Aloisius Gramatica. Lire 40. *Prælectiones Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ.* Dominicus Jaquet. 2 vols. Lire 30. *Breviarium Natalitium seu Officia Nativitatis et Epiphaniæ.*

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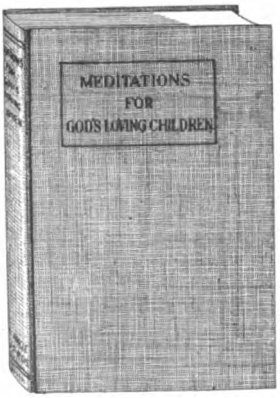
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THE

Catholic World

VOL. CXVI. MARCH, 1923. No. 696.

ALICE MEYNELL.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL has written a charming paragraph, praising and envying those fortunate authors who, instead of scurrying along main-traveled roads, hustled and jostled at every step, are peacefully sidetracked in company with a small number of intelligent and appreciative readers who know what they want, and have got it. This was the happy fate of Alice Meynell, English poet and essayist. She was not jostled, and she did not jostle. She was apparently as well aware of her scope as of her inspirations. Authorship was not for her a crutch, to be leaned on heavily in the rough, uphill paths of life; but a walking stick to be taken out on pleasant strolls in shining weather. The bulk of her work is so small that it seems ludicrously disproportionate to the time she took in doing it. It is this unhurried excellence which shows her to have been her own most exacting critic.

There was never an unsuccessful period in Mrs. Meynell's life; there were no eager abortive efforts, no vain flights, and

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tragic, salutary falls. Her first published poems were praised by critics most sure of a respectful hearing. She pleased Ruskin by the seriousness of her thoughts, and Rossetti by the sweetness of her lines. She had it in her to win the friendship and admiration of men as immensely dissimilar as George Meredith and Coventry Patmore. She also had it in her—and it's well remembered now—to extend a helping hand to others less fortunately placed, or less richly endowed, than she was. Of all the appreciations published in England after her death, there was none so spontaneous and so heartfelt as the testimony of fellow journalists whom she had befriended, encouraged, and discriminatingly praised.

It is hard to think of Mrs. Meynell as even a beatified newspaper writer. Her genius does not seem to have been of the order which rejoices an editor's heart, or wins the careless approval of a hurried and preoccupied public. But she brought to bear upon journalism the quality of conscientious care which distinguished all her work, the clean-cut thoughts in clean-cut, polished sentences. It seemed to her worth while to write with this precision, and she was eminently wise. When Mr. Cust organized in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the daily columns known as "The Wares of Autolycus," he intrusted each column to the care of a distinguished woman author, who once a week produced a set of "Wares," differing widely from the assortment of her contemporaries, but of an unvaried excellence. There was not a writer on the staff who did not take a keen personal pride in this work; and the result was that happy combination of journalism and literature which to the French seems a matter of course, but which English and Americans are apt to consider as a forced and unnatural alliance.

The Friday column of "Autolycus" was contributed by Mrs. Meynell, and many of the papers were reprinted in the volumes of selected essays which she deemed worthy of preservation. Other columns were written by Violet Hunt, Graham Tomson (afterwards Mrs. Marriot Watson), Lady Colin Campbell, Elizabeth Robins Pennell (the only American), and, later on, Katharine Tynan. Mrs. Pennell's papers were reprinted by John Lane under the engaging title, *The Feasts of Autolycus*, and proved so successful that, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, a new edition is projected. It is rather a

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heartbreaking little book in its suggestion of gayer, happier days. 1896 is not so very long ago; but Horace, dipping his nose in the ripe Falernian wine as the lengthening shadows mantled his Sabine farm, is not more tranquilly aloof from this grim year of grace than is Mrs. Pennell writing amid the London fogs of the pleasures of food and drink, of those blessings which earth provides, and which Heaven permits, for the lightening of man's load.

Mrs. Meynell was too essentially modern for such vain retrospects. She could reproduce with absolute fidelity the medieval note, as in "San Lorenzo Giustiniani's Mother"; but, left to her own imaginings, she brought every subject up to date. That strange pacifist poem, "Parentage," is a case in point; and so are the lines on "Saint Catherine of Siena." In the first she exalts the childless man, the barren woman, over those stronger, simpler mortals whose sons go down into the sea in ships, or hold their country's gates against the oppressor. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* In the second she uses the beautiful old story of St. Catherine's triumphant struggle for the soul of the young patrician condemned to death, as an argument for woman suffrage. It is not easy to imagine what Catherine herself would have thought of this reasoning (she was a serious saint as well as a woman of affairs); but we can hear St. Teresa's laughter rippling down the centuries. Yet she, too, was a woman of affairs. The saints seem to have added a great deal of worldly wisdom to their flaming passion for God.

Critics, with one accord, have ranked Mrs. Meynell's verse above her prose. It is more direct, more spontaneous, more creative. The *Saturday Review* unhesitatingly places her among the best of England's minor poets, and this is high praise, for England has not for three hundred years been richer in minor poets than she is to-day. If there is no one voice raised far above its fellows, there is a mighty antiphon of lesser voices stirring the air with beauty. In this strong chorus, Mrs. Meynell holds her place with ease, partly because of workmanship, partly because of inspiration, the inspiration born of spiritual intensity and enriching faith. Fervent thoughts clothed in language of austere purity and distinction characterize her verse, while here and there are lines of exceptional loveliness:

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Ancestral childhood long renewed,
And midnights of invisible rain.

It is to be regretted that the poem by which this felicitous writer bids fair to be best remembered is the familiar and perpetually quoted "Shepherdess." Whittier used to say that if he had dreamed "Maud Muller" would have been so popular, he would have written it better. "The Shepherdess" could not have been written better, because it is of its kind perfect. It has a Coventry Patmore quality which insures its popularity. In every modern anthology—and the English-speaking world has gone mad over anthologies for the past decade—Alice Meynell has been represented by these three verses; not, I fancy, because the compiler has always liked them best, but because he has wanted to make sure of pleasing his public. They are to be found even in that pleasant little outdoor volume called *The Open Road*, which would seem to indicate that Mr. Lucas regarded the lady's flock of chaste and circumspect thoughts as veritable sheep and lambs.

So complete has been this association that Mrs. Meynell has become in some mysterious fashion identified with her own Shepherdess, as though she had written the poem about herself, which she assuredly did not. It fits her well; but she was the last woman in Christendom to have celebrated her own virtues, to have sung her own praises. Her taste was as austere as her style. Yet among the tributes published after her death were some verses by Corson Miller, entitled "The Dead Shepherdess"; and Shane Leslie laid upon her coffin a wreath with this inscription: "Poetess of poets, shepherdess of sheep, saint of women." So much for striking a popular note.

Mrs. Meynell's childhood and youth were singularly fitted to equip her for her life's work. From her father, a man of "reticent virtues" and wide cultivation, she acquired her literary tastes, her intellectual serenity. Part of her early life was spent in Italy, which she knew, and loved, and understood. Now, to know and love Italy is one thing (it is the same thing practically), but to understand her is quite another. Browning knew and loved Italy as well as any Englishman of his day. He doubtless thought he understood her. It takes

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a thinker as penetrating and as severe as Santayana to point out just where his intelligence failed, just where his sympathy with human emotions was atrophied, because he never justly conceived of the spiritual force which lent to those emotions a larger meaning and a greater depth.

> Italy has always been a civilized country. It preserved a civilized heart to which Browning's insight could never penetrate. There subsisted in the best minds a trained imagination, and a cogent ideal of virtue. Italy had a religion, and that religion permeated all its life, and was the background without which even its secular art and secular passions would not be truly intelligible.

These things were manifest to Alice Meynell. They find expression in her prose and verse. A convert to the Catholic Church, married to another convert, living in London, writing for English newspapers, she preserved inviolate the raptures of her wandering childhood, the secluded and delicate pleasures of the intellect, the clear flame of the spiritual life. To the power of her sympathy, no less than to the critical acumen and noble kindness of Wilfrid Meynell, we owe the redemption of Francis Thompson, and the brief flowering of his genius. To have rescued that wandering soul, to have lifted him from the bitter waters of despair, to have given to the world his treasures of prose and verse, is a benefaction for which the gratitude of generations is an all too feeble return. Mr. Thompson made over and over again a full acknowledgment of his debt. In those lilting lines which dedicate the poems of 1893 to Wilfrid and Alice Meynell, he flings his wares at their feet as something not offered, but returned:

> To you, O dear givers
> I give your own giving.

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It is interesting to note in this connection the closeness of the appeal in Mrs. Meynell's poem, "The Lady Poverty," and in Francis Thompson's passionate and imaginative handling of the same theme. Mrs. Meynell is as ever graceful and controlled:

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The Lady Poverty was fair;
But she has lost her looks of late,
With change of time and change of air.
Ah! slattern, she neglects her hair,
Her gown, her shoes; she keeps no state
As once when her pure feet were bare.

Francis Thompson, snatching his words red hot from the mint, and his figure from the deep wells of imagination, shows us the same picture of a Poverty that was once the innocent child of God:

All men did admire
Her modest looks, her ragged, sweet attire,
In which the ribboned shoe could not compete
With her clear, simple feet.

Which of these poems was written first is a matter of absolutely no moment. All that concerns us is the fashion in which the same thought presented itself to two poets, and was by them transmitted to our keeping.

The unimpaired medievalism of "San Lorenzo Giustiniani's Mother" is supremely artistic. Modern sentiment has steeped the simple thing called maternity in such a welter of slush that only the power of nature and the grace of God have preserved its integrity unimpaired. During the war, we habitually spoke of adult men as if they were infants in perambulators sent by their mothers to the front. Mrs. Meynell has reproduced serenely and without affectation the note of a day which trampled natural affections under foot, and which lifted the will of a man above maternal jurisdiction. She tells how San Lorenzo entered the cloister in boyhood, and how a mendicant monk, coming long afterwards to his mother's doors, is thought by her to be her son:

Mine eyes were veiled by mists of tears,
When on a day in many years
  One of his Order came. I thrilled,
  Facing, I thought, that face fulfilled;
I doubted, for my mist of tears.

His blessing be with me for ever!
My hopes and doubts were hard to sever.

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—That altered face, those holy weeds!
I filled his wallet and kissed his beads,
And lost his echoing feet for ever.

If to my son my alms were given
I know not, and I wait for Heaven.
He did not plead for child of mine,
But for another Child divine,
And unto Him it was surely given.

Mrs. Meynell must have had some warrant of legend or tradition for this story; but, as a matter of fact, San Lorenzo was something other and something more than a begging friar. He came of a noble Venetian family, and the convent he entered was that of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. He was elected prior, and afterwards became Bishop of Castello, and later on was named first Patriarch of Venice. His mother, even if she did not see him, must have been well aware of his position and influence in the Church.

Mrs. Meynell's essays suffer from undue brevity, a brevity doubtless entailed by journalism. They are no shorter than were the eighteenth-century essays; but they are more critical, and criticism calls for scope. Moreover, the eighteenth-century essayists, when they wanted to be exhaustive, carried a subject through a half-dozen or a dozen papers, until the picture was rounded and complete. Mrs. Meynell's papers are for the most part snatches of thought, expressed in carefully and admirably chosen words. She was, in the best sense of the term, a *précieuse*, valuing the manner of the saying as highly as she valued the thing said. She has never made this plainer than in a superb paragraph describing the imprisoned waters brought to Rome, over the steady and level flight of arches, to give their magnificence to the imperial city:

> None more splendid came bound to Rome, or graced captivity with a more invincible liberty of the heart. And the captivity and the leap of the heart of the waters have outlived their captors. They have remained in Rome, and have remained alone. Over them the victory was longer than empire, and their thousands of loud voices have never

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> ceased to confess the cold floods, separated long ago, drawn one by one, alive, to the heart and front of the world.

No one who has listened by night or day to the Roman fountains can remain insensible to the beauty of those few lines, which celebrate with unerring eloquence their triumphant subjection.

Mrs. Meynell's literary sympathies are many and finely chosen. They never fail, save when her profoundly unhumorous mind is forced to the contemplation of a profoundly humorous writer like Jane Austen. All the distances that can be imagined, distances of time and space, of centuries and continents, are too narrow to reflect the measureless gap between these two English ladies. A conscientious effort to do justice to Miss Austen is a waste of good intentions. She is the solace and delight of our lives, or she is nothing. Mrs. Meynell, in an essay upon Thomas Lovell Beddoes, says that he "lacked humor." He certainly did. Its conspicuous absence was one cause of his committing suicide. But it is possible to write flawless lyrics without a sense of humor, and it is not possible to criticize Jane Austen's novels. Mrs. Meynell finds the art of *Emma* and *Persuasion* to be of "an admirable secondary quality," and their derision to be "caricature of a rather gross sort." Strange to say, enthusiastic readers of these matchless stories are never annoyed by such verdicts. Mr. Birrell says—I fear truly—that it is because they do not want to share their enthusiasm with the world. The more they love Miss Austen, the more supreme their pleasure in her work, the more content they are to find intelligent people to whom this pleasure has been—by the just decrees of fate—denied.

Yet Mrs. Meynell understood and relished the more robust humor of Dickens, the humor which creates a type and holds it. I know of no such perfect comment as her brief description of Pecksniff—"a bright image of heart-easing comedy." This is so exactly what he is, and what Dickens should have permitted him to remain. The Victorian convention which compelled a novelist to reward his virtuous and punish his unworthy characters never worked greater havoc than in the case of Pecksniff. That the man who could create this perfect hypocrite should have taken his misdemeanors seriously,

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and have ruined him in the name of justice, is nothing less than tragic. Bright images of heart-easing comedy should, in kindness to a suffering world, remain heart-easing to the end.

When Mrs. Meynell visited the United States, she lectured on Dickens as a master of words. It was a novel point of view. A master of style he certainly was not. His sentences and paragraphs are open to lively criticism. But the lecturer made good her point, showing over and over again, with admirably selected illustrations, that Dickens invariably chose the one and only word which exactly expressed his meaning. He knew that in the wealth of English language there never is but one right word, and he got it.

After Mrs. Meynell had returned from California to the Atlantic Coast, I was dining in her company, and one of the guests asked, in the purely perfunctory fashion of an American interrogator, if she did not think the Yosemite Valley very beautiful. She answered unexpectedly that she did not think it beautiful at all. Whereupon an apathetic diner at the other end of the table roused himself to say—also unexpectedly—"If you did not think the Yosemite beautiful, what on God's earth have you ever seen that is beautiful?" To this, Mrs. Meynell answered tranquilly, and with perfect good temper: "The Yosemite is on too large a scale for beauty. It is grand, but not beautiful."

The topic was dropped, and somebody said something about the relative merits, or demerits, of the competing western routes. But across my mind there flashed the image of an aloof, unemotional Boston woman who had once stood by my side looking at a slender waterfall in the Yosemite Valley, a fall so distinctly "minor" that it was spared the degradation of a name. On this quivering line of light, my companion fixed her eyes for a long, long time; then she turned to me a transfigured face down which the tears ran like rain. She had been smitten to the soul by the beauty of falling water, which is like no other lovely thing in the world. And remembering her, I wondered, and have wondered ever since, why Alice Meynell, to whom an Alpine stream toppling into space was inexpressibly dear, and who knew and loved the green of rushes, and the yellow of cowslips, and the white of scudding clouds, should have shut her heart to California's woods and

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waters. Size has nothing to do with beauty. Moreover, the Yosemite is full of little, half-hidden intimacies. The Merced River is not the Mississippi. It is a glancing mountain stream, about as broad as some of Europe's tiny historic rivers, on the banks of which rival armies were wont to camp, and fancy they had a barrier between them.

Perhaps the limitations of our very limited natures lend zest to enjoyment and grace to sympathy. Scattered richly through Mrs. Meynell's prose and verse, are brief, exquisite passages, recording a single impression, like the strange "November blue" of the lamp-lit, mist-wreathed London streets; a single conception, like the playfulness of children and kittens at the hour of dusk; a single insight, like the comprehensive pity for the man whose mean estate has denied him his share of the solitude which should be the common possession of mankind. And back of her graceful, austere, and beautifully finished work, are the steadfast strength, the crystalline sweetness of religion. All her delicate processes of thought spring from that sure foundation, and reach upward into imperishable light.

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BERTRAND RUSSELL—RELIGIOUS ATHEIST.

By E. Ingram Watkin.

THAT Man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system; and that the whole temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the débris of a universe in ruins—all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built."

So writes Mr. Bertrand Russell in his essay on "A Free Man's Worship," as reprinted in *Mysticism and Logic* fourteen years after its first publication. And in a more recent paper Mr. Russell repeats his rejection of all and every form of religion. This utterance of despair, this uncompromising rejection of the religious experience of humanity, this imprisonment of the soul within the narrow limits of our dying life of disillusionment and decay, with every window closed that opened to the prison house views of a free world beyond, is the considered verdict of a man who is at once one of our clearest and most penetrating thinkers and, whatever our judgment of his ideals, undeniably an idealist. Even the slight qualification of doubt here attached is removed elsewhere: "Omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way."

This may well seem a disquieting testimony that we should do well not to pass by unnoticed. If God is, as we believe, the supreme reality of the universe, and if religion, the communion of the human soul with Him, its creator, upholder, and final good, is consequently the noblest human activity,

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how can it be that a man of such high intellectual achievement, and of such undoubted honesty of purpose, can thus reject both, so emphatically and so persistently? And if the entire witness of Mr. Russell in regard to the highest sphere of human life, to the fundamental nature of man and the universe he inhabits, were thus simply negative, such guiltless and apparently inevitable unbelief of an honest seeker after truth would present a grave difficulty to the Christian, indeed to the religious man of any creed.

But God has not left Himself without witness in the heart of a thinker so honorable, so truth-loving, so devoted to moral ideals, however incorrectly understood and formulated. We have not far to seek, before we hear another voice bearing unintentional testimony to the truth so confidently denied. A man's belief cannot be measured solely by the conscious judgments of the understanding. The intuitive intellect, the heart, may behold from its loftier outlook the God invisible within the horizon of the discursive reason. Even the essay from which I have quoted proves that Mr. Russell's heart, if not his head, is religious. For he deplores the alleged fact that man and his work are doomed to perish by the blind assault of mechanical forces. And this sorrow betrays the presence and operation of something other and better than they.

Mr. Russell admits that his negative credo is a creed of "Despair." The secularist whose spiritual eyes are closed regards it, on the contrary, as the dawn of a new hope, the liberation of humanity from the bondage of superstition. And he does not desire the survival even of the noblest individuals. For him the desire is cowardice or egoism. But Mr. Russell's valuation is religious, though he lacks religious faith in the attainment of the values affirmed. The title of his essay is "A Free Man's Worship," and worship is a religious attitude. It implies, however disguised, a superhuman, a divine object. For man cannot worship an object not recognized as better and greater than himself, the worshiper. But no such being can be found within the universe studied by determinist science. Mr. Russell, therefore, bids us worship the ideal of our own creation: "the reflection" in an unconscious universe of a beauty which "human thoughts first made."

Clad in the purple robe of Mr. Russell's rhetoric, this man-made ideal may appear a worthy object of cultus. But

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enter the shrine and look the deity in the face. It is a lifeless idol, unworthy of a prayer. Or is it not, perhaps, an image of the true God? If nothing in the universe corresponds to man's ideal, the vision of that ideal "in all the multiform facts of the world" is a mirage. It is the oasis whose cool spring and shady palms vanish at the traveler's approach. Its objective unreality once discovered, its value is lost. What is the worth of a known lie? If reality does not contain the realization of our human ideal, to make believe that it does is a cruel and unhealthy self-hallucination. Nor can we worship the ideal, as the subjective ideal, of our creation. For the creator must be greater than his creature and cannot worship it. "But the ideal is the creation of a spiritual aristocracy, and that aristocracy is greater than we, worshipful therefore." But this aristocracy has perished, and its ideal only exists as re-created by the living worshiper.

Nor has Mr. Russell explained how the stream has risen higher than its source, how this value—the human ideal of goodness and beauty—came into existence in a universe that did not possess it before. Mr. Russell tells us that we must not worship existing fact as such, for, as he rightly insists, the worship of nonmoral power is evil. Yet his free man will attain liberation of soul by a contemplation of Fate, "by taking into the inmost shrine of the soul the irresistible forces, death and change, the irrecoverableness of the past and the powerlessness of man before the blind hurry of the universe." But this is a worship of these forces; a worship, therefore, of the nonmoral infrahuman fact; a worship of power, embellished, no doubt, by imaginative contemplation but not, therefore, substantially altered. Mr. Russell also tells us that "from that awful encounter of the soul with the outer world, renunciation, wisdom and charity are born." Again one asks why a nonmoral force, neither reflection nor instrument of a moral being, but nonmoral even in its ultimate ground, should thus be a necessary coefficient in the production of a spiritual value?

And Mr. Russell maintains that "in spite of Death, Man is yet free, during his brief years, to examine, to criticize, to know, and in imagination to create." Here is fundamental self-contradiction. If "man's hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of

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atoms," this must be equally true of his knowledge, his criticism, his creative imagination, his imaginative contemplation. They cannot, therefore, be free or causes of freedom. If my atoms and the atoms of my environment have accidentally adopted a particular collocation, I must contemplate the world as an idealist. If their accidental collocation be different, I must lead a life of the most degraded debauchery. A mechanical collocation of atoms can neither possess nor achieve freedom. Thus, even in his dogmatic formulation of irreligion—for Mr. Russell assumes the negative position, as at least morally certain—a dualism is revealed: the affirmation of a religious activity but of a nature purely subjective; a religious value at once of sovereign worth and a discovered hallucination; and a spiritual freedom which is the product of mechanical factors.

In other writings this dualism is even clearer and more striking. Ever and again religion is affirmed as the supreme value of life, but objective reality is denied to this supreme value. In the chapter on "Marriage" in *Principles of Social Reconstruction* we read: "As religion dominated the old form of marriage, so religion must dominate the new." It is good that Mr. Russell should see so clearly that no legal rules or permissions can, by themselves, solve the problems of sex relationship, that these are soluble by religion alone. So have Catholics always insisted, to be abused, therefore, as obscurantist, superstitious, priest-ridden. But where shall Mr. Russell find his religion for the work? "It must," he proceeds, "be a new religion based upon liberty, justice, and love." But liberty, justice, and love do not transcend the sphere of ethics, are not distinctively religious. An ethical system can be based on the moral virtues; a religion cannot. And yet religion is not for Mr. Russell merely another name for ethics, for he recognizes the element of mystical intuition which enters into the specifically religious, as opposed to the merely ethical, life. Again the dualism: religion without a religious belief, without a cause, without an object. This religious irreligion or irreligious religion appears elsewhere among some of the nobler secularists. We find it, for instance, in Georges Duhamel, who in his *Possession du Monde* preaches the Godhead of man; prayer, with no God to pray to; grace derived from nowhere.

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Elsewhere Mr. Russell remarks that religion is of more importance than politics and it is more necessary that the exponents of religion should be wholly free from taint.[1] Why this care for religion and its exponents, if religion is a purely subjective human hallucination, or the infantile stage of humanity's mental growth? Such inconsistency reveals that Mr. Russell, in the depths of his soul, *sees* that religion is more than this, its object a fact, and a fact of sovereign worth.

Mr. Russell makes a useful division of human activities into those derived respectively from impulse or instinct, from mind, and from spirit. Instinct includes all that man shares with the lower animals. The life of the mind is "the life of pursuit of knowledge." The life of the spirit is "the life of impersonal feeling." To it belongs art, "reverence" also, and worship, "the feeling of imperativeness and acting under orders which traditional religion has interpreted as divine inspiration." But, "deeper than all these," spirit possesses "the sense of a mystery half revealed, *of a hidden wisdom and glory, of a transfiguring vision* in which common things lose their solid importance and become a thin veil behind which the ultimate truth of the world is dimly seen." "It is such feelings," he continues, "that are the source of religion, and *if they were to die, most of what is best would vanish out of life.*"

Mr. Russell here affirms a life superior to that of the discursive reasoning, the sphere in which arose his religious denial. And it is evident that in this passage he admits the superior activity as a source of truth: "The ultimate truth of the world is dimly seen." And what is this ultimate truth? Is it that reality is an accidental collocation of material atoms, or force centers? No. It is "a hidden wisdom and glory . . . a transfiguring vision." Saul is found among the prophets—the materialist philosopher of "A Free Man's Worship" discovers himself a mystic. For this higher function of spirit is nothing less than mystical experience, the intuition of an ultimate reality including and transcending our highest values; therefore, though Mr. Russell does not formulate it thus, an intuition of God. And a few pages further on we read that "the life of the spirit brings with it joy of vision. It liberates those who have it from the prison house . . . of mundane cares. . .

[1] *Principles of Social Reconstruction*, p. 201.

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It brings the solution of doubts, the end of the feeling that all is vanity." Yet, in "A Free Man's Worship" we are told that the morally certain result of modern knowledge is precisely the vanity of all human life, individual and racial. For it came from the void, and to the void is doomed to return. Where Mr. Russell the analytic thinker is blind, Mr. Russell the man of synthetic intuition, the *mystic*,[2] sees.

Mr. Russell has devoted to mysticism an entire essay, that entitled "Mysticism and Logic." It is the introductory essay in the book of that name. Mr. Russell maintains that all mystics share certain beliefs. These are: (a) belief in the possibility of a way of knowledge which may be called revelation or insight or intuition, as contrasted with sense, reason, and analysis, *which are regarded as blind guides leading to the morass of illusion* . . . the conception of a reality behind the world of appearance and *utterly different from it;* (b) belief in unity and a *refusal to admit opposition or division anywhere;* (c) denial of the reality of time; (d) belief that all evil is mere appearance, an illusion produced by the divisions and oppositions of the analytic intellect . . . What is *in all cases* ethically characteristic of mysticism is absence of indignation or protest . . . *disbelief in the ultimate truth of the division into two hostile camps, the good and the bad.* These beliefs Mr. Russell proceeds to criticize.

Anyone in the least acquainted with Catholic mysticism knows that these doctrines are not held by orthodox mystics. The discursive reason is not regarded as a cause of illusion. God, though utterly transcendent of the created world, contains eminently all its positive good, and is, therefore, not opposed to its positive being. And although time is not regarded as ultimately real, the time-series, with its historic content, is not, therefore, illusory. On its own plane it is real, valuable, and significant, even in relation to ultimate reality. The historical Incarnation is a focus of Christian mysticism. And the identity of God and the world is rejected as pantheism. Though evil is, indeed, perceived as a negation of good, without positive substance, it is also regarded as a terrible reality. In fact, one of the bitterest reproaches made against Catholicism, and, therefore, against the Catholic

[2] In this paper "mysticism" is used in a wide sense to include every form of religious intuition, and is not confined to the supernatural mysticism which is the subject of Catholic mystical theology.

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mystic, is precisely the belief "in the ultimate truth of the division into two hostile camps, the good and the bad." For this is the doctrine of eternal punishment.

It is true that mystical experience, unilluminated by the teaching of the Church and by the criticism and interpretation of discursive reason, does suggest these errors. For the positive data of mystical experience suggest, if uncriticized and unsupplemented, unwarranted denials of complementary truths. And these denials are the errors noted by Mr. Russell. But Mr. Russell, when criticizing mysticism, would do well to remember that Catholic mystics, by universal consent among the greatest of its exponents, do not hold beliefs they would whole-heartedly repudiate.

But Mr. Russell, though he criticizes mystical doctrine, does not reject mysticism. "The greatest men," he writes, "who have been philosophers have felt the need both of science and of mysticism." But if mysticism were illusion, no man could be among the greatest philosophers unless he had eliminated mysticism from the data of his philosophy. Max Nordau, from the materialist standpoint, regards mysticism as a symptom of degeneration. He is at least more logical than Mr. Russell.

And yet Mr. Russell, though speaking of the "inestimable value of the mystic emotion," refuses to accord to its intuition objective truth value. "It does not reveal anything about the non-human or about the nature of the universe in general." Indeed, "the whole system of associated beliefs which make up the body of mystic doctrine are perhaps the outcome of 'a feeling of peace.'" What mysticism does reveal is simply "a possibility of human nature . . . of a nobler, happier, freer life than any that can be otherwise achieved."

But this is obviously far less than his own description of mystical experience, the highest experience of spirit, as "a transfiguring vision of *the ultimate truth of the world.*" And again we must insist that a subjective illusion, known for such, cannot possess this supreme value. A nobler, happier, and freer life is not to be built on an emotion false to the truth of the universe. We cannot console ourselves for intellectual despair (Free Man's Worship) by an emotional lie. Mr. Russell himself points out that "subjectivism, *the habit of directing thought and desire to our states of mind* rather

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than to something objective, inevitably makes life fragmentary and unprogressive." But if the subjective explanation of "A Free Man's Worship" and of "Mysticism and Logic" be true, this is precisely a description of religious or mystical experience. Hence, this experience, this "highest activity of spirit" cannot be of "inestimable value" and comprise "most of what is best in life."

In a criticism of Dean Inge, Mr. Russell values the dean's view of the universe, as a "Hymn sung by the Creative Logos to the Glory of the Father," above "the intolerable Narcissism" of the worship of humanity. But if the dean's belief be, as Mr. Russell holds, an illusion, the worship it evokes is no better than the worship by man of his own shadow cast on a soulless universe. Narcissus, mistaking the shadow for reality, worships himself. And in the final words of his *Problems of Philosophy* Mr. Russell tells us that "union with the universe constitutes the mind's highest good." If, therefore, mystical experience "does not reveal anything about the universe in general," it cannot possess that "inestimable value" for human life which he has claimed on its behalf.

And in this essay on "Mysticism and Logic," Mr. Russell makes further admissions which imply an objective extra-human truth in the deliverances of mystical experience. "There is some sense . . . in which time is an unimportant and superficial characteristic of reality. A truer image of the world, I think, is obtained by picturing things as entering into the stream of time from an eternal world without, than from the view which regards time as the devouring tyrant of all that is." What if it be certain or practically certain that there is no world save accidental collocations of atoms,[3] taking place, of course, in a time-series. Is it perhaps in our minds that this eternal world exists? For Mr. Russell, our minds are by no means eternal, and the sum total of human mentality is mortal also. Moreover, this subjective world is itself a temporal collocation of irrational factors, or rather the temporal epiphenomenon of such a collocation.

Elsewhere Mr. Russell has more and more beautiful words to speak of this contemplation of eternity:

> If life is to be fully human, it must serve some end which

[3] "Unconscious sensations" Mr. Russell now terms the ultimate constituents of reality (*Analysis of Mind*), but they remain a nonrational and nonmoral mechanism.

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> seems, in some sense, outside human life; some end which is impersonal and above mankind, such as God or truth or beauty. Those who best promote life do not have life for their purpose. They aim rather at what seems like a gradual incarnation, a bringing into our human existence of something eternal, something that *appears to imagination* to live in a heaven remote from strife and failure and the devouring jaws of time. Contact with this eternal world, *even if it be only a world of our imagining,* brings a strength and a fundamental peace which cannot be wholly destroyed by the struggles and apparent failures of our temporal life. . . . To those who have once known it, it is the key of wisdom.[4]

The italicized phrases are a weak attempt to save the subjective explanation, to maintain a dualism of religious value, irreligious truth. For this dualism could hardly be refuted more cogently than it is in this passage. Life in the highest sense is promoted by a temporal incarnation of eternal good. An illusion cannot give life, not to speak of a higher and fuller life than that given by the discursive reasoning which discovers scientific fact. Certainly a "false" religion can in some measure give life. But this life is given in proportion to, and in virtue of, its element of positive truth, which is contained in the fullness of truth revealed to the Church. A lie can breed nothing but spiritual death. An incarnation of the eternal in time: the meaning of humanity and its history could not be more truly expressed. This incarnation is the value, purpose, and substance of the Incarnation of the "Word in Christ," and its progressive continuation in His Church body.

But once again, if nothing exists outside the "devouring jaws of time," the temporal sequence of human psychoses cannot manufacture, "imagine," eternity. Nor can strength and fundamental peace be given by contact with a world of imagination. If, in a lower mode, some measure of these is mediated by works of human imagination—pictures, poems, music—it is because the artistic imagination thus embodied is itself an intuition of an objective reality, spiritual and superhuman. And there is a passage in which Mr. Russell unconsciously makes this admission. "Creative thought," he

[4] *Principles of Social Reconstruction*, p. 245.

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says, "increases the dignity of man by incarnating in life some of that shining splendor which the human spirit is bringing down out of the unknown." Again he voices the hope of an incarnation of a divine light in humanity which finds its fulfillment in the Incarnation of the Light that lighteth every man. *Lux fulgebit super nos.*

But if a shining splendor can be brought down from the unknown, it must exist in that unknown. Therefore the unknown—evidently the ultimate reality of the universe—must possess the "shining splendor" incarnated by human thought. And, therefore, the ultimate reality cannot be infrarational and thus not infrapersonal. But an ultimate reality possessed eminently of reason and personality is the God of theism. Unwittingly Mr. Russell has uttered the theistic credo; but only unwittingly, for on the same page he can write: "Thought looks into the pit of hell. It sees man, a small speck, surrounded by unfathomable depths of silence." This is but a more agnostic reassertion of the negative despair philosophy of "A Free Man's Worship." It can only mean that the universe is seen to be a pit of hell, because it is the silence of the unpurposive and the unconscious. But this unconscious mechanical reality cannot possess any "shining splendor" of spirit and thought for the human soul to educe and incarnate in life. Thus, on one and the same page, we have the dualism of a religious value affirmed even to implicit theism, and immediately denied of the universe in which it has, nevertheless, arisen.

There is evidently present, in Mr. Russell's experience, an intuition of religious truth, which forces its way like a powerful spring to the surface of his thought through the hard, almost adamantine crust of intellectual naturalism and mechanism. It does so, indeed, at the cost of unsolved contradictions, of an unreconciled dualism which, however frequent in more superficial philosophers, is indeed surprising in this master of mathematical logic. The experience is an experience of God. For it is an experience of a spiritual goodness and beauty that is the fit object of human worship, nay, which reveals itself as a demand and attraction of worship, one might truly say, in an act of worship. And it is a source of redeeming grace, of "wisdom" and "charity" and freedom from bondage to mechanical necessity: "an eternal world, contact

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with which brings strength and fundamental peace." And it is a vision, however dim, of "the ultimate truth of the world," which is "a hidden wisdom and glory," "a shining splendor." But what can this be if not the Eternal Wisdom that "the Lord possessed" in "the beginning of his ways, before he made any thing from the beginning?" "In the beginning was the Word."

And it is an experience of God as somehow revealed even incarnate at His Creation, and preëminently in humanity. "Creative thought incarnates in life that shining splendor which the human spirit is bringing down out of the unknown," and "those who best promote life aim at what seems like a gradual incarnation, a bringing into our human existence of something eternal." "And the Word was made flesh."

To this revelation of God in Christ Mr. Russell cannot reach. But his powerful sense of an incarnation of the "eternal" and "divine" in human history is at least a hope, a prophecy of the stupendous fact of the Gospel. It bears to the Incarnation the relation borne by the longing of Aurelius for "the dear City of Zeus," to St. John's vision of the Holy City "coming down out of heaven from God." And indeed Mr. Russell himself remarks of the vision of that *Civitas Dei* as proclaimed by St. Augustine, while the earthly Rome was crashing to its ruin, that he put "a spiritual hope in place of the material reality that had been destroyed. And throughout the centuries that followed, St. Augustine's hope lived and gave life, while Rome sank to a village of hovels." [5] Here Mr. Russell catches another glimpse of the supernatural kingdom of God, in which the eternal beauty is seen impressing its image on the pliant matter of this lower world; seen for a passing moment, as when through a rift in the storm wrack a ray of light illumines the earth with its pure radiance. And in both is revealed the presence of the Sun.

Such is the religious witness of Mr. Russell, valuable surely as the witness borne by one of the keenest intellects to which naturalism can appeal for support. It can, I think, be shown that Mr. Russell's intellectual atheism is conditioned by an abstraction of philosophic method which admits the validity only of certain sources of truth, and denies epistemological value to others equally self-evident in human experience.

[5] *Principles of Social Reconstruction*, pp. 246, 247.

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And it can be shown that this abstract method, pressed ever more thoroughly, has at last undermined the certainty even of the mechanical and material universe which is the subject matter of the physical sciences. But it has at the same time thrown open to Mr. Russell a possibility that his religious experience may be the source of objective truth, thus enabling him to pass from the dogmatic atheism of "A Free Man's Worship" to the agnosticism expressed or implied in many later passages.

A study of the defective method of Mr. Russell's philosophy would invalidate any claim it might make to call in question the truth of religion, a truth, *to say the least*, accepted with whatever degree of completeness by the vast majority of mankind, and resting on a universal element of that human experience, which it is the task of philosophy to interpret, not to deny or evade. But it is even more useful to gather together the witness to religion contained in admissions scattered here and there through Mr. Russell's writings, a witness naturally scant and obscure, as being the witness of a man whose thought is, in its main trend, so hostile to religion, and to bring into the light the affirmation by an intellectual skeptic of personal experience of God and communion with Him. The *testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ* is as powerful an apologetic in the twentieth, as it was in the second century.

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THE QUEST.

By Sister Mary Madeleva, C.S.C.

Wind of the west, wistful wings, tireless feet,—where are you going,
Hastening, blowing?
When will you rest?
Is there no place you will bide, all your journeying over,
Wanderer, rover,
Wind of the west?

Mountains,—what thoughts in your heart lie asleeping, wishful and tender,
Wrapped in cloud splendor?
What is your dream?
River,—say, whose are your singing and all of your joy? say, what shall come after
Such dreams and such laughter,
Mountain and stream?

Deliberate stars, wide-eyed through the blue night so silverly walking,
Of what are you talking?
Tell me your quest;
Say to me where is the place of your brightest regard, your most beautiful shining,
Past my divining,
Stars of the west.

"Oh!" says the wind, "blow with me to the pleasant, green isle of my questing,
Eager, unresting;
So—it is near."
"Go," say the mountains, "where rises the bold brow of Slieve Gallon yonder;
Him do we ponder,
Distant and dear."

"Low on my heart," sings the river, "the voice of Moyola is falling,
Calling me, calling;
How can I roam?"
"Come," cry the myriad stars, "we will light you the way back to Derry!"
Ah! who could tarry?
Stars, take me home!

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THE DECAY OF RELIGIOUS ART.

By Anna McClure Sholl.

TWO eras in the history of art, widely separated by the centuries, have a common element in the close relation existing between the daily life of the people and its æsthetic expression. Greek sculptors and Renaissance painters alike felt profoundly the spirit of their nation and their time; and with that spontaneity which is a mark of life in both religion and art, they gave full and free expression to this spirit.

The Greek, whatever his gods, was more concerned with the perfection of their form than with their authenticity—a curious bright foreshadowing of certain phases of modern thought. The fluidities and ethereal *nuances* of painting were less congenial to his strong sense of objectivity than were the solidities of stone. But he thought warmly, saw within his limits clearly, and expressed the sane, sure life of Greece in works uncomplicated by any after reflections.

From the Greek sculptor to the Renaissance painter, is a long jump; but they are brothers in the directness of their vision and in their power of simple expression. They felt the envelope of their times and of their faith pressing upon them and forcing out of them immortal convictions, states of the spirit, to be hewn in stone or put in cobalt and madder and ultramarine on canvas.

The great treasures of art bestowed by Catholicity on the world are accepted complacently enough by the modern generation; and tourists range the galleries of Europe with rapturous phrases over their masterpieces, but scarcely ever reflecting that if it had not been for the Catholic Church, all this beauty would have had no existence.

The monks, especially those of the Benedictine Order, were not only the first painters and draftsmen of the Christian Era, the initiators of devotional art, but they were also pioneers in the mechanics of painting. They prepared their own colors and furnished them generously to visiting artists; and the quality of these colors is attested to by the brilliance

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of the tints which still shine from the paintings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and by the fact that modern manufacturers of artists' colors cannot reproduce them. From the monasteries came also glass-painters and mosaic workers. And such masters of oil and tempera painting as Dom Lorenzo Monaco, Fra Angelico, Fra Francesco da Negroponte, and Fra Filippo Lippi initiated that luxuriance of æsthetic production which was to bear final fruit in Leonardo and Michelangelo.

So, in any discussion of religious art, it must be remembered that its roots were deep in Catholic and monastic Christianity, its flowering and fruitage were in the very bosom of the Church, and its decay only began when the great Faith which had produced and fostered this artistic abundance was questioned and attacked.

Italy, in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was a veritable forcing house of artists. The brood overran the Imperial City, choked Florence with æsthetic abundance, went laughing down the broad and watery ways of Venice to some appointment with the doge, or with the head of a religious order who wished a Madonna painted for the high altar, or a favorite saint depicted amid the circumstances of his martyrdom.

Surely, there never was before, and, sadly, there may never be again, anything like that rush of life which swept artists of every rank and every type into its empurpled waters; from the blessed Fra Angelico dreaming in his great innocence those dreams which ordinary men dare not have lest they anticipate paradise, and become unfitted for this turbid planet—from Fra Angelico to the wizard Leonardo da Vinci, treading close, very close, indeed, to the ironical modern world, and infusing into his Virgins and saints something of his own sense of a mysterious universe. His Madonnas smile from their shadows not altogether reassuringly.

But Fra Angelico and Leonardo both were great religious painters, in the sense that they could put the reality of religion on their walls and canvases. Leonardo might try his endless, and sometimes disastrous, experiments—such as his use of oil on the damp stone wall of the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie—but all the intricacies of an intellect consumed with curiosity about the natural world did not prevent the flame of faith from casting immense shadows on his canvases.

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His Madonnas are as mysterious as the forces of Nature. Their oval smiling faces look from a world replete with wonder. Whatever the mystery of the Incarnation meant to them, it has not lessened for an instant their divine gayety. Leonardo's spirit, wandering in strange paths, was at least profoundly medieval in this respect: Certain great truths were beyond even his questions.

Between Fra Angelico and Leonardo da Vinci is a long line of painters who expressed in varying degrees of skill certain inevitable truths; and the whole beautiful world of the Christian tradition spread blandly to the eyes of prince and artisan alike. The tyrants of Pisa and Genoa and Ferrara might poison and stab many citizens, but they rarely or never killed an artist. Amid that overrich scenery, he went from court to monastery, and from cell to *atelier*, leaving with patron or monk a record of heavenly drama.

Nor was he unaffected by the overheady wine of the Renaissance. Botticelli, in the "Primavera," set humanism rioting with all the nymphs and wood-gods; and, in his "Birth of Venus," evoked a wistful goddess riding on her shell among little clean-cut waves and falling roses. Piero di Cosimo, in ineffable saffrons and browns and atmospheric blues, portrayed the wild huntsmen of a prehistoric world. Raphael gave to the story of "Cupid and Psyche" an immortal presentment. Giorgione, in his "Concert Champêtre," outdid the Greeks in his portrayal of the human form. Mantegna, in his cartoon, "The Triumph of Cæsar," showed how deeply implanted was the classic tradition in humanistic Italy, and Pinturicchio's "Return of Ulysses" was in the same affectionately retrospective spirit.

The Renaissance painter knew all the lure of classicism, and something of its vague dejection in the midst of apparent sprightliness; but when he entered the domain of religion, what he depicted was intensely real, vital, urgent, and evocative of the spirit of worship.

Botticelli painted the "Primavera"; but he also gave to the world Madonnas whose still and unearthly charm draws the eyes and the heart of the spectator to a supernal region. Whether she suckles the Child, as in the painting in the National Gallery, or leans her pale face wearily above Him, no one could mistake her quality or her mission—not even when

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Botticelli infuses into her features an element that drew Walter Pater to write: "For with Botticelli, she, too, though she holds in her hands the 'Desire of all nations,' is one of those who are neither for Jehovah nor for His enemies. . . . Her trouble is in the very caress of the mysterious Child, whose gaze is always far from her, and who has already that sweet look of devotion which men have never been able altogether to love, and which still makes the born saint an object almost of suspicion to his earthly brethren."

This may be true, but, nevertheless, what is even more true is the fact of her great office and honor depicted beyond misreading on those circular canvases, with angels like slender wands of God about her; and dejected she may be, but she is still the Mother of God—and all the sentimentalities of modern religious art fail of the homage that Botticelli knew how to pay her, even though his heart had gone a-straying in old pagan forests, and his feet had walked by a sea restless with the fair burden of Venus.

This essential devotion to the incontrovertible heart of the matter runs like a gold thread through all the works of the greater Renaissance masters; and winds its way even among the indisputable evils and disorders of the time, a dark forest of strange growths, in which even prelates wandered and sometimes lost their way. This consciousness of a Reality that was beyond impairment by human hands led Alexander VI. to honor the Blessed Colomba of Rieti, after she had first done homage to him as the Vicar of Christ, and then, in an ecstasy, called for God's judgment on the sins of Rodrigo Borgia. For Alexander, in the darkest delirium of his evil, knew and acknowledged a great Fact—the same that a Perugino portrays in the ineffable beauty of his assemblies of the blessed. Beside the calm sea of eternity they have entered into a peace incapable of being broken by any assault of time. In Venice, the city that married Oriental beauty to the Christian tradition, religious faith glows magnificently and sumptuously from wall and canvas; but it *is* religious faith, and the starkest modern attempt to portray the great truths of Christianity, cannot give to the beholder the impulse of worship so liberally bestowed by Titian's royal Madonnas and saints, in the great ease of Renaissance perfection. In his "Madonna of the Pesaro Family," all the rank and tradition of Venice are

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in the kneeling figures; columns and banners add the atmosphere of gorgeousness, as of a royal court; but she is, nevertheless, the Madonna, the Mother of Christ. Giorgione may paint undraped human figures in noon light of open country; but when he enthrones the Madonna of Castel Franco between St. George and St. Francis, she glows in a beauty wholly Christian and traditional.

From the beauty of Italy's version of the Sacred Drama to the homely devotion of the Flemish and German painters is a wide gulf in method, but not in spirit. Albrecht Dürer paints as one who knows that man is but an emigrant towards a better land. The terrible portrayals of the Crucifixion by an Engelbrechtsen, or by a Mathias Grünewald, witness to the reality of Christ's Passion in the hearts of these painters under the gray skies of Flanders. The Catholic tradition burns like a red flame beneath Flemish types—unlovely Madonna, and little homely Christ Child, with large head and thin limbs. Mary has become a town dweller, and the room where the angel finds her has much carved oak in it, and perhaps a crimson-hung bed, and a small lattice to keep out the biting winter winds of Flanders; and about her are little gleaming objects of copper and glass, the homely equipment of the housewife. All the warm comfort of a Flemish home surrounds her, but she is, nevertheless, the Blessed Virgin; and the accuracies of those modern painters who portray her as a Nazareth peasant girl cannot reach the religious verity of the Flemish artists who reveled in anachronisms and yet were eternally true to the supreme realities.

In Spain the same vitality of religious faith glowed through the intensely individual art of that country; though its greatest master, Velásquez, was essentially a court painter. El Greco's strangely elongated saints are like swirling flames about the pale Spanish Madonna; yet, in his "San Eugenio," in the gallery of the Escorial, the quiet figure of the saintly prelate has all the repose and beauty of a Perugino.

Murillo, always associated in art with the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, painted with more beauty than power; but in Ribera, so strongly influenced by Caravaggio, the intensity of religious devotion reaches great heights. His dark Spanish-type St. Francis raises his wounded hands to a sky through which no angels look; but St. Francis is where the

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painter knew he should be—in the open world; while, characteristically, Ribera places St. Anthony of Padua in a cell, there to behold the vision of the Infant Jesus.

To return to Italy and the last great master: The tossed and tried soul of Michelangelo could go no further than the ultimate, and quarreling with popes and patrons, he went the dreary, lonely way of all Titans, his journal full of the small annoyances of a great journey; his restless heart, in that sad twilight of the gods that fell on humanistic Rome, turning to Vittoria Colonna; both weary of the intricacies of existence, and both longing for the lost simplicity of Christ.

> Painting and sculpture now no more can soothe
> My soul that turns to His great love on high
> Whose arms to clasp me on the Cross were stretched.

He paints the Sistine Chapel, as if not he himself, but the consummation of the closing era of the Renaissance, was lulling its giants to sleep at last. And not the comfort of the tender Madonna, but the terrors of the Last Judgment, are depicted as the final perspective of that avenue lined with the superhuman figures of prophets and sibyls—their great uneasy forms brooding like baffled gods of some lost Olympus—rather than as links in the Christian tradition.

Yet, the art of the Sistine Chapel is supremely Christian and intensely religious, because it depicts what is in all vital religion, the ability to know God under many forms and aspects—to see Him even through the last effort of a titanic imagination turning from its genius to an horizon which even the walls of the Sistine Chapel could not bound.

What Michelangelo accomplished in this chapel and in the great pagan tombs of the Medici, Raphael Sanzio equaled in the strange Sistine Madonna, with her Child Whose eyes search eternity in full consciousness of His divine mission. Raphael died young; the weary Renaissance flamed its last marvels; and then the night of religious art set in. Like all things which come to a too full maturity, it had to die, but the tragedy was that nothing took its place—that is, nothing but copies of copies, reiterations of reiterations. To the unearthly beauty of Leonardo's Virgins and the cosmic power of Michelangelo's, succeeded the simpering and saccharine Madonnas

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of Carlo Dolci, Sassoferrato, and others of the worn-out school of Italian art of the seventeenth century—merely pietistic, technically perfect, and spiritually dead works of popular and second-rate painters. Had their work been stronger, it would have been well-nigh blasphemous, travestying, as it did, a lost and great tradition. Here and there, a name like Tiepolo's continued the tradition, but rather in the domain of technique than of faith or spiritual insight. Guido Reni's "Aurora" is, of course, a sumptuous expression of the return to classical legend which blazed so beautiful a parallel highway to religious art. Perhaps in this great ceiling-painting, the road emerged for the last time.

What happened in painting took place also in the domain of sculpture. The early Italian sculptors were supreme; and it is a curious and significant fact that they evoked their serenest and most beautiful works about the great drama of death. Antonio Rossellino, Jacopo della Quercia, the Della Robbias, and others carved tombs of fairest dignity; and cardinal and pope were laid to rest beneath marble that had upon it all the transmutations of exultant faith. But to these masters succeeded the inanities of a Bernini, whose skill in the technicalities of his art scarcely atones for such unpleasant "mingling of sensuality and devotion" as is shown in his sculptured "Ecstatic Vision of St. Teresa."

For the Reformation had done its deadly work even in the domain of art. Men, in uneasy self-consciousness, lost the spontaneity of their faith; and the artists grew as weary as the long day about to close. Catholics braced themselves against the flood of infidelity; and in all such bracing there is an element necessarily of the negative. The Counter Reformation setting in had some of the rigidity imposed by a countercharge; so that the joy and spontaneity of faith was thrust for a time into the background.

Mrs. Jameson, in her *Legends of the Monastic Orders*, blames the Society of Jesus for the fostering of the saccharine and the meretricious in religious art; but it is probable that if the Jesuits directed art at all, they were simply following the line of the least resistance—giving people what they wanted and what the artists were in the mood to supply. Religious art that was above the standard of Carlo Dolci's unctuous work was practically dead by the end of the seventeenth cen-

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tury; and the pity of it is that, with a few great exceptions, it has never been revived. Whatever modern religious art has in it of graceful or skillful painting, only a few painters, such as Puvis de Chavannes, have mixed faith with their colors.

For modern painters and sculptors, as a whole, have followed the conventional and irreligious tradition of Carlo Dolci and Bernini, rather than the strong realities of a Bellini or a Fra Angelico or a Jacopo della Quercia. From the latter half of the seventeenth century on, the world has reluctantly received a yearly output of simpering, pretty, or blankly pious Madonnas, with a waxen inability to be anything more—and they are about as appealing to an uncorrupted religious sense as the lid of a decorated candy-box. The saints have been mercifully more or less neglected, though some modern painter perpetrated a dreadful St. Cecilia, popular in the trade, a high-school girl playing an organ, with fat cherubs—her little brothers, no doubt—sprinkling roses upon the keys. The shades of the immortals must shiver in their artists' paradise, if they can know of this.

The worst modern religious paintings have come from Protestant Germany; the best, from Catholic France, and from the Pre-Raphaelite painters in England. France was practically outside of the Renaissance in the domain of painting. Her flowering came later and in the form of great literature rather than great art. Her practical genius, always singularly opposed to mysticism, has made of the Catholic tradition a highly civilizing element, but one definitely for this world and its exigencies.

The eighteenth century brought to France, as to England, a wealth of painters; but not one of them was concerned with religious art. In France, Watteau set his courtiers and their ladies in glades of fairy-like beauty, but it was not the beauty of paradise. Fragonard, Lancret, Boucher, Greuze, all alike sought their inspiration in this world; to them succeeded that Barbizon school which redeemed nature from the classicists. Puvis de Chavannes alone continued the tradition of religious art in France, and in his "St. Genevieve Watching over Paris," we have a return of a great moment. Bastien-Lepage's "Jeanne d'Arc," though beautiful, falls a little short of the highest level.

Matisse, Picasso, Picabia, Brancusi, and others are in the

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throes of a new and perhaps fourth-dimensional art, of which the late Cézanne was one of the initiators; with the Cubists and the Futurists and the strange manifestation called Dadaism. Fortunately, they have not attempted to paint the Madonna. The indifferent Catholic Gauguin did; and, to his credit be it said, with real reverence breaking through his intensely modern method. In his South Sea island, amid the hot bright colors of the tropics, he has painted her as a native woman holding her dark Child to her breast, while other native women look on in simple wonder at her halo and her state. Very real that—very true to the Catholic tradition, that she is the second Eve and the mother of all the reborn. Gauguin, following the Flemish and the Italian tradition, as well as the Catholic, painted her as the native islanders of the Pacific Ocean might have visualized her. A huge bunch of brilliant bananas lies at her bare brown feet, as the early Italians hung fruit garlands across their votive paintings of the Blessed Virgin.

With one great exception—William Blake—the eighteenth century in England, as in France, contributed nothing to religious art. How could it! The Anglican Church was sending its curates to eat in the servants' hall; and the roistering squires of Fielding's and Smollett's novels wanted of Gainsborough or Romney or Raeburn only a splendid picture of their healthy, lovely wives and fair children to hang in the family portrait gallery. Sir Joshua Reynolds did some pretty little angels—pink cheeked, darling English children, furnished with wings and a celestial atmosphere—but, great or little, it was not religious art.

The caustic wit of Whistler summed up British eighteenth-century art as "raspberry juice mixed with snail slime"; but, whatever the case for the technicalities, Gainsborough and Constable and "Old Crome" remained solidly on English soil and painted delightfully unvisited by memories of heaven. From them, stands out as a creature God-touched and lonely, William Blake, one of the greatest of English mystics, a supreme artist, whose poetry and whose paintings alike are filled with the rapture of celestial vision. The man who could write:

"Above Time's troubled fountains

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On the great Atlantic mountains
In my golden House on high"—

and those other beautiful lines:

"And throughout all Eternity
I forgive you, you forgive me,
As our dear Redeemer said:
'This is the Wine, and this the Bread' "—

such a man had no place with any "school" of painting. Blake's illustrations to the Book of Job have, perhaps, no counterpart in the history of religious art. His flaming conceptions belong to the supernatural plane; and Rossetti's sonnet on Blake was the well-merited tribute of one painter to another consumed by his vision—to whom earthly fame and emolument meant nothing. He painted because the fierce divine flame burned through him, and not because he had to get a picture to the Spring Exhibition.

These masters, great and little, passed; and under Victoria, art became "as pretty as a picture." Over the depths of the Royal Academy, at that period, no one now sheds even a tear, so dead and buried and forgotten is that art of conventionalities; but at the time it did arouse revolt in the breasts of a group of young and brilliant painters who came out and stood apart, and looked back of the academic perfection of Raphael for inspiration—to those early painters who drew badly but prayed well. Of these Pre-Raphaelites, as they youthfully called themselves, Dante Gabriel Rossetti was the greatest; and his religious pictures witness to the Catholic tradition in his veins, though he himself had apparently lost much of it in the mazes of the modern world.

His "Annunciation," his "Mary Magdalene in the House of Simon the Pharisee," are great religious pictures, as well as his "St. Anne Educating the Blessed Virgin." Something is at work there far removed from the sweet and insipid schools of Kaulbach and other German religionists in art. In Rossetti's "Annunciation," Gabriel comes to Mary on wings of flame, and the brooding look in her face, a maid just awakened from sleep, shows the wonder of her destiny but faintly perceived.

Despite these examples, the output of great religious art in the modern world is pitiable. When we come to the United States, we find no Catholic painter of rank, or any other for

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that matter, to carry on the tradition of the religious art of the Renaissance. Twachtmann, Inness, and others concerned themselves with powerful, sometimes supreme presentations of certain aspects of nature; and the writer knows of but one American painter of the first rank who has painted a religious picture in the spirit of the masters of the early Renaissance. This is the late Albert Ryder, whose little painting, "Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalene in the Garden," has all the mystery of true faith, as well as perfect workmanship. In the first Easter light the Risen Saviour comes out of the dawn to the sorrowing woman, a figure as mysterious and unearthly as any Leonardo could have evoked. All the drama of the terrible triumph over death is in the pallor of the body, in the look of the commanding eyes, still pain-haunted. This little shadowy bit of canvas is in the Montross collection.

Why has religious art, with some few great exceptions, decayed? And can there be for it another renascence?

He would have much temerity who should attempt to answer the first question within the limits of a magazine article; but one or two reasons for the decay of modern religious art are obvious. First, as already touched upon, were the disastrous effects of the Reformation, rending the Body of Christ, setting up duality and division in the world, and, by the necessary reaction to its assaults, forcing Catholicism to stiffen and to take on something of the fighting and resisting spirit of its enemies. In consequence, the Church has not been, since that time, as fluid and as joyous as it was in the thirteenth century, nor as passionately interested in beauty as in the fifteenth century, when popes and prelates and heads of religious orders vied with each other in giving *carte blanche* to the great painters of the day, and in welcoming into the Fold even their wandering and pagan fancies, with the old divine Catholic facility of transmuting all things into the Golden Story.

Catholics as well as Protestants became self-conscious after the Reformation; and life grew harder, and the Church, though purer, had something of the weariness of time about her, and something of the wistfulness of the mother who has lost wayward children; and an element both stale and sweetish came into art. Men were no longer children, at home in the Father's house, but weary controversialists. The artists could but reflect the changing spirit of the time.

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The awakening of interest in nature—a very modern emotion—was perhaps another element in the decay of religious art. The amazing tricks of atmosphere, the surprises of color, the joy of feeling the way to new truths of nature's values, through oil and tempera and glaze and etched line—these elements of progress have absorbed the bulk of artistic effort for the last century and a half.

To this may be added the scientific spirit, which, robbing life of much of its mystery, brought drearily in its place a kind of rationalistic temper not favorable to the expression of deep religious feeling in art. The artist turned to nature partly, perhaps, because in nature there were no obvious formulas, but a beauty to be captured by the seeing eye and the skillful hand. France, ever the mother of experimentalism in art, has brought forth brilliant painters of that new school which seeks the other pole from photography, feeling its way toward some far-off fourth dimension by means of planes and values. Even Dadaism—the last word of anarchy in art—has a goal beyond its violent search for ugliness through the stark simplicity of line.

None of these painters, to the writer's knowledge, has concerned himself with religious art. The most brilliant of the contemporary English artists, Augustus John, whose great painting, "The Way Down to the Sea," is in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, assembles its strange colors in a manner wholly modern—John, according to report, is as pagan as Gauguin, and glories in his defiance of accepted standards.

So, religious art is left largely to copyists and to second and third rate artists—or to those realists who think they have portrayed the Blessed Virgin effectively when they go to the Holy Land and draw contemporary Syrian peasant women in their native surroundings. Other echoes of echoes copy the Pre-Raphaelites, and swamp their paintings with medieval symbolism; and one result is just as bad as the other. They are playing with what was to a Botticelli or a Mantegna a great reality. As there are few cathedrals built nowadays that can express anything but the long subscription list, so there are very few great religious paintings.

Can religious art ever be revived? And can the modern painters of the first rank be brought to share in its renascence?

The writer is doubtful of such a resurrection or rebirth,

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unless artists can again breathe as easily in the atmosphere of the Church, as they do in the translucent heliotropes of nature's shadows on a snowy day, or amid the bluish mists of the mountains in summer. Time was when they felt as free in a church as in an *atelier*, but that time has long gone by.

For it was the glory of the Church of the *cinquecento* that she was almost as tender of her artists as of her scholars and saints, recognizing, perhaps, then more than in the present era, that God may speak through an artist just as directly and truly as He speaks through the beatified; and because the artist feels that strange Power driving through him, he himself is conscious of mystery and magic, the white lambent magic of beauty, unearthly, and yet capable of being captured in the glades and porticoes of time.

The Church of the *cinquecento* knew this truth and allowed her artist children—a moody, lovable race—to go wandering very far afield, indeed; knowing that, because they were seeking beauty, they must inevitably return to its Heart and Core. She knew her Botticelli and her Michelangelo, her Crivelli and her Piero della Francesca; knew their turbulence, their artists' moods, their nostalgia for old pagan loveliness; and she let them wander like children in enchanted woods, and see the vision of the Madonna through their diverse temperaments, and in the blue evening shadows come home to their Mother—artists' hands stained with paint, artists' smocks dabbed with clay and turpentine and linseed oil, artists' hearts like those of baby children who cannot build their blocks wholly to suit them, full of weariness of their own creations—home through the twilight to their Mother, and even the greatest of them sighing:

> "Painting and sculpture now no more can soothe
> My soul that turns to His great Love on high."

Perhaps it will be so again; for even Gauguin must see God's Lady in the South Sea Islands, and through his flaming color behold the strangest and yet most familiar Beauty that the world can ever know.

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WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD.

By G. K. Chesterton.

V. The History of a Half-Truth.

BY this time it must be obvious that every single thing in the Catholic Church which was condemned by the modern world has now been reintroduced by the modern world, and always in a lower form. The Puritans rejected art and symbolism, and the decadents brought them back again, with all the old appeal to sense and an additional appeal to sensuality. The rationalists rejected supernatural healing, and it was brought back by Yankee charlatans who not only proclaimed supernatural healing, but forbade natural healing. Protestant moralists abolished the confessional and the psychoanalysts have reëstablished the confessional, with every one of its alleged dangers and not one of its admitted safeguards. The Protestant patriots resented the intervention of an international faith, and went on to solve an empire entangled in international finance. Having complained that the family was insulted by monasticism, they have lived to see the family broken in pieces by bureaucracy; having objected to fasts being appointed for anybody during any exceptional interval, they have survived to see teetotalers and vegetarians trying to impose a fast on everybody for ever.

All this, as I say, has become obvious, but there is a further development of the truth with which I am more especially dealing here; it concerns not so much the case of these general movements which may almost be called vulgar errors, but rather the case of certain individual ideas that are the private inspiration of individuals. As I said in the last issue, a young man may, without any very offensive vanity, come to the conclusion that he has something to say. He may think that a truth is missed in the current controversies, and that he himself may remind the world of it in a tolerably lucid or pointed fashion. It seems to me that there are two courses that he can follow; and I wish to suggest them here, because there must

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be a good many young men in that position, because I have been in it myself, and because I may be said in some sense to have followed both courses, first one and then the other.

He can take his truth, or half-truth, into the bustle and confusion of the modern world, of general secular society, and pit it against all the other notions that are being urged in the same way. He can have the honor of a controversy with Mr. Bernard Shaw, the most generous of pugilists, who is ready to take on all comers; he can review the books of Maeterlinck and Bergson; it is only too probable that he will write a book himself. In that case it is likely enough that he may be hailed by journalists as having a "message"; it is, at any rate, probable that he will have a vogue; but it is not very clear that anything will happen to his idea in the long run. There is no umpire to judge whether he beat Shaw or Shaw beat him; there is no record of his ephemeral, though possibly excellent, commentary on Bergson and Maeterlinck; his own book will be out of print like any other; and even though he may have done as well as he could reasonably expect for himself, it is not clear that he has done very much for the world; especially when the world is in a mood that permits nothing but fashions and forgetfulness. But there is a much greater danger in his position. Even supposing that his truth does become a tradition, it will only harden into a heresy. For it can only harden as the half-truth that it is; and even if it was true in its lifetime, it will have become false when it is fossilized. Sometimes a few touches from fanatical followers can turn it into a most extravagant and horrible falsehood. It is to illustrate this that I have taken as an example, at the risk of seeming egotistical, the intellectual motive which I remember to have been strongest in my own case.

Literary criticism is largely a string of labels; and at some time, early in my scribbling days, somebody called me an optimist. But he was speaking in the spirit of the time; and when he called me an optimist, he simply meant that I was not a pessimist. He certainly assumed that everybody with any intellectual pretensions was a pessimist. For in my early youth it was Schopenhauer's hour and the power of darkness, and there lay on the whole intellectual and artistic world a load of despair. The liveliest claim that could be made was to call oneself a decadent, and demand the right

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to rot. The decadents said in substance that everything was bad except beauty. Some of them seemed rather to say that everything was bad except badness. Now the first movement of my mind was simply an impulse to say that being rotten was emphatically all rot. But I began to make for myself a sort of rudimentary philosophy about the thing, which was founded on the first principle that it is, after all, a precious and wonderful privilege to exist at all. It was simply what I should express now by saying that we must praise God for creating us out of nothing. But I expressed it then in a little book of poems, now happily extinct, which described (for example) the babe unborn as promising to be good if he were only allowed to be anything, or which asked what terrible transmigrations of martyrdom I had gone through before birth, to be made worthy to see a dandelion. In short, I thought, as I think still, that merely to exist for a moment, and see a white patch of daylight on a gray wall, ought to be an answer to all the pessimism of that period. But I did do it chiefly as a rebellion against the pessimism of that period. Like every rebel, I was a reactionary; that is, I was mainly reacting against something else.

Now I do think that this sort of notion might have counted for something among the other modern notions, which is not saying much. I mean that something might have been done, as a literary theme, with the notion of a new optimism founded not on everything, but rather on anything. But suppose it had really been preached as a new optimism, and taken up as a new fashion of thought or feeling. What awful and abominable nonsense it would have become before it had gone out of fashion again! I did not intend it for a nine days' wonder, but rather, so to speak, for a seven days' wonder; for a weekly and daily recognition of the seven days' wonder of creation. But long before it had got to the ninth or the seventh day, somebody would have seen its promising possibilities in the direction of perversion or insanity.

And as a matter of fact, the vista of possibilities for that innocent idea is perfectly appalling. That idea could easily, as a mattter of fact, be turned into an instrument for the destruction of all that I hold most dear. If I had another intellectual passion running parallel to my revulsion from fashionable pessimism, it was a revulsion from fashionable

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plutocracy. As I could then only express the former by saying I was an optimist, so I could then only express the latter by saying I was a socialist. But as a fact, this fancy of mine, the philosophy of wonder and gratitude, could be used so as not only to smash all socialism, but the very mildest plea for social reform. The optimism of wonder might easily be the tool of every tyranny and usury and insolent corruption that ever oppressed the poor. The tyrant had only to say that people ought to be only too thankful if he left them alive. He had only to say that a man without political or legal rights should be only too happy because he could look at a dandelion. He had only to say that a man unjustly imprisoned should be satisfied to see the patch of daylight on the prison wall.

Now I only give that as one small instance, because I know it best, of what might happen to a half-truth when it has the chance to succeed as a heresy. There must be a thousand other similar cases of similar theories; but the moral is that the half-truth must be linked up with the whole truth; and who is to link it up? Herod, the tyrant, must not massacre babies because they would have been glad of a few months of life when they were babes unborn. A man must not be a slave on the plea that even a slave can see a dandelion. A man must not be thrown into jail in defiance of justice because he will still see a patch of daylight on the wall. In a word, wonder and humility and gratitude are good things, but they are not the only good things; and there must be something to make the poet who praises them admit that justice and mercy and human dignity are good things too. Knowing something of the nature of a modern poet, captured by a modern fancy, I can see only one thing in the world that is in the least likely to do it.

I have said that there are two courses for the young man specializing in the half-truth; I have given a personal example of him and the possibility of his horrible end. The other course is that he should take his half-truth into the culture of the Catholic Church, which really is a culture and where it really will be cultivated. For that place is really a garden; and the noisy world outside, nowadays, is none the less a wilderness because it is a howling wilderness. That is, he can take his idea where it will be valued for what is true in

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it, where it will be balanced by other truths and often supported by better arguments. In other words, it will become a part, however small a part, of a permanent civilization, which uses its moral riches as science uses its store of facts. Thus, in the idle instance I have given, there is nothing true in that old childish mood of mine which the Catholic Church in any way condemns. She does not condemn a love of poetry or fantasy; she does not condemn, but rather commends, a sentiment of gratitude for the breath of life. Indeed, it is a spirit in which many Catholic poets have rather specialized, and its first and finest appearance, perhaps, is in the great Canticle of St. Francis. But in that sane spiritual society, I know that optimism will never be turned into an orgy of anarchy or a stagnation of slavery, and that there will not fall on any one of us the ironical disaster of having discovered a truth only to disseminate a lie.

THE LILY OF THE DAWN.

By Francis Thornton.

A Lily near the river grew
  Most wondrous white and fair,
And from the deeps of sky she drew,
  Superbly wrought, a chain of dew,
Glowing with every rainbow hue,
  And twined it in her hair.

Her heart was fragrant with the scent
  Of purity unstained,
Not all the choicest odors blent,
  Nor storied balms of Orient,
Outvied the incense that she spent
  Until the dark had waned.

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For lo! the dusky robèd Night
Fled far away in shame,
By east-born warriors put to flight
With glancing spears of crystal light,
When mighty Dawn with gems bedight
In rosy splendor came.

His keen glance swept the earth below,
The Lily charmed His view;
A rose tint stained her cheek of snow,
She felt His kindled love o'erflow,
As down the bridge of heaven's bow
A wingèd envoy flew.

With voice like cadenced music sweet,
"Hail full of grace," He said.
The charmèd winds the words repeat,
And fleeting far with hasting feet,
Upon the skyey portals beat
In singing showers o'erhead.

Then as the Lily Maid replied,
"His holy will be done,"
The azure gates were opened wide,
And forth outpoured a golden tide
Of chanted praises, to the bride
Of heaven's Holy One.

"O wondrous Maid of God, all hail!
Thou from the sky hast drawn
The Light that never more shall fail
To banish Night o'er hill and dale;
For thee the very deeps unveil,
Sweet Lily of the Dawn."

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CHINA CALLING.

By James A. Walsh, M.Ap.

IT is commonly said that the longer a white man lives among the Chinese, the less he knows them. This estimate has been sometimes questioned; but no one who have lived in China will doubt that the so-called Westerner, whose acquaintance with the Chinese is limited to his laundryman, has a ridiculously low estimate of China and its people.

Ancient China was surely unfathomable, but New China would hardly be so, were it not at the present moment so agitated politically that one can hardly see below the surface. China has, however—and this is undoubted—such enormous vital power that these superficial agitations—the result of revolutions, hastily framed laws, undisciplined armies, and a disordered financial system—simply conceal the real condition of that vast nation, which holds within its boundaries from one-third to one-fourth of all the men, women, and children on this earth.

If we would know how China stands to-day, and what possibilities are in prospect for her, we must keep in mind that in less than a dozen short years a radical change has been effected—or at least attempted—in her form of government, which now is professedly that of a republic. As late as 1911, emperors, heaven-sent, were issuing commands, and every family head reflected the imperial power. That year the Empire fell, under the pressure of revolutionary troops organized by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, whose name, in heavy-face type, occasionally yet adorns the columns of our Daily Dreadfuls.

Dr. Sun may be justly styled "the Father of the Chinese Republic." It was he who organized secret societies, as early as 1896, and who planned press campaigns, and other means of propaganda, that finally issued in a republic, of which he himself was named the first president. Dr. Sun, however, who is more of an agitator than a statesman, knew his limitations and, content with the glory of founding it, offered the presidency of the Republic to Yuan Shi Kai, the one man he thought qualified for the position. Yuan Shi Kai was named president

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in 1913, and, interpreting the Constitution to suit himself, looked forward to a throne, but died in 1916, too soon to occupy it.

To-day the Chinese Republic is hardly more than a name. It is made up of several states that are half independent, but the man recognized by outside nations as president has practically no authority beyond Peking, the capital. Foreign powers treat with the Peking incumbent for want of some one better. Japan, favorably placed as a neighbor, manages to keep in touch with the leaders of all parties, and as the disordered government seems to help rather than hinder commerce, Japan is quite well satisfied with present conditions. The United States is held in high esteem by all the Chinese, especially by the more democratic element, which includes many graduates from American colleges and universities, also a small army of native Protestant ministers, who represent some twenty American sects.

Strangely enough, in spite of its weak organization, the Chinese Republic has acquired, through its diplomats, a certain degree of importance. Notable among these is the name of Wellington Koo, a man of keen intelligence, with an excellent grasp of jurisprudence; and, if Mr. Koo's assurance could be taken seriously, China is even now prepared to take her place among the nations. By diplomacy China has secured much out of the World War, to which she contributed little. She found a place at the Peace Conference, and managed to take over the German concessions, the Shantung railroads, and Germany's share of the Boxer indemnity; and now little Japan has bowed himself out of the Shantung province.

Those who know China's condition are fully aware that she is, at this moment, far from being fitted to take her place with other nations. The Republic started to function too soon and the inevitable resulted. Within two years, graft—which the Chinese call "squeeze"—was almost universal, and China's history from 1913 to 1917 is a long story of uprisings, murders, extortion, trickery, and *squeeze*—a humiliating record. In 1917, while the representatives of the first Assembly still claimed the right to legislate, a new Assembly was chosen by the military party in North China, and since then there has been complete governmental anarchy. There are, of course, laws, or rather there is a code of judicial decisions, but China

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lacks magistrates and lawyers. Judges are commonly bribed, few of them being honest. It is natural and proper, however, that China should seek complete equality with other powers, and it is certain that the Chinese are capable of producing an excellent system of laws.

To-day, unfortunately, militarism is rampant in China, than which no country in the world has so many soldiers, such as they are. And yet the Chinese are a peace-loving people, and China is not seriously threatened by any outside power, even by Japan. China's army is reckoned variously from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 men, a ridiculously large number, that can be explained best by the ambitions of rival military governors, many of whom are ex-bandits. Under the emperors, 200,000 soldiers, all volunteers, were enough for the eighteen provinces, and these were a traditionally weak lot, exemplifying the old Chinese proverb: "Good iron is not used to make nails nor good citizens to make soldiers." The Chinese soldier of to-day is a harmful nail that cannot be driven into the right place. He is rapacious and thieving, usually without either discipline or honor, recruited from idlers and outcasts, from bandits and pirates. The people are in constant dread of the soldiers, and it may be safely stated that if it were possible to do away to-day with these protectors (!) of the country and with their military chiefs, there would be peace to-morrow in China.

A practical solution of China's present problem would be the disbanding of the army, but the process would in reality be extremely difficult for two reasons—because the so-called Central Government at Peking has no control over the military chiefs, and because it cannot finance the cost of disbanding. In the opinion of thoughtful observers, 150,000 men of the right stamp could police all of China, but, as things are, China goes daily from bad to worse. The people know next to nothing about the franchise. Last year, when leaving one of the large cities, the writer met on the train a prominent Chinese—American educated—who told him that at a mayoralty election held a few weeks before less than a hundred votes had been cast. Even if a worthy man should be elected, he would find his post occupied by some agent of the military chief. The people remain indifferent to all this and suffer with the untold patience characteristic of their race.

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In the meantime the Government is bankrupt and in a sorry plight, so that China is well described by one who has lived there thirty years, and knows the situation thoroughly, as "a sick man in need of counsel from an outside physician." To-morrow it is possible that China will realize its condition and apply the remedy. If this remedy should be successful, bankruptcy would soon be canceled, peace would quickly follow, and a new era would dawn for China—and for the world.

With China free from anarchy and awake to her opportunities, those who know that country, its resources, and its people, foresee the possibility of a great future. This judgment is based first of all on China's civilization, past and present. Let us make no mistake here. We Catholics properly designate China as a "foreign mission," and China certainly has pagans and heathens by the millions, but it is by no means a barbarous nation. Its civilization, ancient though it be, is in some respects as good as our own, in other respects better; and, without doubt, it contains elements that this much awry world of our needs badly to absorb.

China has a very definite ethical code, which American pagans, who will not receive the Sent of God, might well substitute for their own individual whims and fancies. It has much of value in art, and a vast literature; if in recent times it has ceased to produce, this is because it lacked new material, which an acquaintance with the West cannot supply.

The material resources of the country are so considerable that they will call for the best product of Western scientific training, and the Chinese youth has already proved himself capable of meeting this need. At the same time, if the Chinese character shall continue to manifest its indifference to excessive wealth, gold will not be its idol, and the way will be open to a spiritual appeal.

Patience and industry—two traits that always make for success—also distinguish the Chinese, and the saving sense of humor is rarely lacking in them. Corruption, anarchy, and war clouds are to the Chinese less harmful than they appear to outsiders. He smiles as he hears of some *coup* effected by a *Tuchun* (military governor). He knows that the same *Tuchun* is probably saving his taels, so as to get off to some well policed land, like Japan, and satisfy his peace-loving in-

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stincts. His eyes twinkle—ever so little, perhaps—as he reads about the latest battle, in which four thousand shots were exchanged—and not an ear scratched—or of that "victory which rested," as some one described it, and as it usually does, "with the side that first discovered the flight of the other." "It must have been a most delightful noise," he murmurs.

We of the West are a little disappointed when our Chinese friend does not enthuse over much that interests us. Sometimes, in fact, he is smiling in his sleeve, because he is too polite to do so openly. Certainly the Westerners give him many occasions to smile.

Last year, with two companions, I recall taking an elevator to the roof of a new ten-story department store in Canton. An *al fresco* moving-picture show was in progress; and, after a bird's-eye view of the city, we turned to the screen, which some fifty Chinamen were watching with considerable glee. They were absorbing impressions of American life through the antics of a widely known comedian who was leading a battle of squash pies, in which men and gaily bedecked women participated. We stole out quietly, somewhat ashamed of the fact that a fairly large proportion of our countrymen does pay tribute to horseplay. At all events, we realized that the laugh was on us. The Chinese would certainly not "stoop to such vulgarity." And I doubt, too, if these Chinese spectators were altogether surprised at what they saw. They would ascribe it to the general inferiority of our race, for those who know the Chinaman best are certain that down deep in his heart is the unshakable belief that his is the greatest nation on this earth and that its civilization is the finest.

The obvious weaknesses that impress visitors—beggars, poverty, epidemics, disease, political corruption, bandits, pirates, and anarchy—do not cloud the Chinaman's vision of what is and has been an object of reverence and pride. He takes the bad as it comes and keeps his eyes on the good. That the Chinese have weaknesses, and many of them, no one will deny. They are accused of avarice and cowardice. Both of these weaknesses might be traced to a desire for "peace at any price," which would, perhaps, also account for their callousness to the miseries of their fellow creatures. But the Chinese, undoubtedly, have qualities which we of the West should be anxious to see turned to the glory of the One True

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God, and to the extension of Christ's Kingdom on this earth. These great multitudes can be made sterling instruments in the designs of Providence.

In a recent book, entitled *The Problem of China*, the author, a Britisher, Bertrand Russell, sometime Professor of Philosophy in the Government University of Peking, wrote:

> When I went to China I went to teach; but every day that I stayed I thought less of what I had to teach them, and more of what I had to learn from them. Among Europeans who had lived a long time in China, I found this attitude not uncommon; but among those whose stay is short, or who go only to make money, it is sadly rare. It is rare because the Chinese do not excel in the things we really value—military prowess and industrial enterprise. But those who value wisdom or beauty or even the simple enjoyment of life will find more of these things in China than in the distracted and turbulent West, and will be happy to live where such things are valued. I wish I could hope that China, in return for our scientific knowledge, may give us something of her large tolerance and contemplative peace of mind.

To-day, in spite of internal disorders, China is making long and rapid strides in education, reverence for which is much more commonly found among the Chinese than among Westerners. To the Chinaman, learning is good in itself, and he is anxious to acquire knowledge wherever he can find it. Western knowledge has stimulated this desire, and students from China—hundreds of them—educated in the United States and Europe, are to-day occupying in their native land posts as teachers, journalists, and diplomats. The average Chinese student is able and keen, and it is worthy of note that his interest is not focused either on the acquisition of wealth or of military prowess. He is rather concerned with subjects social or ethical, or purely intellectual. He would know our inventions and all about them, but he will be discriminating.

"Why seek what you call progress," said one recently, "when we Chinese already enjoy what is excellent?" He sees in our "progress" only a restless anxiety for changes that bring no settled satisfaction and disturb the peace of individ-

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uals, families, and nations. The spectacle of Western peoples engaged in fierce sanguinary conflict has made the Chinese student more than ever anxious to separate our chaff from the wheat that he would take. He is, however, keen to acquire what is best in the modern world, and all patriotic Chinese in the home land share his desire.

In China, to-day, the curriculum—learning ancient classics by rote—is kept up, but Western methods of education follow close upon this period of student life. Higher education in the ancient classics is confined to practically few scholars, but higher education in Western subjects has had, and is now under, a strong development. This education was initiated by missioners and is to-day almost entirely in the hands of Americans. America's position, in this respect, is due to the Boxer Indemnity Fund, which, as is commonly known, was applied by the United States Government to the education of Chinese students in American institutions. A few weeks ago Great Britain, evidently realizing the political and commercial advantages of this benefaction, canceled, under similar conditions, its indemnity claims on China. Normal schools on modern lines were established soon after the American grant, and the enrollment of students now reaches well towards five million, an increase of more than three million since 1910.

Three important centers that exemplify American educational activities are the following: Tsing Hua College, a few miles outside of Peking, which prepares Chinese boys for study in this country; the Peking Union Medical College, which is connected with the Rockefeller Hospital; and the Peking University.

Tsing Hua College is thus described by Mr. Russell, in the book referred to above:

> It has an atmosphere exactly like that of a small American university, and a (Chinese) president who is an almost perfect reproduction of the American college president. The teachers are partly American, partly Chinese educated in America, and there tends to be more and more of the latter. As one enters the gates, one becomes aware of the presence of every virtue usually absent in China: cleanliness, punctuality, exactitude, efficiency. I had not much opportunity to judge of the teaching, but whatever I saw

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made me think that the institution was thorough and good. One great merit, which belongs to American institutions generally, is that the students are made to learn English. Chinese differs so profoundly from European languages that even with the most skillful translations, a student who knows only Chinese cannot understand European ideas; therefore the learning of some European language is essential, and English is far the most familiar throughout the Far East.

An interested Catholic, who has followed this *résumé* of present conditions in China, will naturally be curious to know how far the Church of his heart is concerned with these new activities.

The early Jesuit missioners who went to China in the sixteenth century approached the upper classes with excellent results, and it is claimed that at the moment when the decision on Chinese rites forced the Jesuits to change their methods, the Chinese Empire was well on its way to conversion. Changed methods meant a slow evangelization of the poor, and this movement has continued, handicapped by a lack *of* personnel and funds, until to-day, when we find in China somewhat more than two millions of Catholics. This is a small proportion of the entire population, although it is actually four-fifths of all the Christians registered in China.

Catholic ecclesiastical authorities realize that the Church must be represented among the Chinese leaders, whose example will be a great help in the conversion of the poor, while it will strongly influence the large body of educated Chinese, who now look down on the Church as appealing only to the ignorant. Every missioner in China is convinced that the vital means of evangelization to-day is education. And every missioner in China is forced to admit that the Catholic Church is far, very far, behind in this development. Shanghai is the most advanced center of Catholic education. Here the Jesuits, who conduct a large college, recently established a university, which, however, is only at its small beginning, and, being a French-speaking institution, is limited in its appeal to Chinese students, who, as a rule, prefer English. In the large cities of China, notably Peking, Tientsin, Hankow, Hongkong, and Canton, religious orders of brothers are successfully conducting middle schools; but in other cities, less well-known, and in

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the greater towns of China, education under Catholic supervision rarely goes beyond the most elementary grade schools, and most of these lack the government requirements.

The several non-Catholic bodies working in China have at least eight universities, with numberless colleges, normal schools, and well organized middle schools; yet their development is far from complete. They are constantly buying new sites and projecting new buildings, which will be filled as soon as completed, and which, doubtless, will be largely self-supporting. American money has financed most of these institutions.

Two years ago, the Catholic bishops of South China meeting in synod, deplored the educational need and decided to take steps toward the establishment of a university, which would influence all grades of Catholic education; but the plan fell through, not because such an establishment could not be made self-supporting, but because its beginnings could not be financed by the Catholics of South China, practically all of whom are as yet very poor. This year again the bishops, united at Hongkong, emphasized anew their desire to found a university for South China, but they were for the second time obliged to confess their helplessness.

The writer is well aware that the unexpressed hope of Catholics in China is that the Catholics of America will make possible the provision of adequate educational possibilities. This hope may yet be realized, but only when American Catholics are made cognizant of the situation, with its splendid outlook.

Americans have come into the mission field late. It is not yet five years since the first little band of six priests went out from Maryknoll, and before that the entire quota of American-born missioners in China consisted of a few scattered Franciscan priests, a Franciscan brother, and a couple of Sisters of Charity. Each year, since then, Maryknoll has sent out reënforcements, and in the meantime, other Americans have gone—from the Society of the Divine Word, the Vincentians, and the Passionists. Yet, to-day, Americans hardly number in China, all told, fifty priests, in addition to about eighteen sisters and three or four brothers.

Had American priests been in China since the establishment of the Boxer Indemnity Fund, it is more than possible

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that out of the hundreds of students who have been educated under that fund in this country, not a few would be to-day representative of the Catholic Church in their native land. Catholic boys would have secured the advantages—which others, largely Protestants, or selected by Protestants, have had— and they would have been received on the Pacific Coast by American Catholics who could have guided them quite as well as the Y. M. C. A. agents have directed their countrymen.

We are late, but not too late. There are to-day Chinese youths, Catholic and pagan, who would eagerly attend a Catholic university. The Maryknoll Mission Superior, in a recent letter, said that in Hongkong fifty Catholic boys are taking engineering, medicine, and arts courses at the Hongkong University, an agnostic institution; and he adds that from the several Maryknoll centers (a limited area as yet), fifty boys could be sent each year to a Catholic university. He says, too, that the number of pagan scholars who would gladly attend a Catholic university would be limited only by the capacity of the place. We quote from this letter:

> The avidity of the Chinese for higher education is a remarkable phenomenon that reminds one of the rush to the universities in the Middle Ages. There is hardly a school of any description in the whole of China that is not forced to turn boys away for the lack of room. One opens a school to-day, and it is filled to-morrow.

The prestige created for the Catholic Church by the establishment of first-class educational centers would be invaluable, and their influence would be felt immediately. Direct conversions in large numbers would not be promised as an immediate result, but seed would be sown and fruit would come in due time.

The Chinese Government, notwithstanding its political weakness, is so keen for the establishment of centers for higher education that it often makes grants of land for this purpose. The Chinese seem never to grudge money for education, and a university, once established, would be self-supporting. The popular courses of study at the universities are engineering, business, medicine, and pedagogics. Arts courses

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also appeal, and degrees are precious holdings. With a growing number of Chinese graduate students, a university would not require a large staff of foreigners. Twenty Americans could take care of a university with a thousand students, and instruction in all classes would be given in English.

This article is not an appeal, but rather an attempt to set forth some splendid mission possibilities for the Catholic world of our generation. We go rapidly these days and many opportunities pass before they are realized. While Japan was in the remaking, and receptive, then Catholic missioners were too poor and empty-handed to impress its leaders strongly with the beauty and the truth of the Catholic faith. Japan has now taken from the West about all that it desires, and its doors are closing. China, however, is still in the hour of its change. That hour will pass too, and the great nation which is now looking to the West for help will push along under its own power. American secular universities have in China today branches which they are nourishing and fostering, looking forward to the time when they will stand by themselves and bring forth the fruit of knowledge. May we Catholics not hope that our own universities, backed by an enlightened Catholic public opinion, may to-morrow plant their slips in the soil of China? And that not only our universities, but at least some among the Catholic seminaries, colleges, academies, and schools of America, may see their way to take a practical interest in similar establishments across the Pacific?

China is calling to the Catholic world.

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THE SHROUD OF CHRIST.

By G. Alexander Phare.

BEHIND the high altar of the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist in Turin is the Chapel of the Sudario or Sindone. Built in 1657-1694, by Guarini, as a royal burial place, there now reposes therein a relic more precious to Christendom than the remains of any crowned head, no matter how exalted. For behind a glass screen, in a metal casket secured with many locks, is a roll of linen cloth which, from generation to generation, has been handed down as the actual shroud used when the disciples took Christ's body from the Cross.

Only on the rarest occasions is this precious relic visible to the public, for the casket may only be opened by royal consent, and with the permission of the archbishop. This was done but six times during the nineteenth century: in 1814, by Victor Emmanuel I.; in 1815, at the request of Pope Pius VII.; in 1822, upon the accession of Charles Felix; in 1842 and in 1868, at the marriages of Victor Emmanuel I. and of Prince Humbert; and in 1898, at an exhibition of sacred art in Turin, authorized by His Majesty King Humbert.

The shroud appears to view as a long piece of stained and scorched linen cloth—the brown stains occurring in such a manner as to represent two bodies, lying head to head, the one seen from the rear, and the other from the front. All through the Middle Ages, and down into our times, as recently as 1898, these stains were believed to be caused by blood combined with some aromatic, such as aloes. The burial of Christ having been very hurried, the simple explanation appeared to be that the disciples had not time to wash the body. It seemed natural, therefore, that the cloth should be stained, in a rough and general way, with the impression of the body. The manner and origin of these stains will be dealt with later, the historical details being of interest and value.

It was in the twelfth century that pilgrims first began to make mention of the winding sheet of our Lord Jesus Christ as being in the possession of the Emperor at Byzantium, when, in 1150, an English Pilgrim specifies *sudarium quod fuit super*

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caput ejus. Later, in 1203, we find this interesting reference of the Chronicler, Robert de Clary: "And among others there was a monastery called our Lady Sainte Marie de Blakerne, where were the Cloths in which our Lord was wrapped, on which when one stood up straight could plainly be seen the figure of our Saviour. Since then no one, either Greek or French, can say what became of the cloth after the town was taken."

A subsequent historian, Count Riant, tells us, in his *Excuviæ,* that at the time when the Crusaders sacked the city of Constantinople in 1205, the shrine of St. Marie de Blakerne was respected. Garnier de Trainel, Bishop of Troyes, who accompanied the expedition, was charged with the safeguarding of the relics found in the imperial chapel—of which the chapel of St. Marie formed a part. The bishop, however, died in Constantinople the same year, and the shroud passed into the hands of the De Charny family at St. Hippolyte on the banks of the river Doubs. In 1353, Geoffroy de Charny, Lord of Champagne, presented the relic to the Abbey of Lirey, which had been founded by him in the vicinity of the town of Troyes. This nobleman was Governor of Picardy, and had been with Humbert II. in the Crusade of 1346. Just how the relic came into his possession has, unfortunately, never been stated, the records merely saying that the shroud had been obtained as spoils of war—a statement which renders probable the hypothesis that the count might have prudently maintained a discreet silence as to the manner of its acquisition.

So doubtful, in fact, was the authenticity of the relic that we find disputes arising from it almost immediately. In 1355, Henri de Poitiers, then Bishop of Troyes, discouraged pilgrimages to the shrine, and was instrumental in having it returned to the family of its original donor, where it remained for the next thirty-four years. In the year 1389, the solemn public display of the relic was resumed, and again forbidden, by authority, and, by instructions of Clement VII., the Avignon pope, legal processes were invoked to settle the vexed question of the true value of the relic.

The findings of the court were very noncommittal—if, indeed, such a body ever assembled, for no records can be found in the archives of Troyes as to any definite result. The letters of Clement VII. on the subject, moreover, make no

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mention of any adverse decision as to the authenticity of the relic; they simply impose the mandate of "perpetual silence" on the question.

In 1418, the ecclesiastical authorities of Lirey deposited the shroud in the care of the Lord of Lirey, Humbert, Count de La Roche. On his death his widow, Marguerite de Charny, refused to give back the relic, finally making it over to the Duke of Savoy. From this time on, disputes which had centered around the genuineness of the shroud began to be forgotten, and it grew in renown. On June 11, 1502, it was solemnly placed in the chapel of Chambéry Castle, where it remained until 1532, when it was nearly lost in a fire which partially destroyed the chapel, and of which the shroud still bears traces. It was carefully repaired in 1534, and finally was taken to Turin in 1578, where it has remained ever since.

So, then, the Holy Shroud of Turin presents itself as a remarkably interesting relic, although without any acceptable historical guarantee of authenticity. Its value as a landmark in history must be based upon a study of the markings on the shroud itself. And these tell a wonderfully clear story.

The stains upon the shroud—which, in a shadowy way, give the effect of two bodies lying head to head, one seen from the back and the other from the front—are less clear upon closer examination. The outline of the head is more or less distinct, though there is no sign of ears or of neck. The nose is distinct, but black and smudged. On either side of the face black marks appear to be hair which was worn below the shoulders. The eyes look to be surrounded with white circles. Mustache and beard show black and distinct, leaving the lips visible. The torso shows dark markings corresponding with the position of the breasts, while an indistinct smear of shadow lower down indicates the stomach. The forearms are plainly shown, the hands apparently crossed over the abdomen. The legs are clearly marked, lying close together. All in all, the markings strangely resemble the impressions left on a shroud by a human body, the more prominent parts being the most strongly reproduced, and the hollows being either very faintly rendered or not visible at all.

Not until 1898, when the Holy Shroud was photographed, did the full meaning of these markings reveal themselves. Then, on the photographic plate—the negative plate—they

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took on an entirely new meaning. On the negative, tone values undergo inversion: lights become dark, and shadows become light. And on the plate, the whites of the cloth show black, the brown stains as white. And the photographic plate, instead of showing a reversed condition of lights and shades, shows an unmistakable positive—shows us without trace of doubt the figure of a man. The features are so shadowy as to give the effect of seeing him in semi-darkness, but unmistakably and clearly. The markings on the original shroud, then, are in negative, since the negative plate reveals them as a positive.

One's first impression is that the markings have been painted on the shroud by some well-intentioned artist for the edification of the faithful. But difficulties present themselves even in connection with this simple theory. In the first place, the markings on the shroud are in negative, a condition of light and shade only understood since the introduction of photography, for everything in nature is a positive. We have no reason to believe that fourteenth-century painters knew anything of inversion of lights and shades, and, even if they had, what conceivable reason could there be for painting in negative. If the picture was to be viewed by any other person, the obvious thing would be to make the features recognizable as those of Christ. Further, by what possible process known to those times could a painter, while working in negative effects, have judged the effects when his handiwork should have been brought back to the positive, effects accurate not only in outline but in modeling and expression?

Arising from this, comes the thought that the shroud may have been painted in positive, and, by chemical change, transformed into a negative. But this theory, too, is not without its difficulties. First, the Holy Shroud is, throughout, limp and supple, like ordinary linen, a fact which effectively disposes of oil paint as a medium, as an examination of any work of this kind will conclusively show. Water color, in a lesser degree, comes under the same criticism. Further, the Holy Shroud to-day shows signs of damage by fire and water, relics of the fire which partially destroyed Chambéry Castle in 1532, and which must have done irretrievable damage to color soluble in water. The objection extends even more definitely to a dye, which could not possibly have been changed to show

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a negative effect by any combination of sulphur, as a white-lead color might conceivably do.

The third objection—and the strongest one—is that mechanical means were used. In other words, a body was obtained, covered with coloring matter, wrapped in a large cloth, and the resulting imprints passed off as being those of the body of Christ. Such a procedure is quite possible, by saturating the cloth with a mucilage and covering the body with a fine powder. But what would be the result? The cloth, resting lightly on the body, receives the impression of the higher surfaces only; there is no modeling whatever. To attain this, the cloth would need to be gently pressed against the features, the result being that the completed impression would be out of proportion. The admirable experiments along this line by Mons. Paul Vignon and Dr. E. Hérouard, Maître de Conférences at the Sorbonne, have proved beyond question that, while a crude representation may be obtained in this way, the delicacy of modeling and the preservation of facial expression characteristic of the Holy Shroud are utterly unattainable by these means.

We see, then, that the likeness on the Holy Shroud was not a painting, and that the markings are not the result of mechanical manipulation. How, then, did they become transferred to the shroud?

At this stage it may be permissible to digress for a brief consideration of the known details of the burial of Christ. The oldest record is that of St. Matthew, written in Hebrew at Jerusalem a few years after the death of Christ, and almost immediately translated into Greek: "And, Joseph taking the body, wrapped it up in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new monument" (Matt. xxvii. 59, 60). St. Mark's account, written originally in Greek, says: "And Joseph buying fine linen, and taking him down, wrapped him up in the fine linen and laid him in a sepulchre" (Mark xv. 46). St. Luke's account, also written in Greek, tells us: "And taking him down, he wrapped him in fine linen, and laid him in a sepulchre" (Luke xxiii. 53). St. John adds to the record: "And Nicodemus also came, . . . bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight. They took therefore the body of Jesus, and bound it in linen cloths, with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury" (John xix. 39, 40).

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We know from St. Matthew that it was already late when Joseph of Arimathea came to Calvary, and by the time that the necessary formalities with Pilate had been completed, it must have been well on towards evening when the body of Christ was taken down from the Cross. Moreover, it was on the eve of the Sabbath, the day on which all work was forbidden. During the month of April, the Sabbath began at six, or half past, and it seems plain, therefore, that Joseph and Nicodemus would not have had time to complete all the lengthy process of Jewish preparation for burial. They would have been obliged to do what they could, and then postpone the work until the day after the Sabbath. St. Mark confirms this reconstruction of the circumstances, when he states: "And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalen and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, bought sweet spices, that coming, they might anoint Jesus" (Mark xvi. 1). Now, if these women came, after the Sabbath, to anoint the body, it can only have been because the operation had not already been performed. What, then, did Joseph and Nicodemus do with the mixture of myrrh and spices?

St. John, as already quoted, says: "They took therefore the body of Jesus, and bound [enveloped] it in linen cloths, with the spices." Now the word translated "with" has a somewhat fuller meaning, best interpreted by the phrase "in conjunction with." If, then, we recall the haste of the operation, it may seem not unlikely that, as they could do no better in the short time before the Sabbath, they poured the mixture on the cloth. This more fully bears out the meaning of the word μετά (in conjunction with), than if they had poured the aromatics over the body. The essentials of Jewish custom had at any rate been carried out.

This, then, was the winding sheet which we now know as the Holy Shroud, with its shadowy markings in the likeness of a man. It may be wondered—if, indeed, this relic be the true shroud of Christ—why no mention of its preservation was made by the historians; until we recall that all burial linen was held by the Jews to be impure, and any attempt to preserve it would be kept a closely guarded secret. We have seen that the image on the shroud was not produced by painting or other mechanical means. How, then, did it come?

Only to the bare details of the entombment can we look

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for explanation, if we except deliberate human agency: to the unclad body and to the linen cloth, impregnated with aloes and myrrh. What chemical reaction is feasible in such circumstances? It will be admitted that the body, having succumbed to the agonies of crucifixion, must have been covered with the sweat of feverish agony. What organic change, then, could result?

Aloes contains two chemical principles, according to the *Dictionnaire de chimie* of Wurtz; one is aloin, which, added to water, gives a pale yellow solution and is darkened by alkalies; and the other is aloetine, which oxidizes readily, particularly with alkalies, and forms a brown substance. If, then, the human body is capable of emitting alkaline vapors, we have the first clue as to the nature of the markings on the shroud. If we find that such alkaline vapors can diffuse themselves around the body and react upon the nature of aloes at a distance, we have established the possibility of graduated negative marking—a still greater step forward.

When we consider whether the human body is capable of emitting alkaline vapors, we immediately think of urea. Urea, in fermentation, completely changes into carbonate of ammonia, which emits ammoniacal vapors. It will be remembered that the body was undoubtedly covered with febrile sweat. Now, normal sweat is acid in character. But, says Andral, "in fever the normal acidity of the sweat diminishes or even disappears." Gauthier states: "In many illnesses the presence of carbonate of ammonia causes the sweat to become abnormally alkaline"; and again: "Urea may be produced so abundantly in certain morbid sweats that it forms crystals." Funke affirms that "when sweat increases, the quantity of urea and of mineral salts also increases."

We have, then, the required conditions: an aloes-impregnated cloth, and a body covered in sweat heavily charged with urea, which urea would ferment and emit ammoniacal vapors, that would combine with the aloes to produce by chemical action such impressions as are found on the Holy Shroud.

If then, the hypothesis be correct, there rests in Turin one of the most precious relics known to man—the very shroud in which the Christ lay in the rock-hewn tomb, so wondrously marked that His majesty and supreme dignity of expression shine forth mistily over the intervening centuries.

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SOME MODERN PERIODICALS.

By Mary Kolars.

IN an effort to deepen and systematize her month-to-month or week-to-week impressions of several of the present-day publications, the writer has just finished turning over the files of five important periodicals. They were chosen as being among the most interesting in what they attempt, or the most distinctive in what they acheive, of all the monuments of contemporary editorial aspiration. *The Dial* and *The Smart Set* represented the mediums of ambitious and unusual fiction, *The Nation, The New Republic,* and *The Freeman* stood for the liberal press. The reactions to the undertaking have been assuredly rich and varied, but they are hardly systematic, after all. They have brought into the mind unrelated trains of reflection, judgments for and against, which cannot be coaxed into any one neat pattern of criticism, and must be set down here simply as they occurred.

First, the thoughts go circling away to the perfectly evident, but solemnly unobserved, paradox inherent in the attitude of the modern intellectual toward something he refers to as the public. An intelligent person unacquainted, by some miracle, with American culture, whose experience it might be first to absorb the commonplaces of our serious criticism and afterward to encounter the actualities of the situation—partly in the shape, say, of *The Nation, The New Republic, The Freeman, The Dial, and The Smart Set*—would probably be a good deal bewildered by the perverse discrepancy between the theory and the reality. The *intelligentsia* are perpetually lamenting that shift in emphasis, in the modern dispensation, which has made the average man not only the center of the political system, but the arbiter, to a very considerable extent, of literary and artistic destinies as well. In the course of their melancholy allusions to the intellectual and æsthetic blight cast by the ordinary citizen, a whole system of *clichés* has come into being. Education is a process of leveling down instead of leveling up. The realistic drama goes in fear of

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its life, and only those playwrights who plenteously flourish the sugar stick for the edification of the "booboisie" are secure of an existence unchallenged by the censor and made pleasant by the frequent receipt of royalties. Native comedy is witless and conventional. The motion pictures, past praying for, are one vast empire of "hokum." In art, many of the most promising aspirants are bribed by the enormous rewards of commercial advertising—destined, again, for this same unenlightened public—into permanently "ruining their line and debasing their feeling for color."

As for literature—! Here the emotions of the accuser actually overcome him, and contemplating the universal desolation wrought by the Philistine, he invokes the aid of epithets ranging in virulence from "homo boobus" to "high-grade moron"; finishing by observing bitterly that our nation is now merely an extended Main Street, and that George F. Babbitt is our greatest common divisor. Because the returns of popular opinion come back to the wielder of the creative pen from a territory more vast than is reached by any other art (so runs the indictment), the art of letters is susceptible, especially and supremely, to the pressure of popular opinion. Rich men occasionally give *carte blanche* to architects; municipalities buy statues sometimes; there are art museums, and halls for popular performances of opera and for concerts; but the literary editor must cringe forever before a public irremediably Philistine—the literary artist must fight eternally to keep his honor. Lack of taste, of intelligence, of logic, lack of distinction, of depth of understanding, of high seriousness, Puritanic narrowness (dread phrase!), middle-class cowardice in the face of the logic of circumstance—these are some of the sins ascribed to the "reading public." In compliance with the standards which these deficiencies impose, authors and editors —except a fanatically courageous few—debauch their gifts. Writers must write to a rigid formula. "The public won't stand for" unhappy endings. "The public won't tolerate" any honest dealing with the stern and terrible truths of existence. "The public won't read" anything possessing the bracing touch of reality. "The public doesn't want" sophisticated wit or civilized urbanity or artistic fantasy or authentic whimsicality. "What the public wants" is to be entertained, in its lighter moments, with a sort of brassy smartness akin to the repartee

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of the vaudeville stage; in its more serious moods, to be told how decent it is, how righteous, how manly and courageous or how womanly and sweet; to be treated to an actuality sentimentalized and softened; to be spared any initiation into the shuddering horrors, the bottomless mysteries, or the burning exaltations of existence; finally, to be chidden gently for its faults; and, prettily and tenderly and always well within the limits of comfort, to be "inspired." To those scriveners with the enterprise to confine themselves within these limits go the emoluments, the praise, the very leave to live. But let any young Dante or Dostoievski or Rabelais or Thackeray or Swift in our midst beware; it will crush him into its mold, this public, or it will have his heart's blood.

One might say, in a parenthesis, that even if all this were seriously admitted, it might occur to an impartial critic that, among so many harms, the Philistine has done the *littérateur* at least one extremely useful service: to wit, furnished him with an all-sufficient scapegoat. So long as the literary craftsman continues to point to this gigantic figure of Mediocrity enthroned in the seats of literary judgment, so long will the passer-by be kept from centering upon the shortcomings of that craftsman himself—his avowed frequent faithlessness to his own ideals, his quick peevishness at neglect or misunderstanding, his substitution of self-importance for selfless dedication, his hankering after royalties, his *nouveau* discontent with "American civilization," his general lack of hardness and humor in dealing with his public.

But this is by the way. Everyone knows, of course, that the accusations are not true—everyone knows it, if not under that stated form, then under another, namely that there is not, in the final and authoritative sense, any such reading public. There is no predicable public of any sort, good or bad—there are only publics. The large numbers of our fellow creatures who can, and do, enforce their tastes upon a large—perhaps the largest—section of the writing craft, and who show only too clearly by these tastes that they are ignorant, illiberal, and viciously sentimental, are one public. But they are not alone, these unillumined ones, in imposing their tastes. The intellectual, together with the others of his kind, constitutes another public; he, too, imposes *his* tastes, and far more exactingly and imperiously, for he is strengthened in his demands by

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self-consciousness, articulateness, and intellectual pride. In our day he has availed mightily. He has created a system of thought which is widely current; he has directly made possible an entire—and, partly, a magnificent—literature; finally, he has called into being the liberal press, and a whole collection of organs of esoteric or advanced opinion besides, in which he may actively express himself, or in whose conscientiously exact expression of himself he may more passively revel. His needs brought into existence, his enthusiasm supports, not merely the five magazines whose titles appear in this article, but possibly twice as many more of similar character. Their financial status, of course, is not known to the present writer. Judging from their subscription campaigns—appeals which are a lesson in the tactful combination of the dignified and the winning—they are not as prosperous as they would like to be; however, that is a universal condition, and they must possess the requisite minimum of prosperity, since they continue to appear punctually year after year. Of their intellectual standing there can be no doubt at all. Their influence reaches far, and their prestige is enormous.

To say all of this, of course, is to affirm in the most positive way the services to civilization of this very class whose accusations have just been denied. Present-day liberal letters are largely the victory of the intellectual—a perhaps not unequivocally joyful victory, but certainly a very considerable one. We must render our thanks to the *genus irritabile* for modern literature. The divinity of their past discontent might at times have been impugned, but its utility has been unquestionable. Only—the fight is over, the battle is won, they are comfortably intrenched in the enemy's stronghold. It is not even approximately reaching at the truth to describe them in our day as a fated minority. For them to continue so to describe themselves, in some of the very formidable vehicles of opinion which testify to their strength, suggests that they lack the humor which should temper the intellect and sweeten the judgment. And for them to continue to hold Philistia in scorn, even after Philistia is conquered, suggests that they are in danger of falling into the errors of pride, blindness, and disregard of the human pieties.

The liberal victory may be quite justly appraised, both in its scope and in its limitations, in the two groups of magazines

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which the writer has just been examining. *The Dial* at the present moment is certainly the most brilliant organ of its kind in America, while *The Smart Set*, though its fiction in the main suffers from the *Smart Set* formula, is distinguished by the number of its literary discoveries and by the experimental zest of its editors; also, though this is beside the point in describing its qualifications as a member of the fiction group, it contains the most enlivening and provocative literary comment to be found anywhere to-day. *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and *The Freeman* are somewhat more than fair representations of the organs which appeal to the modern radical. *The Nation* is the oldest, and by all odds the best, of the liberal weeklies. *The New Republic* and *The Freeman*, both of recent vintage, embody the present-day reformulations of the liberal code.

Anyone acquainted with the phenomenon of the modern *Dial* may be amused to realize that the magazine actually had its mild and proper beginnings in the eighties. So intensely contemporary are its connotations that it suggests having been brought into being the day before yesterday, at the very earliest. It is quite seriously committed to the decadent and the exotic; it is capable, evidently, of considering wholly without prejudice the artistic possibilities of the vicious and abnormal. The most cosmopolitan of our publications, it ranges over England and the Continent as well as America in search of its desired material. Schnitzler, as, indeed, one might have imagined, is one of its luminaries. The forms of its published pieces are often exquisite; their candor is sometimes of the kind to cause the reader a conscious hurt. Of such a sort is "Many Marriages," Sherwood Anderson's horrifying story. On the other hand, very drastic anti-Puritan intentions sometimes miss fire in these pages. There recently appeared therein, for example, "Lucidor" from the pen of Hugo von Hoffmansthal; it provided the readers of *The Dial* the sort of refreshment which comes when portentous immorality slops over unconsciously into the ludicrous. The *reductio ad absurdum* of decadence is always a pleasure to observe.

The Smart Set is a publication of much less even artistic merit. Stories by first-raters have appeared in it, and continue to appear sporadically: yet the level of individual numbers of the magazine is sometimes unbelievably low. This is,

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probably, partly because the editors make a business of speculating in unknown names and in talents as yet unsung, and partly because a large number of their best contributors quite obviously write "at" Mr. H. L. Mencken instead of following their own stars. A curiously anomalous spirit pervades this publication. Mr. Mencken is given credit universally for having emancipated American letters from Puritanic ideals, and certainly there is that in the formal manifestoes of *The Smart Set* which might be taken to bear out this claim. Yet there is very little beyond occasional vulgarity to offend decency in the material accepted and published by the editors.

The *causeries* of *The Smart Set* are really what recommend it to its public. In its fight against what it is pleased to deem the sterility of academic traditionalism, the magazine has created and launched a whole cosmos of critical ideas, as well as a complete, highly individual, vigorous, and not impeccably refined, idiom for their promulgation. One often feels, with some dismay, that its success has been all too complete. Certainly, the *Smart Set* vernacular, with all its assumptions, is utilized (without acknowledgments) by half the critical writers of the country.

To come to the second group, *The Nation* combines the difficult distinctions of being the most ample in scope, the most radical, the most dignified, and the best-natured. It was founded in 1865, and it has sustained an unbroken tradition of outspokenness—sometimes wrong-headedly, as in the case of its advocacy of pacifism; often rightfully, as in its consistent stand against all attempts at imperialism, American attempts included; but always courageously. Maturity, or perhaps simply an auspicious journalistic star, has given *The Nation* mellowness and a sort of serious amiability. It is impossible not to believe that its profession of desire to be fair to every question, is scrupulously sincere. More, it usually displays an intelligent knowledge of what the real requisites of fairness are. Its dignity seems to proceed from a solid Victorian sense of its own worth, and to be untroubled by the touchy equilibrium which often characterizes young publications. Indeed, out and out pacifist, negro champion, free trader, and birth control advocate though it is, *The Nation* is rather Victorian altogether. Though brilliantly written, it is never smart. Though alert, it suggests some of the concomitants of stodgi-

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ness. It is far too comfortably sure of itself to be jerkily assertive, and far too aware of its own origins ever to indulge in journalistic bad manners. If its content were less revolutionary, it could be called respectable. With these various virtues, it combines courage of a high order.

It is admirably edited in practically every department. Its current literary and dramatic criticism is excellent. It conducts a really illuminating international section. It is always casting about for solid yet novel entertainment for its readers, and within the last year alone it has offered them three literary pleasures of genuine distinction: a series of expert studies of the personalities and atmospheres of "these United States"; a collection of papers dealing with conditions in post-war Germany, written by Mr. Villard, the editor, from data personally compiled by him in a tour of investigation; and, finally, a group of exhaustive and enormously informed studies of important and representative newspapers throughout the country.

The New Republic was not in existence before 1914, nor *The Freeman* before 1920, and so each has a longer future ahead of it, if one may so express oneself, than the veteran *Nation*. Much may happen, in any given future, in the way of broadening and balancing. *The New Republic* came into being with a fanfare of trumpets as the consecrated organ of the Young Intellectuals. Mr. H. G. Wells himself saluted the event by incorporating a very encomiastic reference to it in one of his novels—*Mr. Britling*, I believe. It has ventured into many fields, economic, educational, political, literary, as becomes a meddlesome young liberal organ; yet in spite of the fine type of curiosity indicated by its many-sidedness and in spite of the altogether exceptional giftedness of some of its contributors, it is not a satisfying publication. Its main lack seems to be of grip, solidity, "body"; it appears to be animated by a sort of intellectual dilettanteism instead of an instinct for realities. This limitation was exactly demonstrated in the pamphlet recently written by Herbert Croly to restate the *New Republic* ideal. Mr. Croly belongs in the very first rank of the exceptionally gifted to whom reference is made above, yet his manifesto is an over-written document, displaying the inspired vagueness which one seems to associate with this magazine's basic doctrines—the pathetic will to believe, the

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passion of belief, the very *form* of belief, everything but the concrete content of belief.

On the other hand, *The Freeman,* unless I misread it, will never get lost in the bog of indefinite idealism. Economics seems to engage it as a subject for serious thought to a much greater extent than political theory. Its secure cynicism, its reactions of jocosity instead of indignation at any manifestation of political depravity, make it seem much older than do the undirected idealists of *The New Republic.* Nor has this illusive age any especially venerable qualities. There is a tartness and shrewdness in its editorial pronouncements which suggests E. V. Howe and (with reservations) Mark Twain, a trait reflected in the homeliness and deliberately unliterary quality of its editorial style. "If M. Poincaré trots his motley flock of blacks, tans, umbers, ochres, and gamboges into the Ruhr, he will not, in the long run, make mule-feed on his investment" is a fair instance of a manner which occasionally jars, but is often very telling, nevertheless. It is just to add that this manner is not carried over into other sections of *The Freeman.* It has its own quota of highly acceptable *littérateurs,* and is usually a good deal more than readable. As to its underlying philosophy, intelligent disillusionment, the commodity in which it specifically deals, is very useful if properly balanced. The difficulty is to attain the balance.

And, after all, what are the fundamental differences of doctrine among them? None, apparently. These are shades of attitude here analyzed, *nuances* of style and spirit rather than fundamental contradictions. In so far as the platforms of these three magazines are positive, they are really very much alike. One says what another omits to say, one develops what another suggests. A fanciful notion comes that it would be economical and sensible to pool these ancient and modern manifestations of the radical *Weltanschauung* into one comprehensive weekly. It is an ungrateful notion, to be sure, since each has individual excellences of style which would disappear in the welter. Yet all trifle with notions of "nationalization"—nor is this fact undone by *The Freeman's* calling *The Nation* a name or two in the quarrel which ensues when they begin to discuss specifically what shall be nationalized. All have a profound mistrust of modern political organizations, intelligent in its origin, but carried to lengths

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which justify one in calling it an obsession—nor is this fact undone merely because *The Nation* is solemn in its moments of suspicion, *The New Republic* erratic, and *The Freeman* derisive. All have done useful work. All have been unfair, on occasion. Each has courage and its own type of hope, and, finally, none has the illuminating synthesis, the Word which shall save the world.

THE VOICE.

By Mabel J. Bourquin.

"The Lord is in His holy temple"; clear
The solemn words flashed outward on the waves
Of tenuous ether, veiled, invisible,
By sensitive antenna deftly caught;
And then, by some cross-circuit sent astray,
They fell, a prophet's warning, high and stern,
Upon the tumult of a dancing hall.

They cut in two the ribald jest and song—
A moment only; then an awkward laugh
Relieved the hush, and clamor reigned again,
The switch turned on to less rebuking things;
So easy seems it to dispose of God.

But one alone, whose smitten face was young,
Went out and looked in wonder at the stars
As if to search for warning cherubim;
Then rushed, without a backward glance, away,
Far out into the clean, mysterious night.

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COUEISM AND CATHOLICISM.

By the Editor.

DOCTORS disagree about Coué, doctors of medicine, doctors of philosophy, doctors of theology. "There is nothing in his theory and method when rightly understood, which should hinder Catholics from belief in or use of his help, and everyone should derive advantage from studying this new edition of old wisdom," says Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S.J., in *The Month*,[1] the organ of the English Jesuits. But Rev. T. V. Moore,[2] Professor of Psychology at the Catholic University of America, declares that "the philosophy of Coué seems diametrically opposed to the fundamental concepts of moral action. . . . To admit this doctrine, as it stands in Coué's written exposition of his theory, would be to do away with responsibility, the keynote of the moral philosophy of the Catholic Church." It sometimes happens, when specialists disagree, that the bewildered patient turns to the family doctor, the old-fashioned "general practitioner," with the question, "What do *you* think?" Now if the reader will consider himself the bewildered patient, and if the writer may consider himself the family doctor, there may, perhaps, be justification for this added opinion about Coué and Couéism.

The reader is, presumably, familiar with the fundamental facts concerning M. Coué and his system of healing: that he is a Frenchman, a chemist by profession, a former disciple of Liébeault, and a student of Bernheim's school of hypnotism at Nancy; that he gave up hypnotism as a curative agency; that he has evolved a theory that the cause and cure of disease are to be found in the "unconscious"; that he attributes to the imagination, and not to the intellect or the will, the supreme rôle in all human affairs; that he suggests to his patient and his followers, that they influence the imagination by reiterat-

1 *The Month*, June, 1922, "What Are We To Think of M. Coué?" Reprinted in pamphlet form in *The Catholic Mind*, January 22, 1923.

2 "Coué's Claims Carefully Analyzed," etc. Syndicated article in Catholic newspapers. See *e. g.*, *The Providence Visitor*, February 2, 1923.

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ing the formula, "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better" *(Tous les jours, a tous points de vue, je vais de mieux en mieux);* and that his theory and practice have been apparently justified by most amazing cures, both in France and in America.

Explain the cures as we may, it would be difficult to deny their reality without unreasonable skepticism. They have not been done "in a corner." Even Voltaire, who demanded that a miracle be performed on the floor of the French Academy, could not have demanded a more public test than has been given by M. Coué. The following description of a scene at one of M. Coué's lectures during his recent visit to this country, though perhaps a trifle ecstatical, can hardly be entirely false. It happened under the eyes of three thousand people:

> In Michigan Avenue people knelt to him as he passed into the hall, and begged him to help them, and mothers held their weazened babies up to him, imploring him to heal their crooked bodies. Others paid fabulous sums to owners of front row seats, and once there, hoisted themselves painfully onto the stage, and panting crawled on helpless limbs to a spot where they might hope to catch the eye of the "Miracle Man."
>
> One after another crippled or paralyzed men and women dragged themselves or were wheeled to him and under his encouragement, as though under magic touch, threw away their crutches or canes and walked. Some who had not walked for years, even ran. Others recovered instantaneously the flexibility of long-stiffened limbs.
>
> A woman, paralyzed nine years and unable to walk, walked off the stage unaided. From a young man who trailed a useless leg, Coué just snatched his cane and bid him walk, and the man strutted along the footlights while the huge audience, fanned to frenzied mysticism, yelled its wildest. Policemen had to come to the platform to keep order and prevent Coué from being swamped by the rush of wondering spectators at the "miracles" of auto-suggestion performed on people possessed of blind faith.

If, in spite of the ebullient enthusiasm of the journalist, we admit the essential truthfulness of this, and a score of similar accounts of other episodes in M. Coué's recent visit to this country (to say nothing of the cures that are alleged to

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take place daily at the "clinic" in Nancy), we may ask the questions: how does M. Coué explain the phenomena; is his explanation adequate; and is there anything in the explanation that militates against Catholic doctrine?

The keynote of M. Coué's philosophy is his theory of the "Unconscious." The unconscious, he considers to be identical with the imagination. "It is necessary to know," he says,[3] "that two absolutely distinct selves exist within us. Both are intelligent, but while one is conscious, the other is unconscious." Of the two he insists that the unconscious is the more important. "It is the unconscious that is responsible for the functions of all our organs. . . . Not only does the unconscious self preside over the functions of our organism, but also over *all our actions whatever they are.* It is this that we call the imagination." [4] "The imagination plays the supreme rôle in every function of life." [5] "The subconscious" (so he sometimes names it) "is a permanent ultra-sensitive photographic plate which nothing escapes. It registers all things, all thoughts, from the most insignificant to the most sublime. It is more than that. It is the source of creation and inspiration."

When he proceeds to narrate miscellaneous specific cases of the power of the imagination, M. Coué reopens a field of knowledge that is of fascinating interest. The most famous and most familiar illustration is the one ordinarily attributed to Pascal. Place a plank (let us say thirty feet long and twelve inches wide) upon the ground. One can easily walk it. Place the same plank over a chasm a thousand feet deep, and who will venture upon it? Another example is that of "Chevreul's pendulum":

> This pendulum, held in the medium's hand, consisted of a ring suspended by a hair. The ring hung down into a tumbler or wineglass, and answered questions put to the medium by tapping against the side of the glass, once or oftener as the case demanded. Chevreul satisfied himself that the person holding the pendulum was unaware of imparting any movement to it, and he asked himself whether

[3] *Self-Mastery Through Conscious Auto-Suggestion*, by Emile Coué, American Library Service, New York, p. 5.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 7.

[5] *The New York World*, January 12, 1923 (in one of a series of articles signed by M. Coué).

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> the idea or simple image of a movement would not suffice to bring about this movement. . . . He demonstrated that the subject's thought (not his will) was the sole cause of the oscillations. This thought acted through the intermediation of imperceptible movements, which were involuntary and unconscious (subconscious).[6]

The ouija board is probably another means of the expression of the "unconscious."

Coming to the question of sickness caused by the imagination, M. Coué tells a story of a cook who rushed into the dining room crying wildly: "I put arsenic in the soup by mistake." Many of the diners became indubitably sick, until it was discovered that the cook had raised a "false alarm." Then they instantaneously recovered. Perhaps M. Coué has heard the still better story of the plague going to Bagdad. "Where are you going?" said the traveler to the plague. "I am going to Bagdad to kill five thousand people," said the plague. Later on, the same traveler met and accosted the plague returning from the stricken city. "You said you were going to kill five thousand; you have killed fifty thousand." "I killed five thousand," answered the plague; "fear killed the rest." Whether or not people actually "die of fright"—that is, of imagination—the war has proved that through "shell shock" men become deaf, dumb, blind, or crippled. Muscles collapse and grow flabby, legs are shortened, partial or total paralysis occurs; all through the influence of imagination. Not only great fear, but "a thought, a sentiment, a fancy may prostrate a man as effectually as a blow upon the head," says R. W. Alger, author of an old book on the Immortality of the Soul.

On the other hand, if imagination wounds and kills—it also cures. At least, it cures the same diseases that it causes. Perhaps it cures diseases that it does not cause. We are told that every ailment from warts to tuberculosis in its last stages is caused and cured by imagination:

> Warts are peculiarly responsive to auto-suggestion; and it was to warts, in this connection, that Bonjour first devoted

[6] *Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion*, by Charles Baudouin, Professor at the Jean Jacques Rousseau Institute and Occasional Lecturer at the University of Geneva. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1922. (The author describes in detail five exercises with the pendulum—pp. 249-255.)

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his attention. In the Swiss canton of Vaud, curers of warts abound. . . . Prescriptions pass from village to village and from hamlet to hamlet. Some of them are incredibly quaint. For example, to cause warts, the subject goes out one evening, moistens the tip of the finger, looks at a star, and simultaneously applies the wet finger-tip to the other hand. The operation is repeated, the finger being freshly moistened with saliva each time, while the subject counts "one, two, three . . ." up to the number of warts desired. Now, wherever the moistened finger-tip has been applied, a wart duly appears. . . The development of warts as a sequel of such practices is a proved fact. The Vaudois girls are very fond of this amusement—not for the mere pleasure of having warts (for the pleasure of their possession is certainly open to dispute), but for a pleasure which to them is very real and very great, the pleasure of passing them on to someone else. A ribbon is tied round the affected hand, and is knotted as many times as there are warts on the hand; then the ribbon is dropped on the highway. Whoever picks it up and unties the knots will get the warts, and the original owner of the warts will be cured.[7]

Coué claims that he stood over a nervous woman and spoke comfortingly to her while she was having a tooth extracted, without anæsthetic—and that she felt no pain or sensation whatever. Baudouin explains[8] that nosebleed, which might ordinarily last fifteen minutes, can be stopped at any moment, if the sufferer will simply take a watch in his hand and appoint a time for the bleeding to cease. "You ought to be successful," he says, "and if you fail, it will be because your method is faulty, because you have overlooked some detail. You can forbid a cold in the head to develop, or even to commence. You can dictate to an abscess the moment when it is to burst."

In a recent motion picture, entitled "Dark Secrets," the heroine, who has been thrown from the back of a race horse upon the track, remains crippled for years, unable to rise from her chair. A mysterious Egyptian cures her, on the understanding that she will marry him. But he is loathsome to her. Her true lover arrives on the scene, and she retracts her reluctantly-made promise. Thereupon the mysterious Egyptian

[7] Baudouin, pp. 106, 107. [8] *Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion*, p. 223.

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threatens her with "the curse of Allah." By a kind of hypnotic power he drives her back into the invalid chair, from which she again finds that she cannot rise. Later, while the hero, her lover, is standing at some distance from her, with his back turned to the door, a swarthy African steals slowly in with upraised dagger to kill him. The "invalid" leaps from her chair, runs to protect her beloved—discovers that the threatened murder was only a hoax to make her rise from the chair, and she is cured! "The curse of Allah," says the hero, "was all in your mind." Many readers will say that this story is but one more evidence of the fact that the moving pictures are an insult to the intelligence. But quite reputable psychologists tell us that such "cures" are frequent.

In Coué's clinics, according to the testimony of presumably reliable witnesses, not only has apparent paralysis been cured, but tuberculosis in the last stages, diabetes, endocarditis, clubfoot, Pott's disease (curvature of the spine), fibroid tumors, *prolapsus uteri*, and glaucoma—not to mention lesser maladies. One patient at Nancy had undergone four surgical operations for tuberculosis of the bones of the leg. A fifth operation, with possible amputation, was impending when the sufferer was brought to M. Coué. In three visits a complete cure was effected.[9]

What, then, are the limits to the possibilities of auto-suggestion? Mr. Brooks tells us, after a somewhat prolonged observation of Coué's methods at Nancy: "Not once did he reject the possibility of cure, though with several patients suffering from organic disease in an advanced stage, he admitted its unlikelihood."[10] M. Coué himself declares: "The cures I have seen have appeared sometimes so amazing, so incredible, that I decline, theoretically, to place a limit at all, although of course, I must insist nothing must be expected from auto-suggestion which is obviously outside the domain of material possibilities. For instance, it would be absurd to ask for the growth of a new arm or a new leg—despite the fact that the lobster seems to know how to grow a new claw when it is necessary."[11] Evidently M. Coué is not so bold as Mrs. Eddy, who writes in *Science and Health* that a man could grow a

[9] *Emile Coué's Method—The Practice of Auto-Suggestion*, by C. Harry Brooks. Revised edition. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., p. 34.

[10] *Emile Coué's Method*, etc., p. 18.

[11] *New York World*, January 6, 1923, article signed by M. Coué.

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new leg precisely as a lobster grows a new claw if the man would only cease from thinking that he cannot do it.

M. Coué does not hesitate to claim that he has solved the ages-old problem of the determination of sex. He says: "In sober truth, if a woman, a few weeks after conception, makes a mental picture of the sex of the child she is to bring into the the world, . . . the child will have the sex desired." [12] And he undoubtedly contributes something novel both to physiology and to history when he adds: "Spartan women brought forth only robust children, who grew to be redoubtable warriors, because *their strongest desire* was to give such heroes to their country: whilst at Athens mothers had intellectual children." [13] Even more: the downfall of nations is the work of the imagination! "A sick man aggravates his sickness by thinking of it. The aged man shortens his days by thinking that they are numbered; *and nations and races hurry their downfall by allowing the suggestion of it to sink into their souls.*" [14] It is a far cry from producing warts to destroying civilizations. But apparently M. Coué intends that we shall take literally his statement: "Imagination plays the supreme rôle in *every* function of life." Sometimes he comes dangerously close to the vagaries and the absurdities of "New Thought." Ralph Waldo Trine, the most popular exponent of New Thought in America, says: "Thoughts are things. They create. We have creative power, not only in a figurative sense, but in reality. A thought *invariably* provides its effect before it returns. This law is immutable." [15] Following Mr. Trine, Coué is beguiled into saying: "Every one of our thoughts, good or bad, becomes concrete, materializes, and becomes, in short, a reality." May we halt for a moment to exclaim, "God forbid!" If all our wild thoughts and crazy imaginations were to take concrete form and become real, earth would be a madhouse, and life a nightmare.

Now for a bit of criticism: M. Coué, not content with claiming in a general way that imagination is powerful, maintains that it is *all* powerful. Again and again he repeats that

12 He repeats the same statement in the *New York World*, January 12, 1923, adding that sex determination by auto-suggestion has been demonstrated by certain medical authorities.

13 *Self-Mastery Through Auto-Suggestion*, p. 50.

14 *New York World*, February 4, 1923, article signed by M. Coué.

15 *In Touch With the Infinite*, pp. 24, 92.

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imagination is supreme, and "always, *without any exception*" (the expressions and the italics are his own) "*victorious over the will.* This will that we claim so proudly, always yields to the imagination. It is an *absolute* rule that admits of *no exception.* 'Blasphemy,' 'paradox,' you will exclaim." Evidently the good little man is somewhat agitated. But we have no temptation to cry, "Blasphemy!" Rather we say, "Exaggeration!" Any one of us can think of a dozen cases, on the moment, where the will overcomes the imagination. Every boy who ever walked through a graveyard at night has proved for himself that the imagination is sometimes subject to the will. He imagines a ghost behind every tombstone. But he goes ahead, and to give both the ghost and the imagination the *coup de grâce,* he whistles! The householder who, hearing a noise in the middle of the night, suspects that a burglar has broken in, and goes downstairs to investigate, is demonstrating the domination of will over imagination. His imagination tells him he will be shot, but his will leads him on. And we all remember the school-reader story of the soldier, whose knees were shaking violently as he went into battle. His fellow soldiers called him a coward. "If I were a coward," he answered, "I should run away. If you felt as I feel, *you* would run away. But I am going straight ahead."

What M. Coué might have said, more plausibly, is that we can sometimes employ the imagination to do with less effort and with less psychical wear and tear, what we ordinarily ask the will to do. Every father confessor knows that. Certain temptations in the imagination, ordinarily called "bad thoughts," can occasionally be ejected more skillfully and more swiftly by the use of the imagination than by the use of the will. Is there any confessor who has not given some such advice as this: when an evil thought comes, first, pray, then try to forget it. If this does not succeed, introduce into the mind the most absorbing thought that you know. Put the good one in and crowd the bad one out. To fight one imagination with another, is sometimes more effective than to fight the imagination with the will. If this is what M. Coué means, we will agree with him.

The fact is that neither the will nor the imagination is its own master. The *person* is the master of the soul and of all its faculties. "I am the captain of my soul." I give orders;

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the will, the intellect, the imagination, obey. Like the centurion in the gospel, I can say: "I have soldiers under me, and I say to one, 'Come,' and he cometh; to another, 'Go,' and he goeth. I say to my servant, 'Do this,' and he doeth it." The imagination, after all, is not the lord and master of the human composite. It is only the faculty which produces sensory images. Like any other faculty, it must take orders. It is not *sui juris*. It is not autonomous. It is *my* imagination. I can train it, discipline it. I may command my imagination to present me a picture and I compel the imagination to respond. Unless my faculties are in disorder, the imagination cannot run riot within me.

To say the truth, M. Coué's knowledge of psychology seems rather uncertain. He says: "It is the unconscious that we call the imagination." Yet when a clergyman, attending one of the lectures in New York, asked him, "Is not the Unconscious the Soul," he replied, with some hesitation, "Yes." If the unconscious is the imagination, and also the soul, then obviously, the soul and the imagination are the same. That is at least novel psychology.

But there is an even more fundamental psychological blunder, on the first page of M. Coué's only book: "It is necessary to know that two absolutely distinct selves exist within us." Now M. Coué must know that "double personality" is a pathological phenomenon. Even when it is present, there is no real proof of two persons in one. And we are not all pathological cases. We are not all twins, least of all twins in one skin. Each individul is one, and knows it unless he is diseased or drunk. But M. Coué would apparently have us believe that every one of us is a greater freak of nature than the Siamese twins. They were *visibly* two. Are we *invisibly* two?

But it is perhaps unkind to be too accurate with M. Coué. We must allow him his hyperbole. All enthusiasts exaggerate. We must be content to get at his meaning rather than to analyze his explanation of his meaning. Perhaps this is what Father Barrett had in mind when he wrote: "Rightly understood, there is nothing in M. Coué's theory and method which should hinder Catholics from a belief in or use of his help."

It must be remarked, however, that M. Coué's predilection for the imagination, and his corresponding antagonism against

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the will, lead him to a conclusion that is dangerous from the moral point of view. He denies the freedom of the will. "We who are so proud of our will, who believe that we are free to act as we like, are in reality nothing but wretched puppets of which our imagination holds the strings. We only cease to be puppets when we have learned to guide our imagination... We may compare the imagination—the 'madman at home' as it has been called—to an unbroken horse which has neither bridle nor reins. What can the rider do except let himself go wherever the horse wishes to take him." [16] Those sentences are ill-advised, and in the simile of the wild horse, there is an unfortunate reminiscence of Luther's attack on the freedom of the will, "The devil rides, or God rides." But M. Coué very probably does not mean that the will is not free or that we have no moral responsibility. What he really means is more accurately expressed in another place. "There are certain drunkards who wish to give up drinking but they cannot do so. . . . Certain criminals commit crimes in spite of themselves, and when they are asked why they acted so, they answer, 'I could not help it; something impelled me. It was stronger than I.'" If M. Coué will permit us to accentuate the word, "*certain* drunkards," and "*certain* criminals," again we will agree with him. But when he says, "We are in reality nothing but wretched puppets," and, "From birth to death, we are all slaves of suggestion. Our destinies are decided by suggestion. It is an all-powerful tyrant of which, unless we take heed, we are all blind instruments," [17] we can only say that these sentences as they stand suggest fatalism, which is, of course, an immoral doctrine.

But one may ask, "If M. Coué's psychology is wrong, how does he get results?" the answer is obvious. He has hit upon a great curative principle—optimism, hopefulness, cheerfulness; he has emphasized the indubitable truth that mind influences matter. Therein lies the value of his system. His logic and his psychology are of comparatively little importance. His achievements are better than his explanations, as a judge's decisions are often better than his reasons. If his psychological explanations have any value it is because they increase the confidence of the patient. Medical doctors, os-

[16] *Self-Mastery Through Auto-Suggestion*, p. 10.
[17] *New York World*, January 5, 1923, article signed by M. Coué.

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teopaths, and psychologists, all get better results if they first win the confidence and the admiration of those who have recourse to them. Baudouin, disciple and friend of Coué and authorized exponent of Couéism, explains that even charlatans may get *bona fide* results from "fake" methods: "How do these healers effect their cures? They do not directly apply suggestion, but they are backed by a great reputation due to chance or legend: people believe in them, and they make use of fantastic methods whose strangeness and illogicality arouse a sense of the marvelous, producing in the patient an emotional state which facilitates the working of auto-suggestion. In these conditions, faith cures." [18] Dr. James J. Walsh in in the February number of this magazine says, "Men have been cured by all sorts of nonsensical remedies, of serious affections, which have sometimes lasted for years, and which have failed of cure at the hands of regular physicians. Thousands of cures were made by magnets. Other thousands of cures were made by Leyden jars. Hypnotism cured a vast number of people. Dowie cured people. Schlatter cured people. The Earl of Sandwich cured people just by touching them. Christian Science cures people." And he records the fact that ninety-seven per cent. of those that went to consult M. Coué at Nancy have improved.[19] Father Barrett also, in the article already referred to, says "New treatments for consumption while in vogue and believed in, work a high percentage of cures." [20]

M. Coué is so well aware of the importance of influencing the mind—or the imagination—of the patient, that he advises doctors to write prescriptions, even though no prescriptions be necessary, and to give medicines, even though the medicines have no value.[21] He speaks also of patent medicines "which owe their only value to advertisement." He prefers that doctors should write prescriptions rather than recommend "standard remedies" because the prescriptions will "inspire infinitely more confidence." To many of us this will seem a recommendation of a species of fraud. But it must be confessed that M. Coué is not overscrupulous in the matter of truthful-

[18] Baudouin, *Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion*, p. 105.

[19] "The Educated Classes and Bogus Religions," The Catholic World, February, 1923, p. 596.

[20] *The Month*, June, 1922, p. 495.

[21] *Self-Mastery Through Auto-Suggestion*, p. 25.

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ness. He has a chapter on the education of children, in which he says: "If a child is lazy and does his tasks badly you should say to him, *even if it is not true,* 'There, this time your work is much better. Well done.'" The principle is at least dubious if not immoral. The end does not justify the means.

And yet again, M. Baudouin, describing one phase of M. Coué's method, says that the master "tells a patient that he will think of him every evening at a fixed hour, and he asks the sick man to collect his thoughts at the specified time and to put himself in mental rapport with his doctor. . . . At the appointed hour Coué is gardening or fishing. Nevertheless, after a few 'sittings' the cure ensues!" Perhaps M. Coué argues "all's well that ends well." If the patient is cured, he may be expected to laugh at the master's little deceit. Probably, like one who has been cured of a serious (?) malady by taking what the doctor finally admits to have been bread-pills, he will feel a bit foolish but content.

But the dubious principle may easily be carried too far. When M. Baudouin writes,[22] "We must not say, 'I shall be able to resist temptation in future'; we must say, 'I shall no longer be tempted,' he is expressing an exceedingly dangerous untruth, which may have tragic consequences. It is wicked to fool a patient whom we would cure of a moral disorder.

Even the famous formula, "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better," cannot always be true. Consumptives, notoriously, are over-optimistic about their condition. A heavy cough may be tearing their lungs to pieces, but they explain that "it is just a little new cold that I caught yesterday." And the poor sufferers generally insist that they "will be all right when the spring comes, and they can get out into the warm sunshine again." Yet consumptives do die, even while quite confident that they are "getting better and better every day." Any one with a nice sense of truthfulness must look askance at any system which fosters the pitiable self-delusion of such patients, and if the system leads them to reject medical means of cure, it is scarcely less than criminal. It must be said, in M. Coué's defense, that he encourages the use of medicine and observance of the laws of hygiene. But he seems to think that medicine and hygiene are valuable only as a stimulus to the imagination. Any intelligent patient, reading M. Coué's book,

[22] *Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion,* p. 219.

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and accepting his philosophy might easily say, "If the benefit to be derived from medicine is wholly or principally imaginary, I shall eschew the use of medicine." The conclusion would be logical, but perhaps fatal.

There is—finally—one other possible danger in Couéism. Again and again Coué and Baudouin and Brooks insist that even for obtaining moral improvement there must be no exertion of the will. "Be quite passive, let the imagination do its work alone, unhindered.[23] Exercise of will must be strictly avoided except in the initial phase of directing or guiding the imagination on the desired lines." [24] "The will must not be brought into play in practising auto-suggestion. . . . This remark is of capital importance and explains why results are so unsatisfactory when, in treating moral ailments, one strives to re-educate the will." [25]

Such advice, if accepted, cannot but be disastrous. Presumably M. Coué is less acquainted with moral than with physical or mental maladies. Unless he is an expert on the treatment of all sins as well as of all diseases, he must permit us to say that for *moral* cures the use of the will is altogether indispensable. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away." There are times when, with our back to the wall, we must utilize every last ounce of will power and drive our way through to moral victory, beating down all obstacles, including the obstacle of a rebellious imagination. Anyone who maintains that such victories *never* happen, that the imagination in the moral life is always victorious over the will, is talking beyond his knowledge. And any man who has conquered temptation knows that M. Coué is mistaken. His plea for the disuse of the will in the moral struggle is incomparably more unfortunate than his misunderstanding of the elements of psychology.

There is one more rather casual but important remark of M. Coué, to which exception must be taken. He says, "Miracles happen in our time as they have done in the past. I mean the things that are called miracles. For, of course, there is no such thing as a miracle." [26] This is not the place to argue about the fact of miracles. But if M. Coué claims that his cures are the equal of those of Jesus Christ, he has for-

[23] *New York World*, January 6, 1923. [24] *Ibid.* [25] *Self-Mastery*, pp. 13, 14.
[26] *New York World*, January 13, 1923, article signed by M. Coué.

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gotten the modesty which seemed so characteristic of him while he was among us in America.

We do not read that Coué has opened the eyes of a man born blind, or that he has cured leprosy with a word, or that he has raised the dead. Coué's cures are confessedly within the scope of nature. Christ's cures are, many of them, quite beyond the power of nature. Furthermore, in Our Savior's method there was no formula. There was no delay. There was no danger of relapse even if the patient failed to reassure himself "day by day." Christ's cures were, so to say, peremptorily performed. "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." "I will, be thou made clean." "Lord, that I may see!" "Receive thy sight."

When M. Coué has summoned from the dead a man whose body has been in the grave for days, and makes him live again, and when M. Coué, after passing beyond, returns alive from the grave, it will be time enough for him to say, "There is no miracle." And he must not take refuge in an *a priori* denial of the reliability of the records. That would be a dangerous game for him above all others. Let him rather take refuge in a discreet silence. Or let him admit that Christ has a secret that has remained all His own. In a word, finally, let him do what he can to alleviate suffering. We will grant him his full meed of praise as a benefactor of the sick. But he would be well advised not to delve too deep into philosophy, even the philosophy of his own system of auto-suggestion.

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THE BARD OF BROADWAY.

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt.

IN their race for the laurels of the most popular playwright, Messrs. Cohan, Shipman, A. A. Milne, and Hopwood have recently been worsted. And by whom? By one W. Shakespeare, who, notwithstanding the fact that his plays have those two handicaps most dreaded by the prudent manager—costumes and verse—has had his name in blazing lights over four theaters at one time on The Great White Way, while Vaudeville, not to be outdone, is featuring him in a twenty-minute morsel and Brooklyn has enjoyed her own particular feast. Two Juliets have breathed their yearnings to the moon, two Hamlets and a Shylock have stripped bare their souls; while the author himself has been shown us as the protagonist of a poetic drama of real distinction.

For years and years the rumor has been current that Mr. Belasco was to allow David Warfield to abstain from his decade's diet of spaghetti in *The Music Master* to assail more enduring fame in *The Merchant of Venice*. Nineteen-twenty-three has at length seen this production, for which such tedious preparation has been made. So far as money is concerned, none has been spared. One cannot say so much for the text. If we desire a meticulous picture of Venetian customs and costumes in the sixteenth century, our eye is fully satisfied. but in return our soul is troubled with a badly mangled play In Shakespeare's own version, the charming Portia, who is indirectly responsible for Antonio's predicament, is woven like a fine thread of gold into the coarser fabric of the play. The far-fetched and rather tiresome episodes of the caskets and the suitors are intended by their very elegant artificiality to emphasize the grim sordidness of Shylock's revenge. One moment we see Bassanio, gorgeous in the fine raiment Antonio's loan has procured, gaily winning the lady of his dreams; and the next, poor Antonio haled off to gaol for his debts. Even so, in *Hamlet*, the ghost and his revenge are placed in close contrast to Ophelia and her love. No producer,

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however hardy, has ever dared to play all the ghost scenes in direct sequence with the Ophelia scenes following; in fact, it is impossible to transpose *Hamlet* to any extent without undermining the whole of its delicately contrived structure. It may show an inherent weakness in *The Merchant of Venice* that Mr. Belasco, in his version, has been able to suit the action to his scenery, thus giving us an Act II. that is entirely Shylock's, and an Act III. that is wholly Portia's. Instead of a mounting dramatic interest, we thus have a descent from Jessica's elopement, Antonio's misfortunes, and the Jew's demand of a pound of Christian flesh to the tame tableau in which the Moor opens the wrong casket and Bassanio the right one.

So fascinated was Mr. Belasco with life in Renaissance Venice that what seems a good ten minutes of Act II. is consumed in watching Shylock's friends throng into a synagogue —a sight not wholly unfamiliar to the citizens of present-day Manhattan. Notwithstanding this lavishness with supers and scenery, we fell ill-used, for Mr. Ernest Gros, the scenic artist, although he spent a year in Venice, according to the publicity man, studying the atmosphere and period, has failed to give us the one thing that makes Venice Venice to homesick eyes; except for the exotic architecture, the elaborate street corners might as well be in Padua, for never a ripple of a canal do we see! Sir Henry Irving, who also loved the minutæ of good solid stage settings, was much more generous. We shall never forget the thrill of our youthful enthusiasm when an apparently real live gondola bore Lorenzo to his Jessica and they glided off together under the dark shadows of a bridge. This bridge also lent great opportunities for the carnival scenes, which seemed a much gayer and more elaborate spectacle in the older production. Personally we preferred it to the episode of the synagogue.

Portia's present villa is an enchanting picture. Through a very Venetian archway one looks down over a sunken garden at the Adriatic and her islands far below. But such is the insidious poison of too much realism that we spent the next half-hour wondering if our memory deceived us or if there were really any hilltop available for building sites on the low and marshy Venetian mainland?

The court scene, however, was pictorially quite perfect.

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The Lion of St. Mark blazoned on the walls, the dark wood paneling, the very princely Doge of A. S. Anson in the immemorial conch-shaped gold cap, gorgeous in ermine and gold, and the beautiful scarlet of Portia's judicial robes—all were most splendidly satisfying. Everything was there, in fact—except a Shylock.

Although Mr. Warfield dutifully sharpened his knife, he gave no more illusion of being capable of carving that slice from Antonio's breast than a well-mannered terrier whose master has suggested to him that he tear the throat out of a calf. Instead of tremors for the Christian doomed to vivisection, we felt there should be more fair play for the little Hebrew, deprived of his gold and led off by the stalwart friar to be baptized. Mr. Warfield has tried to make Shylock less of the antique villain of tradition; but in emasculating his barbarity, he has lost the play. We believe the author had a Jew in mind whose power of crafty cruelty would so ravage the audience, that they would turn with relief to the buffoonery of Gobbo and the airy wit of Portia, and their nerves, outraged by the gruesome court scene, would be salvaged by the delicious poetry of a moonlight night at Belmont. Warfield is a master of pathos, but he is not a tragedian. The racial outburst of de Levis in *Loyalties* was far more convincing to us than when Shylock demanded:

> "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is?"

Not that we wish to suggest that Galsworthy has written a better speech, but remembering Irving, Tree, and Hampden in the same rôle, we begin to wonder if a Christian actor is not better suited to the part. After all, Shylock and de Levis are Jews—as Christians see them. If we ever feel any sympathy for de Levis, it is not for his being technically correct in demanding his own money or for his withdrawing his charge against Dancy—when it is too late—but rather when he swallows all his social ambitions and shouts his racial defiance against his smart fellow club-members. So it is with

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Shylock. It is not his tears for his ducats and his daughter—such a shameless renegade and thief that she can barter her dead mother's ring for a monkey—nor his sniveling recantation of his faith that excites our interest, but the very ruthlessness of his hate, the majestical savagery of his revenge. In place of the scene in which Shylock baits Antonio led out by his gaoler, Mr. Belasco has substituted an interior view of Shylock's home, in which the old man discovers his daughter's defection. Both Belasco and Warfield have tried to make Jessica's loss the keynote of Shylock's madness for revenge—even to the extent of supplementing Shakespeare with such speeches as:

> "My daughter—Oh, my daughter!
> A Jewess with a Christian . . ."

Yet in Shakespeare's play, at the first encounter of Shylock and Antonio, the moneylender mutters:

> "How like a fawning publican he comes!
> I hate him for he is a Christian;
> But more for that in low simplicity
> He lends out money gratis and brings down
> The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
> If I can catch him once upon the hip,
> I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him."

An Anglo-Saxon audience—whether Elizabethan or twentieth-century—will always have a certain respect for a Shylock who is the social outcast—the bitter minority—but who, in the last extremity, is not afraid to show his resentment of the Christian who

> Spit upon my Jewish gaberdine.

But in showing that well-filled synagogue and the streets teeming with other gaberdines, Belasco gives us the impression that Venice outrivaled even New York in the numbers of her Jewish population, and though Shakespeare takes great pains to introduce only two other Jews into the play and to emphasize the fact that even Shylock's own servant was a Christian, we leave the theater with the feeling that, as we

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ourselves were that night, as on other nights, bounded by the descendants of Abraham, so also were Antonio and his few Gentile friends surrounded and encompassed by the children of Israel.

The bloodshot eyes, the sinister majesty, of Sir Henry Irving as the Venetian Jew kept audiences on both sides of the Atlantic entranced for many years. We doubt if Warfield will ever be called upon by popular demand to repeat his version. And, of course, Sir Henry was blessed with that most entirely captivating and graceful Portia of the age—Miss Ellen Terry. Belasco was wise not to dominate Warfield with such a Portia, but we do at least demand a Portia who is not a girl with high-school giggles.

What a pity that Miss Barrymore did not have a Shylock in her train instead of a Romeo, for we can imagine no more fitting successor to Miss Terry. For Juliet, Miss Barrymore had every requisite except the paradoxical one of inexperience. In the days of *Captain Jinks* there was a Juliet ready to hand. But the knowledge of life, the strength of purpose, the ripeness of viewpoint, that enabled Miss Barrymore to give us her Rosa Bernd—that will enable her to interpret many other major rôles—inhibited her from being Juliet. She was Juno, not Nausicaä.

It is the almost unbelievable youth of Jane Cowl and Rollo Peters as the Veronese lovers that bears them along on a triumphant surge. The balcony scene was shot with tears and laughter. They were so absurdly and so beautifully earnest, so serious, so grown-up, so happy, and so single-minded. Shakespeare and George Meredith and Barrie and Booth Tarkington have understood the pathos and the humor and the insensate beauty of young love. Romeo is the "Seventeen" of the Renaissance.

The settings designed for this *Romeo and Juliet* by Rollo Peters are as happily selected as their protagonists. Though very simple, the quaint perspective that one sees through an archway in the Veronese street scene suggests a Ghirlandaio; so, too, do the groupings and color schemes of the crowds in the street brawl. Though the Mercutio does not quite measure up to the standard set by Basil Sydney in the Hopkins production, the Selwyns have collected a company that is most satisfactory. The text, indeed, has been rigorously cut but

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not so that it seriously impairs the continuity. The final curtain falls upon the death of Juliet—an ending which would have been the end to any lesser man. But Shakespeare saw the more mature completion of the tragedy in the arrival of the parents—just too late—and the ending of the trivial feud over the bodies of their children.

Nothing more delicately virginal than Miss Cowl in her deathlike sleep can be imagined. Indeed, throughout she gives us a Juliet in pastel shades—so deliciously excited over the party, her meeting with Romeo, his love, her wedding, and then so very young and forsaken and frightened, and so superbly daring when she puts the potion to her lips and braves the awakening in the tomb. Though beauty is not one of Mr. Peter's gifts, his Romeo is a thoroughly lovable, madcap boy, with a healthy enjoyment of a fight and a good time—between his sighs for Rosaline. The rapt reverence of his first kiss with Juliet was as full of poetry as the exquisite lines are, and the audience shared with the understanding friar his enjoyment of the boy's breathless recital of his supreme romance. After the fatal fight with Tybalt, it was a most despairing, headstrong youth that beat his head upon the flags of the friar's cell—so deaf to reason, so doomed to woe, and then, the next moment, so near to heaven when he hears that he may see his Juliet again.

Romeo and Juliet is not a somber tragedy, nor a drama with a problem. It is the idyll of the spring, of buds that smile and open, and, in their blossoming, die. The fruits that ripen later are another story. Smiles and tears must have been in Shakespeare's heart when he wrote it. If its players can win no smiles, they can win no tears either. It is because both are freely given in the present production that Broadway has taken it to her bosom as a real success—a success that even Maude Adams and Faversham in the heyday of their popularity could not achieve.

Three girls, answering either to "Cash! cash!" or to the roster of a high school, sat behind me.

"Gee, but this beats the *Gingham Girl* hollow!" was their encomium; "Say, ain't every woid wisdom?" and "I could sit here all night," their ejaculations. At the end, they decided that Shakespeare was a pretty good author and that they would go to see *The Merchant* as well as *Merton of the Movies*.

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They also regretted that *Hamlet* was about to close. "Gert has seen *Hamlet* twice, and she says it's the best show on Broadway."

That, to me, is the most interesting part of the present production of our greatest tragedy, that the audience follow it, not merely as a vehicle for John Barrymore, but as a play. One may object to the Barrymore mannerisms, to a lack of restraint, but at least he has made *Hamlet* a living story to those who had buried it as a classic, and has played it in one of the largest theaters to standing room only on the longest run that it has enjoyed for years. To doubt that it is his own personality that keeps the performance keyed up to high tension, one has only to see Miss Arthur give the closet scene in Vaudeville; though this is not a wholly fair comparison, for to step into the queen's chamber after nearly murdering the king at his prayers is very different from walking out on a stage where, a moment before, a funny team had been warbling, "Let me be your Umty Gumty Goo," and showing what it was like to take your wife to the movies after you were married to her. Miss Arthur is a personable Prince, and her rich voice and clear diction were pleasing, but when her father's ghost slid on—and it was a real ghost this time—no icy shiver went down one's spine. Though Hamlet may have been cursed with doubts and ideals, he was an essentially masculine person, and one wonders more than ever why women have always yearned to play him.

The present producers, Messrs. Hopkins and Jones, have shown their plasticity in that they have taken criticism in good part; and, between the first week and the last, the unseen ghost has put a more sepulchral tremor in his voice; the scene has been restored between Hamlet and the courtiers when he offers them the pipe; and Ophelia's burial in the banqueting hall, which so disturbed the first-nighters, has been embellished with iron gates and crosses to suggest a graveyard out of doors. Though Jones's setting is not so beautiful as the one he designed for *Richard III.*, which, with some arras or a portcullis, became at will the inside or the outside of the Tower of London, yet we personally admire the huge arched doorway of this Elsinore, with the broad steps leading up to it. It was exceedingly fine for the battlements, with the three soldiers silhouetted in its opening, and

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it made an admirable stage for the mimic play, in which the pantomime was done by gold-clad figures against an evening sky. For the entrance of Fortinbras and the final tableau, it was perfect. We also liked the rich green curtains with the elongated figures of the kings of Denmark, against whose background Polonius interviews his family and the king says his prayers; thanks to them the play proceeds with only two intermissions. But although it ran for a full four hours, we are certain everyone would have gladly stayed longer to have heard the queen pronounce her lyrical description of Ophelia's death.

Ophelia herself is not so graceful as Cissie Loftus or Lady Forbes-Robertson, but she is one of those Fuller sisters who is an authority on the old English songs she sings so effectively in her mad scene; while Blanche Yurka, the queen, and Tyrone Power, the king, and Whitford Kane, the gravedigger, all have been recognized as the exponents of the superior forms of drama. A special word must also be said for the Polonius of John S. O'Brien, who never fails to bring out the dry humor of his part. Indeed, the wit of his encounters with Hamlet has never been more brilliantly emphasized. The ghost was highly effective as indicated by a light off stage, but when Hamlet addressed the shifting ectoplasm on the wall, something seemed lacking—in fact, the moving ectoplasm seemed endued with an hypnotic and strangely soporific power.

Barrymore's conception of the part is much younger, more fiery, and more dynamic, than Hampden's, but he is not quite so much the prince as Forbes-Robertson. None, to me, have brought out more vividly Hamlet's deep affection for his mother nor his love for Ophelia. It is true that he has not the superb carriage, the beautiful voice, or the spiritual quality of Forbes-Robertson, but when the latter last played here, he was at the close of a long and distinguished career, while it is only a few years back that Barrymore was convulsing the country with *Wallingford* and *The Fortune Hunter*. In the meantime, he has developed his voice so that it can carry the delicate shadings of blank verse, and has overcome his Broadway twang and the throatiness of his former speech. That he is a finished comedian will never come amiss; meanwhile, the best part about his performance is not that it is

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near perfection, but that he has a capacity for hard work, a love of beauty, and, we trust, many years ahead in which to ripen his art. This is not a finished Hamlet; it is a growing one.

In *Will Shakespeare,* Miss Clemence Dane, the author of *The Bill of Divorcement,* has attempted to show us the development of the man of genius through the influence of three women. The theme—like that of *The Lady Cristilinda* of short-lived fame—is that every spark of genius must be lit in the creator's own soul by the fires of suffering. Young Shakespeare, rushing away from disillusion and his middle-aged wife, who has tricked him into marriage, falls under the eye of the queen who, for the sake of his art, ordains that he be the next victim of the fascinating Mary Fitton; and when, after a burst of jealous rage, Shakespeare kills his best friend, Marlowe, and discovers the worthlessness of the dark lady, the queen calls his manhood to the fore and in the name of England bids him write. His only love henceforth is to be his Muse.

The three women are real creations, and all are excellently played. One hesitates between the drab loneliness of Miss Lenihan's Anne Hathaway, the willful fire and vivacity of Miss Cornell's Fitton and the Queen Elizabeth of Haidee Wright, which is one of the high lights of the season. Unfortunately it is very different with the men. Which is the worse, Shakespeare or Marlowe, it is hard to say. The character of the latter also lacks all charm. The man who had such infinite compassion and understanding of human weakness is wholly brutal to Anne in Act I., and in Act II., he refuses to go to the deathbed of his litle dying son, preferring sweet dalliance in Fitton's arms. Miss Dane's idea may be that his own tragedy brought Shakespeare his knowledge and sympathy for all mankind; but one cannot tamper with the heroes of the man in the street, and it is probably for this reason that the play has failed both here and in England. Poetically, it is far above the plays of Stephen Phillips and contains many beautiful passages, notably Anne's prophecy in the beginning and the queen's lines at the end.

The poetic license which Miss Dane has taken with the facts of Shakespeare's life are as nothing to what Norman Bel Geddes has done to the settings. Nowhere is there the

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smallest suggestion of Tudor England. Queen Elizabeth enters through a Georgian portal, and her throne is lit by a tall Gothic window, all of which might be overlooked, as it is pleasing to the eye, but when it comes to Anne Hathaway's little thatched cottage, which, to those who have not entered it in person, has been a familiar sight in photographs since infancy, one must object to a baronial hall tinted in green. It is as if Mount Vernon were represented by a Chinese pagoda.

Mr. Winthrop Ames is to be thanked, however, for giving a hearing to a poetic drama of such real beauty, but even an English poetess must remember that it is "Hands Off!" when it comes to tampering with the reputation of William S., for no longer is he merely the Bard of Stratford, but of Broadway as well!

BIRD MAGIC.

By Sylvia V. Orne Bridge.

A little moon of silver-gold,
  A sky of primose pale;
What wayward ecstasy doth hold
  The air? A nightingale!

My heart that on some frozen star,
  Was keeping tryst with Pain,
Came back from very, very far
  To clasp Delight again.

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LETTY OF CRAGGY SUMMIT.

By Esther W. Neill.

CHAPTER V.

Explanations.

HUGH WAINWRIGHT was waiting for them in the hotel lobby. He put down his newspaper and sat for a moment watching them as they came gleefully through the swinging doors together. He was relieved to see that both children were in the best of spirits. He had dreaded an interview with a crying, disconsolate child. He always confessed to a ridiculous sense of helplessness in the presence of small girls. Conversation halted hopelessly after he had inquired about their parents' health, their dolls, and their lessons. He welcomed, gratefully, governesses and nurses who, courageously, bore them away to their playrooms. He had no whimsical fancies to lead him into the child's magical world of make-believe. His attitude towards Don was paternally practical; it needed no forced encouragement. Don was his comrade, his friend, his most sympathetic companion. Don's interests were the reflection of his own boyhood. He felt that he thoroughly understood Don. Now, as he rose to greet his guests, he realized, with that quick intuition which gave him an advantage over men, that Letty must be different from other girls, for Don's attitude towards her was different. How had she contrived to establish herself in the boy's favor in an hour or more when the boy openly objected to the society of all girls? He was amused and anxious to discover the secret of her power.

As he shook hands with her he liked the frank, friendly way in which she looked up into his face.

"It was most kind of you to send the car for me," she said with a certain quaint formality that reminded him vaguely of the manner of his own grandmother. "It is not very pleasant to stay in a house after one has been asked to leave."

"Well, no," he admitted, not knowing what else to say, and

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he fumbled nervously with his watch chain. He hoped the child would not begin to cry conspicuously in the crowded lobby.

"I thought of telegraphing father or Ben to come for me," she continued with praiseworthy calm, "but I was afraid a telegram might frighten them. You see, we never get telegrams at Craggy Summit, and I didn't like to write to them because Madame Fouard used to read the letters, and father says we must never criticize a hostess in her own home."

Hugh Wainwright looked down upon the small figure with growing approval. The child was distinctly different. Her manner was evidently the reflection of her father's more formal generation. From what blessed, peaceful, mountain fastness had she come that a telegram could not reach?

"I am sorry you were left there so long," he said, and he smiled faintly as he thought how quickly their positions had been reversed and that he was offering the first apology. "Madame Fouard's letter was sent to your Aunt Corinne in Florida, so I did not receive it until today. Suppose we all go have some lunch and talk matters over."

He had planned the lunch as a comforting sort of anodyne. Food was symbolic of amity. It would secure further confidences without questionings. Now, that he had seen Letty, he was more than ever determined to find out the reason for her expulsion. If she had suffered, she was playing the game with sportsman-like courage. Don's attitude of protective championship convinced him that her dismissal had been unreasonable, unfair.

Letty looked around the big dining room with an expression of bewildered joy. The splashing fountain, circled by broad-leaved palms, and harboring darting gold fish, attracted her attention at once.

Why this is a wonderful place," she said enthusiastically, "I never was in a big hotel before. Are the fish really alive? Why yes, they are really alive. Do you think we could sit at this table close to the fountain's edge. I might feed them with a few bread crumbs. I'm—I'm very fond of fish."

You mean you like to eat them?" said Don with his mind upon the menu.

Why no, I like to watch them. Look at the big one. He's like a flash of sunlight in the water. I think he must be the

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father of the family, he looks so very wise. And that castle in the middle! Isn't it beautiful? Just like one in a fairy book with a moat all around it. I've always wished that Craggy Summit had a moat," she added regretfully.

"Dad had one in England," said Don, anxious to uphold his family against a girl who seemed his superior in so many ways, "he lived in a real castle with a real moat when he was a boy."

"Oh! did you?" said Letty, her eager little face aglow with interest, "Why I never met anyone who owned a moat before."

And so Hugh Wainwright, before he was quite aware, found himself talking to the child about his boyhood in England, with an ease and confidence that he reserved only for Don. For the moment his business engagements were forgotten. Pictures of his stately English home drifted across his memory: the great hall with its suits of armor and its ancient weapons used valiantly by his noble forebears to defend their castle against all aggressors; the secret stairway that led to the chapel; the long avenue of gigantic yews that bordered the driveway; the lake that mirrored the turrets and towers and set the narrow windows aflame with the reflections of the sunset.

Letty listened breathlessly, and when he paused she said with spirited sympathy:

"Oh, I don't think it was fair for your older brother to get it. Your older brother who had lived nearly all his life in India and who couldn't love it as you did. Why it must have been dreadful to go away and leave a place like that, for you can't help loving a home, Mr. Wainwright. Why I love every little stick and stone at Craggy Summit. I know where the birds nest and where the bees have their hives, I know all the little streams and the stepping-stones, I know how the red light rests on the pine trees until they look as if they were on fire. Why, nobody can forget a—*home.*"

He was pleased and surprised by her quick understanding. She was voicing his sentiments where even Don had failed, for Don, who had traveled over two continents with him, had no very definite recollection of the home that his own mother had made in those brief beautiful years of her married life.

The engrossing stories were interrupted by the dextrous

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waiter who brought in lunch—a delectable meal of various courses—and thus an unpleasant situation was metamorphosed into a festive occasion after the manner of Hottentots spreading a feast "to celebrate a change of habitation." Letty openly expressed her appreciation of the good things to eat, and she seemed most grateful for the friendliness which the hospitality of the hotel could not fail to engender.

"I wish Ben could have come to this party," she said as she dipped into her fancy mold of ice cream. "It's been just like a birthday. Did you see the little frog that Don gave me, Mr. Wainwright? I really think it's beautiful. He brought it to me because he thought I might feel bad about leaving school. I think it was most kind of him."

Don was plainly embarrassed now. He choked down a glass of ice water. "You know I took a live one from her," he hastily explained. "It wasn't fair to take a live one. It jumped out the car window and got messed up on the wheels."

Mr. Wainwright adjusted his glasses and viewed the frog critically. He was so pleased by this rare exhibition of his son's thoughtfulness that he felt a sudden tenderness for the child who had inspired it. "Why, that was quite decent, Don. I'm glad you got it."

"But it doesn't seem quite fair to keep it," said Letty earnestly, "because you see I didn't feel at all badly about leaving school. I'm so glad to be going home, and father and Ben will be delighted to get me back after all these months."

Her positive belief in her loved ones' faith in her, proved conclusively to her host that she stood in no need of his extenuating excuses.

"I'm sure of that," he said.

"The only trouble was," said Letty cheerfully, "I had never been to school before, and so I did not know how—you really can't know a thing until you learn how. I used to do all sorts of things that people did not like. I don't believe I had a single friend except Milly Fraser, she was seventeen; she was awfully fat and stupid. She used to get me to help her with her French every day. You see, Ben taught me French. It was a game we used to play in the work shop after dinner. He would ask for all sorts of things in French and I would run and get them. After a while he used to tell me stories in French and soon I could understand them all."

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"I wish Ben would do the same for Don," said his father.

Don feared the conversation might become too personal. "What sort of things didn't people like?" he asked.

"Well, I brought a snake into the classroom one day," said Letty. "I found it in the garden. It wasn't a real garden, just a little dirt space where they had planted some ivy between a brick wall and a cement yard where they dried clothes. I don't know how the poor little snake got there. I put it in my pocket. I thought I would keep it on my window sill in a little tin cracker box and feed it until I went home for the summer and then I could turn it loose in the woods where it could meet other snakes and take care of itself. When the bell rang for our French lesson I just ran in because I knew I would be late if I went upstairs, and then—well, the snake crawled out of my pocket when I wasn't looking. Mademoiselle fainted—I don't know why—and the girls jumped up on chairs and desks and really acted as if they were crazy. You know a little garter snake couldn't hurt anybody. Then there was another day when I unlaced my boots in the classroom. You see I used to go barefoot at home and the shoes were a little tight. Mademoiselle scolded and scolded. You would have thought I had murdered somebody. I couldn't understand everything she said, because I had never been scolded in French. Then there were other things. I used to talk in the halls. Of course, I never used to talk in the library at home when father was writing his history, but we always talked in the halls. And then one day I went out in the garage and helped Madame's old chauffeur fill the grease cups. I used to help Ben at home, and the poor chauffeur's wife was sick and he was in a hurry to get back to her; and then one afternoon I went fishing."

"Fishing," exclaimed Hugh Wainwright. He had been listening with amused sympathy to this frank confession. It seemed to him a pitiable little story of a healthy outdoor child struggling in a weak way to escape from all Madame Fouard's cramping conventions. "Are you a fisherman? So am I."

She put her hand upon his coat sleeve, she was warmed by his unmistakable tone of friendliness. "Why yes, I used to spend a good deal of time fishing. Colonel Churchill Scott stocked his streams some years ago and the fishing there is fine. I wish you would go with me some day, Mr. Wainwright,

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I think you would enjoy it." She issued this invitation in the same way in which her father had so often spoken to enthusiastic anglers of his acquantance. It did not occur to her that the suggestion was at all unusual. She had lived since babyhood in a masculine household and she had been treated with a certain deference which seemed to obliterate differences in age. Ben and her father had always included her in their camping trips. Don viewed this growing intimacy between his father and this strange girl with some astonishment.

"The fishing around here is very poor," she continued, speaking like an expert. "You see, last week the weather was so warm that I went fishing all by myself. I knew that none of the girls would go with me. They never would have baited a hook after the way they acted about that little snake, so I took the street car at the corner—the one marked Pleasant Park—and when I got there I hired a boat and a fishing line. I had a dollar that Ben had given me when I left home. But I only caught two fish and I brought them home because I thought Madame Fouard would enjoy them for her supper. Well, I can't tell you all she said to me, and she threw the two fish in the waste paper basket and she seemed to turn purple with rage and she said I must go home at once because I had been seen fishing and rowing around the public park with a low-lived boy. He really was a very nice boy, Mr. Wainwright. He was a very well behaved little negro—he never spoke unless I spoke to him."

Mr. Wainwright laughed behind his napkin. "It's a d—shame," he said, forgetting Don's presence. "Madame Fouard couldn't understand a normal human being if she tried. I think you've made a happy escape, Letitia, and I'll accept your invitation to go fishing the first chance I get."

"Well, I wish you would give me the chance first," said Don with sudden resolution. "I don't know what to do with myself this summer. I hate staying around hotels with mother and Alicia. I wish—I wish you would let me go home with Letty. She's such a kid to go traveling alone. I'd like to go to Craggy Summit; they've got lots of dogs and you don't have to worry about clothes—white flannel pants staying clean, and shoe polish and hair cuts like you do at a hotel. Her brother has a regular work shop in the west wing and he's inventing a new sort of engine or an aëroplane or something

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interesting. He's a fine fellow. I saw him last year. They've a great big house, and I guess they would take me to board."

Letty listened to this suggestion with real pleasure. She had altered her opinion of Don. Had he not rescued her from Madame Fouard's imprisoning walls, given her a jeweled frog, and led her to a party? Her generous spirit wished to recompense him at once.

"Why, of course you can come, Don," she said promptly. "We couldn't let you pay anything, but father and Ben would be most pleased to have you."

"Do you really think so?" said her host, sharing for the moment Don's enthusiasm. "Some people object to boys. He might be in the way."

"In the way," she repeated. "Why there are five hundred acres at Craggy Summit. How could he be in the way?"

"But he would have to go into the house to sleep and eat, you know."

"Well, of course, but you have never seen the house, Mr. Wainwright. We have twenty rooms and half of them are never used. Mam' Lize says that during the Civil War one hundred soldiers slept in the house and two hundred in the barn. Of course, nobody wanted the soldiers, but when Ben was at college I've heard him say that he used to bring fifteen or twenty of his classmates to spend the Christmas holidays. My father says that a front door should never be locked: a friend might come by and misunderstand it."

Don did not smile at this exaggerated ideal of hospitality. It seemed to him a conclusive argument to support his own reasonable request. Hugh Wainwright, looking across the table, caught the anxious, eager expression on the boy's face and he realized that a refusal would mean a keen disappointment. And why should he refuse? He was convinced that Letty, with her trustful unsophisticated attitude towards strangers, was too young to make the long journey alone. Don, though only sixteen, was an experienced traveler, his judgment was good and he was altogether trustworthy. No doubt, Letty's father would appreciate their solicitude for her safety and invite the boy to remain as a visitor for a week or more.

And if a friendship was thus established, it might be possible to make some sort of business arrangement for the re-

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mainder of the summer. Don's vacations were becoming a real problem, he was getting too old for the regulation boy's camp and his stepmother's choice of resorts offered him nothing in the way of desirable amusement. Craggy Summit, with its healthful mountain air, its freedom from petticoat dominion, might be a beneficial place to keep him busy and contented.

Letty's affectionate revelations of her father had given Hugh Wainwright a new viewpoint of his relative, altogether different from his former prejudiced opinion. He knew that Corinne and her brother were not on friendly terms but, with a gentle consideration, which was one of his most engaging traits, he had refrained from questioning her as to the cause. When he had first met her she had been living with an ancient cousin of her mother, near Paris, and they had been married from the old aristocrat's picturesque château. Corinne's half-laughing allusions to her one relative in America, an older brother, who had never "understood" her, had but added a touch of pity to his chivalric sentiment. Now, after three years, though he still loved her devotedly, he could view her with clearer vision and he wondered if her clever, humorous descriptions of her brother's irritating characteristics were altogether true. Letty's echo of her father's teaching showed him to be a man of fine instincts, pursuing a harmless literary career. It might be interesting to allow Don to go to Craggy Summit as a precursor of peace. It was an experiment worth trying. Hugh Wainwright was accustomed to making quick decisions. His hesitation in this matter had been unduly prolonged."

"You can go for a week, Don," he said, as they arose from the table, "and then we'll see—we'll see. We have only an hour and a half to train time. You'll have to pack a suitcase. Come back to the office, Fay will attend to the tickets. You haven't any time to lose."

And then Letty felt, vaguely, as if she had been caught in a wind storm on the mountain side. Everything seemed to move around her with mysteriously driven swiftness. The big office building stood out against the sky like some great boulder, she found a certain exhilaration in the hurry and the noises around her over which she had no control—the roar of the thunderous streets, the insistent ringing of the telephone,

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the staccato clicking of the typewriters, the hurried orders that were directing her journey home.

Her small steamer trunk, which she had left at the Academy, was brought to the baggage room by a bright yellow taxi. Don's bag was promptly packed by Mr. Wainwright's valet. Mr. Fay was at the station with tickets, new magazines and two large boxes of chocolates, and at four o'clock the young people were standing in the observation car watching the intricate tracks of the great terminal grow dim in the heavy smoke from the fast-moving train.

CHAPTER VI.

HOME.

They reached Letty's beloved little southern town at seven o'clock the next morning. As Don descended the steps of the train and looked around him, some of his enthusiasm for this untried summer resort vanished. The station appeared to have contracted since he had seen it nine months ago, the tin roof was more heavily blackened with cinders and the creaking wooden platform had suffered an added burden of crates and barrels, but the scarcity of bags and trunks, in the small baggage room, seemed to prove the unpopularity of travel to this particular part of the State. And the large automobile, which obligingly conveyed Aunt Corinne to her ancestral home, had abandoned the unlucrative business of meeting trains. It was more economical to maroon the machine in the garage and wait for possible picnic parties than to waste gasoline, and endanger tires, running down the unpaved street to pick up potential passengers.

Don was a trifle dismayed when he saw the vacant space which the station automobile had formerly occupied.

"I don't see why you didn't let me telegraph," he said reprovingly to Letty. "Everybody gets telegrams. Nobody here to meet us. I don't see how we are going to get out to your house. That big auto isn't anywhere around."

'It doesn't make the least difference," she assured him, her face radiant with happiness as she looked up and down the familiar street. "I can get anybody in town to take me home."

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The old station agent, seeing her in the distance, dropped a drummer's sample case and came hurrying forward. "Why if it ain't little Miss Letty Markham," he said, grinning broadly and showing his toothless gums," I reckon your pa an' Mr. Ben will go clean out of their heads to see you again. Didn't they know you was comin'? I ain't seen that freak auto of Mr. Ben's for some time."

"It's a surprise," she answered joyfully. "You see I wanted my coming to be a surprise and I don't like to frighten people with telegrams. I guess I'll hire a hack to take me home. That would be the easiest way, to hire a hack."

Don had assumed a manner of superiority on the train and Letty had borne with it patiently because she felt her own helplessness compared to his far-traveled experience. But now that she was home again, their positions were reversed. He was a stranger, ignorant of her cherished domain and its illimitable resources. His supremacy was at an end.

There's Uncle Eph's hack over there," she said with sudden resolution waving her bag to an old negro on the other side of the street, "Come on over, Uncle Eph, I'll hire you."

The old negro galvanized his bony horses into life by touching them with a leaf-tasseled whip. The ancient vehicle, with its ragged upholstery, drew up before the steps of the station and Uncle Eph, in a battered silk hat and a faded green livery, both elbows displaying a red flannel undershirt, clambered down, with some difficulty, from the box.

"My Lawd! ef it ain't Miss Letty—Jump in, chile—Yer jump right in dis yer hack an' I'll carry yer straight on home."

"But I don't want to go straight on home," she objected. "I want to go shopping. You see I've been to the city and I would like to carry home a few presents. I want to drive to the store—I guess I'll hire your hack for several hours—I'll pay you a dollar for the morning."

"A dollar," repeated the old man. "Now Miss Letty, seems like kerridge an' pair ought to be wuth mor'en a dollar."

"Don't hire those horses," remonstrated Don. "Why they are just walking ghosts. They'll just fall down and die on the road; they will never get up the hill to your house."

"Why yes they will," she contradicted him, "you don't know what you are talking about, Don. Why that horse, right

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in front of you, is blooded stock. She belonged to Col. Churchill Scott, she has a very interesting history. She was a race horse and every one expected her to win the sweepstakes and the night before the race someone crept into the stable and blinded her. I think it was the wickedest thing I ever heard because—well, of course, she never could run any more but one of her colts is a wonder. Haven't you heard of Solomon S?. Everybody in this country was wild about that horse. I call the old mare Mrs. Solomon, she's so old and blind now, and Uncle Eph bought her for next to nothing or Col. Churchill Scott gave her to him—I've forgottten which. Get in, Don. Don't sit on the dog. Uncle Eph, did you know that Peterkins is on the back seat?"

"My Lawd!" said the old man peering down through the front window, "I reckon dat dawg is more high-toned den he looks 'cause he don't want to walk no more. Push him out, Miss Letty. He's gettin' so onerary and lazy I reckon he'll jest lie down on de railroad tracks and de next engine'll mash him flat."

"Then he will have to go with us," said Letty with cheerful resignation. "He's muddied up all the back cushions, so now he will have to sit on the floor. Now drive to the store. I've only got five dollars, so if I pay you more than one I won't have enough to buy presents for my whole family. Peterkins is full of fleas so I think his being here ought to take something off the price. It's better for you to be driving around than to do nothing at all."

The old man chuckled his appreciation; "Yer talk jest like yer own grandma, my ole miss. I reckon, seein' it's you, I'll do jest as yer say, but a dollar ain't much to pay for a funeral hack."

Letty laughed; "You ought to be glad we're not a funeral," she said as she settled herself in comfort on the muddy seat.

"Gee! You're a regular Shylock," observed Don, and there was a touch of admiration in his tone. "You ought to buck up against some of the taxi drivers in town."

"Well I wouldn't want to," she said, "I think hacks like this are much nicer."

"Nicer," he exclaimed, "nicer! Do you think blind horses and hacks full of fleas are nicer than automobiles?"

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"I think everything here is nicer than the city," she assured him. "Oh Don, it's all so friendly and slow and—and—it's—home."

He saw that there were tears in her eyes. He dreaded crying spells. She had been so game, through all her difficulties, he told himself, and now that she was happy she was going to cry. Girls were inexplicable! But in a moment Letty had recovered herself, for emotionalism has no place amid the practicalities of shopping and Eph had stopped his horses, obediently, in front of the carriage block that marked the entrance of the largest store in town.

Letty got out and approached the coatless proprietor with polite deference, and indeed his establishment seemed to merit respect, for it combined the complexities of a department store—including feed and fodder—with the saced barred custody of the United States mail.

"How do you do, Mr. Gooding," she said with her appealing smile, "I want to buy a few things for father, Ben, Zeke and Mam' Lize. I only have four dollars to spend," and sitting down on a cracker box she sought his advice with a friendly confidence that would have eliminated all intention of dishonesty in the mind of any reputable man.

To Don, whose gift buying had usually been done in large jewelry shops at the suggestion of his father, Letty's methods seemed as strange and original as the presents that she purchased. She bought a pint bottle of ink and a dozen pen points for her father. She selected the pens with great care, for many of them in the drawer were rusty.

"I ain't had many calls for pen points," the store keeper explained. "The people around here use goose quills mostly —I reckon that vinegar barrel leaked in on this here box—but there's a dozen bright ones and one thrown in for good measure. Now, what else can I do for you, Miss Letty?"

Her next purchase was a bag of assorted screws for Ben, then a pipe and tobacco for Zeke, some peppermint sticks for Zeke's many grandchildren and a pair of carpet slippers, "the biggest that come," for Mam' Lize. When these items were wrapped up and paid for, she found that she had ten cents remaining which she promptly invested in a package of flea powder for Peterkins.

"I really don't like to see that little dog so tormented,"

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she said, as she piled her bundles into the hack. "Now, Don, tell Uncle Eph to start home."

As they drove down the narrow street with its line of two-storied houses, its cobble-stone gutters and its bricked sidewalks, forced into uneven hillocks by the roots of the overshadowing trees, Letty entertained Don by telling him interesting facts about the people. Her happiness was infectious, her stories surprisingly diverting.

"Oh there is Tony, the barber. You wouldn't guess that he expects to be killed most any day by a secret society now, would you? Why last year he hired a man to put some coal in his cellar and when the man had finished he went into Tony's shop to get his hair cut. Of course, his hands were dirty and the door was painted white and so he left the print of all of his fingers near the knob. Tony saw the mark of the black hand and thought he was done for, so he ran away and nobody could find him for two weeks and his wife and baby cried all the time he was gone."

"They couldn't," refuted Don. "Nobody could cry two weeks without stopping."

"Well, maybe they stopped, now and then, to take breath," she generously admitted.

Don dismissed this feat without further argument. "Where was Tony all that time?" he asked.

"Père Jean found him," she answered. "I think Père Jean would make a fine detective; he can find out—everything."

This was a new viewpoint of the old priest's personality. "I don't know about that," said Don doubtfully; "Detectives are mighty brave men I think—I guess they have to do a lot of shooting and killing. I read a story once where a man had to kill five people before he could get away."

"That's nothing," said Letty loftily, "Père Jean was in the war and captured ten men without killing one. I think saving people's lives is harder than killing them—Oh! look there. There's Mr. Allison opening up his office. He's the editor of our paper. He has a telegraph in the room with him that tells him news from all parts of the world—I think it must be wonderful to have news clicked at you all day long. And there's the baker—he's awfully fat and sort of purple in the face but he's very kind. He gave me a gingerbread horse once, for nothing. It had raisin eyes but it only had two legs.

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I guess he forgot to put on the other two. And there's Mr. Colfax, he keeps the drug store. He has all sorts of strange medicines on his shelves. There's one thing you just have to breathe and it puts you to sleep and you can have your legs and arms cut off without knowing the difference."

"Chloroform," said Don.

"Well, I don't know the name of it—Oh, look there! There's old Aunt Metabel, she's a witch. She's over a hundred years old and she can conjure the worst way."

They had reached the outskirts of the little town. Don leaned out of the window and saw an old negro woman sitting in front of her log cabin. She looked like a bundle of variegated rags huddled on the broken door sill.

"Conjure," he repeated, "what's that?"

"Casting spells," answered Letty, half under her breath. Père Jean says there is no such thing but you ought to hear the tales that Mam' Lize tells, they would scare you half to death. Mam' Lize says that old Aunt Metabel never needs lamps at night because the devil calls on her every evening and he always brings his torch bearers with him to sort of light the way."

Don laughed. "You don't believe that? he said scornfully.

"Well, no, not exactly. Père Jean says I musn't, but I don't like to pass Aunt Metabel's after dark. Mam' Lize says she keeps nine black cats and that she goes riding when the new moon rises above the burnt pine at Cannon Run."

"Riding on the cats?"

"Oh, I don't know how she does it. Everybody is afraid of her and Uncle Zeke says she is going to live forever because she drinks nothing but bull frogs' blood. You ought not to laugh so loud, she might hear you. Don't you see Uncle Eph taking off his hat to her? She looks like she's asleep but you never can tell—now there's the blacksmith's shop and the field beyond is Col. Churchill Scott's. That blacksmith shop has been there more than a hundred years. George Washington stopped there once, when he was a young man, to have his horse shod and he sat on that little bench by the forge. The man who owns it now said his great grandfather never spent the money that Washington paid him. I don't know about that but I think they ought to spend some money now and mend the roof, it's going to cave in one of these days and

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kill a horse or some of the blacksmith's children—my father told him so. And now, look over there—that's Col. Scott's racing stable—it's the finest in the country. The Colonel is very rich, he owns seven race horses—I wonder if poor old Mrs. Solomon remembers living in a fine place like that. Do you suppose that horses can think?"

This question seemed unanswerable to Don, but it suggested most engrossing speculation and, in the silence, all doubts as to the wisdom of his journey to Craggy Summit were dispelled.

They had reached the sagging iron gates of Craggy Summit. Letty jumped up in her excitement and Peterkins frisked up to the seat beside her." "Oh, Don, Don, we are *home!*"

Mam' Lize, who was sweeping the front portico saw Letty first. She dropped her broom and sinking weakly down on the floor she put her hand before her eyes and cried:

"It's a hant! Oh, My Lawd! it's a hant."

Uncle Zeke, who was standing in the stable yard, surrounded by his grandchildren, feeding the chickens, surveyed his wife with disapproval.

"Git up 'ooman," he said. Don't yer see it's Miss Letty herself. Git out of my way an' let me help dat chile out of dat hack. Don't yer see it's Miss Letty?"

The joyful cry was heard in the dining room, and when Letty reached the door she was caught in her father's eager arms.

"You're not sick, Letty dear, you're not sick."

And Ben had echoed the anxious question, "You're not sick, Midget, don't tell us you have come home sick."

And when she had assured them with hugs and kisses and laughter, that bordered on tears, that she was quite well, no other explanation seemed necessary. Her welcome was an exultant triumph. No need for excuse or apology. She held their faith and love encompassed her. She was home—home—*home.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Ball and the Cross.

The BALL AND THE CROSS *is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, the* WORLD AND THE FAITH. *It is our intention to publish monthly in this department two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

AN OLD-TIME ENGLISH FAIR.

WE had just taken lodgings in Oxford, and were congratulating ourselves on our choice of rooms. My own room, I found, after shoving away the inevitable dressing bureau that always backs up to the best window in the room, looked out on the lovely gardens of St. John's; and before unpacking my suitcase, I was hanging out of the window drinking in the lovely view of the green grass, and thinking of those old lines written by Dan Rogers, Clerk to Queen Elizabeth:

> He that hath Oxford seen, for beauty, grace
> And healthfulness, ne'er saw a better place.
> If God, Himself, on earth abode would make,
> He, Oxford, sure, would for His dwelling take.

Rather presumptuous, maybe, but I couldn't help thinking Dan Rogers was correct. The dignity, peace, and beauty of the place entered my soul, and I was glad to be alive and glad that the next two days were to be spent in that heavenly city.

But it was willed that, like little Joe, I was to "move on" again, for just at that moment, I heard a knock at my door, and my landlady entered.

"Pardon me, Miss, but I was just thinking you might like to go to some other place for a few days. I believe you said you were going to Stratford, and it won't be pleasant here; the St. Giles's Fair comes on to-morrow, St. Giles's Day, and it will be held two days."

"The St. Giles's Fair!" I echoed. "What is that?"

"It's held here every year on St. Giles's Day, the first of September, and you wouldn't like it. The colleges are all closed, and the gypsies and the common people from miles around come and

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hold the fair right in the street, St. Giles's, right out in the front of the house. The college folk don't like it, but they have to put up with it. The privilege was given the common people four hundred years ago by Act of Parliament."

"And there you are," I thought. How like dear old England. It always had been, and so it was.

So we decided not to waste a day of our precious time in Oxford when the colleges were closed, and we made preparations to take the early morning train for Stratford, returning to Oxford two days later when the fair people would have folded their tents and stolen away.

Our obliging landlady informed us that the fair people would come early in the morning to our street, St. Giles's, and that the fair would be in full blast shortly after sunrise. I went to bed in the peace and calm of churchly Oxford, and awoke to the sound of hammers and general din.

At five o'clock, the "gypsies and common people," as my landlady had called them, were in full possession of the thoroughfare, and such a transformation scene I had never witnessed before in my life. I looked down from the drawing-room window upon tents, merry-go-rounds, donkeys, gypsies, dirty children, and fakers of all kinds, and was instantly filled with a wild desire to see the thing at close range.

I hastily dressed and went out to my first St. Giles's Fair. There it was in the stately streets of Oxford, stretching from the Church of St. Giles nearly to stately Balliol and the Martyrs' Memorial. Coney Island in the old days at its worst was the only thing I ever saw to compare with it. Everywhere the smell of bacon, ham, and eggs, for the fair people lived in the tents, and it was breakfast time. Some of the more enterprising ones had finished breakfast and were ready for business with their games and merchandise; the games, for the most part, being the old "ring the cane" kind, and the merchandise of the usual gypsy type. Fortune telling was, of course, the industry, if it may be called by that name, most in evidence.

As we left Oxford, for the morning train, the colleges looked shut up, grim, forbidding, where the day before the gates were open as if to welcome the summer visitor.

Why should there be a Fair on St. Giles's Day, I asked, and I learned that the show of to-day is a relic of a religious observance that dates further back than the four hundred years given by my landlady.

St. Giles, the patron saint of cripples, lepers, etc., because, as the legend has it, he once refused to be cured of lameness, "the

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better to mortify in him all fleshly appetites," was a very popular saint, indeed, in all Europe, but particularly in England and Scotland. In England alone there are about one hundred and fifty churches dedicated to him; St. Giles, Cripplegate, and St. Giles in the Fields, in London, being, perhaps, the best known.

It was customary that St. Giles's Church should be on the outskirts of the town, in order that cripples might more conveniently come to and cluster around it.

Each year a religious procession was held on the eve of St. Giles's Day, and we read that when the time came for the procession in Edinburgh in 1558, the populace were found to have stolen the wooden image of the saint usually carried on these occasions, and to have ignominiously burned it. A riot ensued, and after that we hear no more of any religious rites connected with St. Giles in Scotland.

At the time of the procession in honor of St. Giles, people came from far and near and brought goods to sell; we read of various kings and queens granting to the people "the right to hold fairs," at certain places on certain days.

So we may see at Oxford the annual spectacle of a fair held in honor of a saint, in the street bearing his name and under the eaves of his church, while it is extremely doubtful if any of the participants have any idea of the one-time religious character of the celebration.

CATHOLICS AND THE BOY SCOUTS.

BY express declaration of its organizers and leaders, the Boy Scout Movement is non-sectarian. From this it follows, almost necessarily, that it involves or impinges upon religious principles. For unless some doubt had arisen, or unless it was feared that some doubt might arise, concerning the Boy Scouts on the score of religion, there would have been no need for the leaders of the Scout organization to declare explicitly its non-sectarian character.

Catholics have, in fact, felt and expressed doubt as to what their attitude should be in regard to the Boy Scouts. In many cases the doubt has been resolved in favor of the Scouts; but in other cases it has turned to distrust or opposition. And from this has sprung the endeavor to provide for Catholic boys in some other way the undoubted benefits that the Scout society offers to its members. For instance, in the United States, there has been founded the Catholic Boys' Brigade, concerning which we read in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for March, 1922:

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> It is an organization that gives to boys all that any other of a secular nature affords, and much more besides. For it is thoroughly and completely Catholic, as well as enthusiastically patriotic. Its pledge to the Flag of the country is supplemented by a pledge of Catholic loyalty and devotion. While securing for its members all the features of an athletic and social nature which they could find elsewhere, it also keeps alive the religious motive and contributes much to the development of character by means of the proper religious instruction.

In France, in addition to, and alongside of, the Eclaireurs Unionistes, an association of Scouts organized and directed by Protestants, and the Eclaireurs de France, a non-sectarian offshoot of the preceding, there has existed, since July, 1920, the Fédération des Scouts de France, an organization of Scouts which, while thoroughly Catholic and thoroughly French, is yet a perfect embodiment of the Scout spirit and system. It has won the highest commendation from Sir Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts, and has received the blessing and encouragement of Cardinal Dubois and of Pope Pius XI.

The Fédération des Scouts de France owes its origin, according to a writer in *Revue Apologétique* (December 15, 1922), to the fact that the Scout spirit was for a long time regarded with suspicion by Catholics on account of its non-sectarianism, its vague deism, and its vague Christianity. To overcome these defects, while retaining the admittedly good features of the Scout system and securing the manifest advantages of affiliation with the original and authentic Scout body, it was deemed necessary to form an association of Scouts, composed of distinct Catholic units under Catholic direction. So the Fédération was organized.

Certain modifications were made in the Scout formulas to render them acceptable even to the most exacting Catholics. Thus, for example, in the Scout Promise, where Baden-Powell's text has, "I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country," the text as adopted by the Fédération reads, "I will do my best, *with the grace of God,* to do my duty to God, *to Church,* and to country"; and in the Scout Law, as given by Baden-Powell, the sixth point is, "A Scout is a friend to animals," for which the Fédération substitutes, "A Scout *sees God in nature,* and has a love for *plants* and animals."

But more important than any alteration in the Scout Promise or Scout Law is the fact that the Fédération des Scouts de France is composed of distinct Catholic units under Catholic direction, and is at the same time everywhere recognized as an organization of genuine Scouts, and not looked upon as a substitute.

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Editorial Comment.

THE disedifying duel between Dr. Percy Stickney Grant and his putative ecclesiastical superior, Bishop Manning, is of comparatively small importance in itself. This is not the first time that disbelief and disobedience have been manifested with impunity in the Episcopal Church. And, obviously, it will not be the last time. It can cause no surprise, amongst those who know the situation, that an Episcopalian rector may continue to hold his position, while believing no more than a Unitarian or an agnostic, and while exercising as complete freedom from church authority as a Congregationalist minister or a "liberal" Rabbi. Presumably the Episcopal Church is committed to the belief in the divinity of Christ, but every well-informed member of that Church knows that numbers of its ministers, here and in England, do not believe that Christ is God. Furthermore, although the specific reason for the existence of the Episcopal Church, as distinct from other Protestant bodies, is the principle of Church authority, every Episcopalian congregation whose pastor has prestige and a large personal following is, to all intents and purposes, autonomous. If Dr. Grant's trustees and vestry stand by him, his bishop may fulminate and anathematize, but Dr. Grant will continue to preach his unbelief to his heart's content.

Dr. Grant and Bishop Manning.

THE controversy, therefore, is important principally as demonstrating once again that the "Episcopal" Church is practically Congregationalist. Each congregation, led by its minister, really determines what kind of worship it shall practise, and what creed, if any, it shall believe. In a few Episcopalian congregations they have the "mass," confession to a "priest," devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and "benediction." They follow that kind of worship because the pastor and the congregation think it well to do so, and not because the worship is prescribed by authority. If the same congregation, under the same pastor, should see reason to discontinue that kind of service, they would undeniably do so, equally without the authorization of any power higher than themselves. A stone's throw away from them may be a rector

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with his congregation, members of the same Episcopal Church, who think that the "high church" worship is a fanatical idiosyncrasy or idolatry. These may prefer to follow a type of worship more Protestant than the Lutheran, more austere than the Presbyterian. They may have no more Christian faith than a synagogue. It is significant that Rabbi Wise is one of those who have championed the cause of Dr. Grant against his bishop!

Why "Episcopal" Church?

In other words, the Episcopalian congregations follow their pastors—and their own opinions. The non-Episcopalian Protestant will say, "Why not?" because he has little or no concept of Church authority. But we should imagine that those who believe in a "Living Church," having authority from Christ and the Apostles, would be somewhat disconcerted by every new proof of the fact that the "Episcopal" Church is really not Episcopal. Here and there, spasmodically, it may make a show of asserting its authority. But habitually, and consistently, the various congregations are loyal to their pastors, even at the cost of being disloyal to their bishop. One wonders why they call themselves Episcopalians. An Episcopalian is, properly, one who believes in the authority of the *episcopus*, the bishop.

SOME months ago it seemed that the conflict between Dr. Grant and Bishop Manning would take place upon the ground of the attitude of the Church towards divorce. But Dr. Grant sensed the fact that great numbers of people in his own Church who care nothing for doctrine, but have a lingering distaste for divorce, would frown upon him if he broke with his Church in order to marry a woman twice divorced. So he maneuvered a bit and finally managed to choose his own *terrain* for the conflict. He chose the field of "heresy" rather than the field of "divorce," and thereby seems to have saved for himself the support of many in his own church, as well as gaining the all-but-unanimous approval of the vast mass of American people who, while they know nothing about theology, instinctively consider every heretic a hero. A heresy trial in these days and in this country would infallibly mean a victory for the defendant, no matter what the verdict of the court might be. The bishop would rather fight Dr. Grant, if fight he must, on the ground of remarriage after divorce than on the ground of the divinity of Christ. But, in the first skirmish, he has been outgeneralled.

Grant's Strategic Victory.

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Bishop Manning, recognizing this fact, is proceeding in a very gingerly way. Dr. Grant made statements in a sermon which can only be understood as a denial of the divinity of Christ, the cornerstone doctrine of Christianity. The bishop wrote to him asking him "to retract or to resign." In his reply to the bishop, Dr. Grant reiterated his heresies, in somewhat more guarded language. The bishop, answering in a public speech, without mentioning Dr. Grant's name, contented himself with a veiled challenge "to express the denial in words clear, courageous, and unambiguous." In that case, adds the bishop, "no one need have the least fear that the Church . . . will fail to take definite action, and the whole body of the clergy and people of this Church will approve and support such action." But *The Churchman* asks, tartly, "Since when was he given authority to speak for the whole Church? The Episcopal Church will do no such thing."

AND then comes the most amazing statement of the entire controversy. "At this moment," continues *The Churchman*, "Bishop William Montgomery Brown is making 'clear, courageous, and unambiguous denials,' not only of the Divinity of Christ, but of the existence of God. When the case came before the House of Bishops in Portland, last September, the bishops refused to do what Dr. Manning now declares the Church will do. Far more charitable than that, more tolerant and more wise, the bishops decided that Bishop Brown is rather to be pitied than persecuted."

An Atheist Bishop!

"Charitable?" Perhaps charitable to the atheistic bishop. But is there no charity for the people who look to the House of Bishops for guidance? The Episcopal Church is a strange representative of the Christ, Who, though full of charity, spoke "as One having authority, and not like the Scribes or Pharisees." Both the bishop and the Doctor might well ponder that sentence.

The controversy is "pie" for the paragraphers. The vacillations of the bishop entertain them: "Bishop Manning seems to be retreating from his previous position, if we may borrow a phrase from Mr. Dooley, 'as fast as his hands and knees can carry him.' Such things are handled more easily in the sporting world. In the prize ring, for instance, it is the custom to throw in a sponge, rather than to write a letter."

BUT if Bishop Manning is back-pedaling, Dr. Grant is quibbling. His bishop asked him to say, point blank, whether or not he believes that Christ is God. He answers, "I believe that

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Jesus is the portrait of the Invisible God, the perfect revelation of my Heavenly Father . . . But I cannot make as my own either the Platonist or Aristotelian explanation of the metaphysical relation between Our Lord and the Father. I do not know what that metaphysical relationship may be and I know that no one else on earth knows." This, of course, is only throwing dust in the air. The bishop had not asked him whether he was a Platonist or an Aristotelian, but merely if he were a Christian; had questioned him, not about his metaphysics, but about his religion. Presumably, the bishop wants to know whether Dr. Grant, in his prayer (public, if not private), says, "O Jesus Christ, Thou art my God. I adore Thee." That is simple enough. But Dr. Grant will not answer a simple question simply. He forgets the admonition of Our Savior, "Let your speech be, yea, yea; nay, nay." He prefers to talk about Plato and Aristotle and metaphysics. His answer is reminiscent—or rather, it is an apparent quotation—of a statement of Lyman Abbott, who said, some years ago, "With the metaphysical relationship of Jesus with the Infinite, I cannot be concerned." Which means in plain language, "I do not believe that Christ is God, and I do not adore Him as God." It is curious to note how these modernists, who so roundly condemn what they call the shifty mentality and the disingenuous conscience of the orthodox are really shifty and disingenuous themselves. We have observed the modernist conscience for some years now, and we find it almost always tricky. When the modernist is not tricking his bishop, he is tricking himself. Why doesn't Dr. Grant say, "I have ceased to believe in the fundamental doctrine of the Christian religion. I need not be asked to resign. I voluntarily relinquish the charge that was bestowed upon me by the Protestant Episcopal Church. I invite my congregation and my followers to come together, and build me a new and independent church. I will be beholden to no church whose authorized representative informs me that my ideas and my actions are an embarrassment to the Church. I cannot recant, and I will not wait to be asked to resign." This, at least, would be honest. But it would be uncomfortable. And Dr. Grant is rather comfortably situated.

Verbal Fencing.

WE have said that Dr. Grant shifted the ground of battle from morals to "dogma." And wisely, for his moral principles are more shaky than his doctrinal principles. Months ago, in a full-page interview in the New York Sunday *World*, he said, speaking in defense of divorce: "The home is a sacred institution, and

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our greatest problem is to save it from collapse. But how? The answer of the dogmatists is to enforce a formula. . . . The answer of the Scientists is to study the new conditions, to discover how they came about and to *attempt to adjust our thinking to the new demands of life.*" To the careless reader, that statement may sound well. But what does it mean? The "formula" which the "dogmatists" propose is a plain statement of Jesus Christ, "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery, and he that marrieth her that is put away committeth adultery." Call that statement a "formula" if you will, and damn those who quote it by naming them "dogmatists." But remember that the "formula" came first from the mouth of Jesus Christ. Is Christ a "dogmatist"? And are they "dogmatists" who quote Christ literally? Dr. Grant says, "Jesus is the perfect revelation of my Heavenly Father. When I ask myself, 'What is God like?' I can only answer, 'He is like Jesus.'" But was it not Jesus Who said, "If any man will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican."

Elastic Ethics.

THE ethical principle itself, of "studying the new conditions and trying to adjust our thinking to the new demands of life," is precisely what the politicians call "keeping your ear to the ground." First you find out what the mass of the people are thinking and doing, and then you "adjust your thinking" to suit the "conditions." But suppose that the age is what Christ called "a wicked and adulterous generation." Will you then "adjust your thinking" to conform to its standards? Jesus found His own age scandalously loose as regards divorce. Some of the rabbinical teachers were permitting divorce for as trivial reasons as are now alleged at Reno. "From the beginning it had not been so." Should He have said: "We are no longer at the beginning. We have advanced since the times of the patriarchs. Let us adjust our minds to the new way of living?" Rather He said that one who marries a divorced woman is an adulterer, and the woman is an adulteress. If Dr. Grant thinks we have advanced away from that "formula," let him say so plainly. Why blame the "dogmatists"—why not blame Christ for not telling us when His "formula" would cease to be operative. The dogmatists may be stupid, but they are honest. They think that Christ meant what He said. And they think that what He said is valid forever. If we must "advance," they consider it

The Uncompromising Christ.

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better to advance by catching up with Christ, than by running away from Him.

Incidentally, it would be interesting to know whether Our Savior's teaching on divorce has any connection with Dr. Grant's doubt of His divinity. If so, it would not be the first time that an alleged difficulty about a creed turned out to be, in reality, a difficulty about a commandment.

Cramped By A Creed?

SPEAKING of the creed leads us to remark that the favorite sport of writers and orators and poets (the kind who wish to capture the popular fancy, by adapting their minds to the new conditions) is to whack the "creeds." During the war, everybody had his fling at the "Hun." Now, everybody has his fling at the "creed." The latest is Edwin Markham. He writes a poem on Abraham Lincoln—a good enough poem, by the way—in which he says that Lincoln was not "cramped by a creed." Now the one conspicuous feature of Lincoln's life—at least of his political life—was that he considered himself to be, not cramped, but directed by, and limited by a creed. His political creed was the Constitution. During the war, when Lincoln's generals were blundering, his Cabinet unsympathetic, and his Congress recalcitrant, he must many times have been tempted to "drive a horse and four" through the Constitution; but, unlike some lesser executives, he always recognized the limits to his actions, fixed by the Constitution. And we find no record of his complaining of being "cramped" by the national creed.

The thoughtless chorus of creed-haters will perhaps say that a man must have a political creed, but that he must on no account have a theological creed. Why not? What is a creed? A creed is nothing more or less than a set of fundamental principles. And must a man have fundamental principles in politics and none in religion? If government must be orderly, why must religion be chaotic? We fear that some famous poets succumb to the temptation to use the *clichés* of the man-in-the-street, in order to make appeal to his mind, and thence to his purse.

We wonder if these people ever read a creed. "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth"—is there anything cramping in that creed? "And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord." Does it "cramp" one to believe in Christ? Or in a life beyond the grave? Or in any other article of the creed?

We might be tempted to say that the only man who is not cramped by a creed is the atheist. Would Mr. Markham insinuate

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that Lincoln was an atheist? But after all, the atheist is more cramped by his creed than we are by ours. The atheist is "cribbed, cabined, and confined" to this world, for he swears there is no other. We are infinitely less cramped than he, because, besides this world, we have another larger world in which to "live and move and have our being."

The atheist expects to be cramped in his six feet of earth, while we shall be at large through the unbounded realm of an eternal kingdom. Strange that a poet cannot see that the only man who is cramped is the man who has no creed. For the poet is, *par excellence,* the man who believes. He believes in things he cannot see. He believes in things he perhaps cannot prove. If he believes nothing, if he has no creed, he is no poet.

Never Again.

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN of January 12th has a significant paragraph on the general attitude of ex-soldiers towards war: "*The British Legion,* the official organ of the federated organizations of British ex-service men, says a word that was much needed. One of the grossest falsehoods kept up in a large part of the press during the war, at the expense of soldiers in the field, was the constant suggestion that they rather liked their job, that it was all a sort of jovial picnic, and that they were rather disappointed than otherwise when it attained its object and came to an end. Since the war this has been succeeded by the corresponding suggestion that ex-soldiers, as a body, tend to favour bellicose policies, look forward with complacency to future wars, and withhold sympathy from movements for the utter abolition of war and meanwhile for abstention from Jingoism and all its works. On the contrary, the ex-service men, apart from a few professional soldiers, form everywhere the most convinced peace party in the world. As the *British Legion* says, 'the ex-service men of Europe support the League of Nations and are moving towards closer coöperation for the purpose of preserving peace and making the world safer for themselves and their wives and children to live in.' "

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Recent Events.

The French in the Ruhr.

"Just one month ago to-day," said General Degoutte, the French Commander to a representative of the Associated Press, on February 11th, "I gave orders to my troops to enter the Ruhr, and *never*, until Germany makes adequate settlement for the frightful wrongs and damages inflicted upon my country, will I order them to withdraw." "Never" is a strong word, but owing, at least in some degree, to the assistance of England and the United States, France now has the upperhand—or should one say the whip hand?—over Germany, and is free to indulge in strong language. Her course of action in occupying the Ruhr is openly condemned by England, and the decision of the American Government to withdraw its remaining troops from the occupied district is commonly taken as a sign of its disapproval of French policy. "Right and might are ours," the General goes on, "and we shall win. We occupied the Ruhr without shedding a drop of blood." That may have been because the might, at any rate, was all on one side. He continues: "Germany will never fight unless she is stronger, or believes she is stronger, than her adversary. . . . She pleaded and begged for an armistice under circumstances in which the Allies would have considered they had just begun to fight. . . . I solemnly warn Germany, if a single one of my soldiers is harmed and she forces another battle on us she will not stay our hands by crying 'Kamerad!' It will be a fight to a finish—a complete knockout." Isn't this the kind of bluster that, before and during the World War, we used to associate with "Huns"?

The Pope and Peace.

Such manifestations of belligerency rather bear out His Holiness Pope Pius XI., who, in his recent Encyclical, said: "Public life of peoples is still surrounded by a dense fog of hatred and reciprocal distrusts and offenses." Peace does not lie that way. The Holy Father directs mankind in the way of true peace when he says: "It is necessary and urgent first of all to pacify hearts and souls. We need a peace that shall be not only exterior and purely formal, but that will descend into the hearts of men to unite, soothe, and reopen them to mutual fraternal benevolence and affection." Again, referring to the disordered condition of

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the world, the Pope says: "Weapons have been laid down by the belligerents of yesterday, but here are fresh horrors and fresh fears of war in the Near East. . . . Rivalry and strife continue still over all the immense theater of the World War." The Pope is no pessimist. He has the optimism that is borne of Christian faith, hope, and love; but he has, too, perhaps unequalled facilities for ascertaining and judging conditions throughout the world and forecasting the trend of events. We may be sure it was not without good reason that His Holiness, in a recent letter to Cardinal Pompili, Vicar of Rome, expressed the desire that the faithful "beseech God to save humanity from fresh tribulations and lead the peoples and Governments back to feelings of fraternity and equity." Peoples and Governments—which of the two, people or Government, is more wanting in feelings of fraternity and equity?

Japan and the Vatican.

About the first of the year it was confidently expected that permanent diplomatic relations would shortly be established by an exchange of missions between Japan and the Holy See. In fact, Japan was reported ready to name as her envoy to the Vatican Yoyu Matsuoka, a graduate of the University of Oregon, and the Vatican's representative is said to have already arrived in Japan. It appears now, however, that the Government's plan has been defeated. Owing, it is said, to strong opposition on the part of the Buddhist priests, the majority party in the Diet has changed front and killed the project, which it has hitherto supported, by excluding it from the budget.

Anticlericalism in Mexico and Guatemala.

These negotiations of the pagan Japanese Government with the Holy See are in strange contrast with the active hostility recently displayed by the "Liberal" Government of Catholic Mexico and the equally "Liberal" Government of Catholic Guatemala, the former of which has expelled the Most Rev. Ernesto Filippi, the Apostolic Delegate, while the latter has exiled its archbishop, the Most Rev. Aloysius Munoz. In each case, flimsy charges of pernicious political activity were trumped up against the prelate, and were made the ostensible basis of the Government's order of expulsion.

The Blessed Virgin in Czechoslovakia.

The municipal officers of Prague have announced their intention of changing the name of *Marianska Ulice* ("Holy Mary

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Street") to "Hoover Avenue." The reason they assign for their decision is gratitude for the American relief work. What their reason really is, we can only surmise. Naturally, the Catholics of Prague, urged by loyalty to the Blessed Virgin, have protested against the change. It is to be hoped that no one will be foolish enough to interpret this protest as ingratitude to Mr. Hoover, who knows well the esteem in which he is held by Catholics, from the Pope down.

With the Fascists in Italy.

On account of the peculiar relations subsisting between the Vatican and the Italian Government, Catholics naturally observe with interest the activities of the Fascist party under the direction of their leader, Premier Mussolini. Though it came into power by a virtual revolution, the Fascist party is committed to peace, so that it may direct all its efforts to the internal reconstruction of Italy. It is intensely national, and its recent condemnation by the Communists in Russia should be sufficient denial of the report of a pending alliance between the Fascists and Bolshevists. And the Fascists evidently will not tolerate a divided loyalty, for their Great Council has decreed that Masons can no longer belong to the Fascist party. There are two bodies of Masons in Italy, one attached to the French Grand Orient and the other adhering to the Scottish Rite. The Fascist ban is directed at both. Raolo Palermi, Grand Master of the Scottish Rite Masons, professes to see in it a heavy blow at democracy in Italy. The Masons seem to think that non-religious schools are an essential to democracy, and that Mussolini is approaching closer and closer to the idea of a Catholic State, replacing the Crucifix in the State schools and making religious instruction compulsory. Even if such things be true, the Popular, or Catholic, party does not seem to regard Fascismo altogether without distrust. It has been able thus far to lend strong support to Mussolini's program. But any serious encroachment upon its interests would mean the withdrawal of that support. For example, Don Sturzo, leader of the Catholic party, is reported to have said that he would go over to the opposition forces if the system of proportional representation should be abandoned in the new electoral reform law.

Science and Religion.

The following news dispatch appeared in the *New York Evening Post* of Feb. 3d: "An earthquake of unusual magnitude was recorded to-day on the seismograph of Georgetown University.

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The Rev. Father Tondorf in charge of the instrument described the disturbance as of tremendous proportions." And this: "Violent earth shocks were recorded on the seismograph at St. Ignatius College observatory here [Cleveland] to-day, Father F. L. Odenbach, in charge of the observatory, announced. . . . Father Odenbach said the shocks were the most violent ever recorded at his observatory." And again: "Shocks were recorded by the seismograph at the Museum of Natural History [New York], beginning at 11 o'clock and lasting with unusual violence for two and a half hours. The seismograph at Fordham University [New York] also recorded the quake." Thus, three out of four of these reports on Feb. 3d came from Jesuit institutions. The next day, Feb. 4th, the *New York World* had a long account of "Seven Tidal Waves in Hawaii After Violent Quake Is Recorded Through U. S.," while *The New York Times* carried a story headed, "Pacific Bed Is Torn By Terrific Quake." To the seismographic records reported on the preceding day, *The World* adds one from Regis College, of Denver, another Jesuit institution. It would look as if these Jesuits, most Catholic of Catholics, are not in the least afraid to seek out and disclose the *facts* of science, even if they do shy at the mere, unproved *theories* of some scientists.

About the Bible.

At the convention of the Subscription Book Publishers' Association, held recently in Chicago, Mr. George C. Buxton, a publisher of that city, furnished some interesting statistics in regard to the Bible.

> Approximately 8,000,000 Bibles are printed annually in this country and Canada [said Mr. Buxton], and 35,000,000 throughout the world. Assuming as approximately correct that the earth contains 1,500,000,000 inhabitants, it is evident that all the Bibles ever printed would supply almost half of the individuals of the globe with a copy and each of the earth's 300,000,000 families with more than two copies. There is, however, no way of knowing how many Bibles of the total printed in history are in existence to-day and the distribution of the Scriptures, of course, has not been uniform among nations and tribes of men.
>
> There are more exact statistics regarding the distribution of Bibles in the United States. In a population of 115,000,000, it is estimated by Dr. J. S. Kirkbride of the American Bible Society that about 80,000,000 people own Bibles. This leaves 35,000,000 who do not possess a copy of the Scriptures. In a total of 23,000,000 families, 15,800,000 have Bibles.

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> These figures do not reflect with exactness the religious situation. The American people are inherently religious. Though there are 7,200,000 families without Bibles, I believe there are few individuals who at some time in their lives have not had Bible instruction or who have not constant opportunity for reading the Scriptures.

Unfortunately, these statistics throw no light on the number of Bible-readers who are also Bible-believers. In the Catholic Church, the latter equal or exceed the former in number. But, of course, the Catholic Church possesses no Schools of Biblical Dissection, as the late Father Drum used to describe them.

Judge and Jury Out of Bounds.

A jury in Kings County Court (State of New York) has just rendered a verdict that has aroused much comment, in the case of a man tried before it on a charge of murder. The defendant, it was admitted, had killed a man, with an ax. The defendant's seven-year-old daughter testified that this man had several times lured her into a cellar and assaulted her. The defendant pleaded the unwritten law in justification for killing the man. And the jury's verdict was "Not Guilty." According to the published reports, the judge who presided at the trial approved the verdict, saying the defendant was right in taking the law into his own hands. Now, no matter how atrocious the dead man's offense was, no matter how great the defendant's provocation to kill him, no matter how deep our sympathy for the defendant, this verdict, with the judge's comment thereon, will not be received without apprehension by thoughtful citizens. For it seems to be a recognition by a jury, with judicial approbation, of the "unwritten law." And New York does not recognize, and has no need to recognize, the "unwritten law." The acknowledged law of the State is amply sufficient for the trial of those charged with murder. It clearly defines the nature and degrees of the crime and determines the penalties therefor. And the jury's duty is to try any given case on its own merits and to base their verdict on the evidence offered at the trial, while the judge should take care that both trial and verdict are in accordance with the law. No fault could be found if the jury had decided, from the evidence, that, owing to the circumstances, the defendant was so crazed at the time as to be irresponsible for the act of killing. But there was no warrant for a verdict based on the unwritten law. Neither was there any warrant for the judge's declaration that the defendant was right in taking the law into his own hands.

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New Books.

CLOISTER AND OTHER POEMS. By Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

There is little verse of this quality being written in America to-day; in fact, now that Alice Meynell's voice is still, there is little being written anywhere. Not that Father O'Donnell's muse is a twin of Mrs. Meynell's, though they have so many resemblances. Both poets have drawn their inspiration from the inexhaustible treasure-house of their Catholic faith, but a Celtic fire gleams through the poems in *Cloister*, while Mrs. Meynell's songs are lit with the white light of intellectuality. A similar simplicity of diction characterizes both, a simplicity which is often the vesture of a profound subtlety, as in Father O'Donnell's line, "Faith, seal our useless eyes." The simplicity which marks the opening poem, "Cloister," is wholly Franciscan and Umbrian, expressive of that delight in austere ungauded loveliness, of that content which is not satiety, which was theirs of whom it is written:

> Earth beauteous and bare to lie upon,
> Lit by the little candle of the sun.
>
> The wind gone daily sweeping like a broom—
> For these vast hearts it was a little room.

For Father O'Donnell the whole of nature has, as it has to most true poets, this office of speaking things not said with tongues. The setting sun, for instance, is at once symbolic of the prodigal son and of "Love's Prodigal," who

> Came home on bloodless feet
> To His Father's house and festival
> And the right hand seat.

From one to whom fallen leaves and mountains and harvest fields are eloquent of eternal thoughts we accept without surprise so exquisite a thing as "After Mass" and the almost medieval "Partus Virginis." "The Ballad of St. Christopher" has that combination of simplicity and dramatic effect to which this metrical form is so admirably adapted, and of which the most successful literary examples are Chesterton's "Don John of Austria" and "The Ballad of the White Horse." Father O'Donnell's "St. Christopher" resembles the second of these not only in form, but in elevation of thought and in Catholic feeling.

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INDIA OLD AND NEW. By Sir Valentine Chirol. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00.

Sir Valentine Chirol, who was formerly director of the foreign department of the London *Times*, shows in this book how dangerous and false is that saying of Kipling that East and West shall never meet. The closing sentence of the book under review is this:

> In India, where East and West meet as nowhere else, Britain has lighted a beacon which, if she keep it burning, will show both the way of escape from a more disastrous conflict than that from which the West has just emerged battered and bleeding. . . .

What is this "beacon"? The so-called "Indian Parliament" that was established by a royal proclamation in 1921, at Delhi, India? Sir Valentine draws attention to the solemn words of King George that formed a preamble to the inauguration of this parliament:

> For years—it may be for generations—patriotic and loyal Indians have dreamed of *Swaraj* [self-rule] for their motherland. To-day you have the beginnings of *Swaraj* within my Empire, and the widest scope and ample opportunity for progress to the liberty which my other Dominions enjoy.

When this imperial message was promulgated, India was starting the non-coöperation movement, under the direction of Gandhi. The movement went on gathering strength, despite the imperial promise of better things, and the opening of the infant parliament. Lloyd George put Gandhi in jail. The movement changed its complexion; the nationalists began talking of Kemal Pasha. "Gandhi has failed, but Kemal has triumphed," they are saying now all over India, "Englishmen pay but scant attention to spiritual principles such as Mahatma Gandhi was promulgating; but to such tactics as Kemal employs, they respond immediately." And so on.

The revolutionary movement in India has not ended. Perhaps it has only begun. These are truly baffling times for English statesmanship in the East. Sir Valentine perceives the danger. He shows, on every page, an uncanny knowledge of Indian history and politics. But he has not the impartial attitude of the true historian or political philosopher. He is first and foremost a British Imperialist. To him the Empire is as sacred as Mother Church was to a devout Englishman before the Protestant revolt. The British Imperialist believes that the Empire is a divine agency

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to unite mankind, East and West of the Suez. Who can forget the teachings of Cecil Rhodes?

It is not surprising, then, that to Sir Valentine such Indian revolutionary patriots as Gandhi, Lajpat Rai, Har Dayal (as he was till 1917), Arabinda Gosh, Sarojini Naidu, and the Ali Brothers, should appear incomprehensible. Educated in England and Continental Europe, they ought to be friends of the British Empire; yet they are the very ones who want to make India purely Indian. Recall Sinn Fein and the Celtic Revival in Ireland. India is now in a Sinn Fein mood.

However, no matter what view one may take of India's various problems, one is sure to regard this as an important and valuable publication.

THE SOCIAL TREND. By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Co. $1.75.

Those familiar with Professor Ross's writings will know what to expect from him in this collection of essays. He runs true to form both in style and content. It is not his logic or his scholarship, but his rapid, informal style, gathering momentum from sweeping statements and metaphors of the most striking sort, that carries the reader along with him. For, in spite of the fact that Dr. Ross is professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin, this book is not a scholarly product. There is too much exaggeration, too much easy assertion, too many short cuts that avoid the devious paths of accuracy, to bring the work, as a whole, within the requirements of scholarship.

Along with much that is illuminating by way of analysis, and with the advocacy of much that is based on sound principles, Professor Ross gives his readers some distorted pictures. Unsatisfactory labor conditions are laid almost entirely to selfishness and cynical disregard for others on the part of employers. There is no attempt to outline the difficulties to be overcome by well-intentioned employers, men who are no more selfish or cynical than the rest of us, who are striving in good faith to better labor conditions. The responsibility of consumers is not mentioned. Wholesale condemnation and imputation of greed and selfishness will not aid in the solution of the problem.

On the question of the restriction of births, it is Dr. Ross who exhibits cynicism and tacitly upholds selfishness. He states that millions upon millions of American married couples "are regulating the size of their families, and this by other means than marital abstinence. Nor is there any prospect that the situation will improve." And later: "If such deliberate limitation of fam-

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ily size is a sin, then what an appalling prospect of Divine displeasure opens up! For, with further reductions in the mortality rate, an increasing proportion of American parents, an increasing proportion of the members of the white race, an increasing number of the peoples of the globe will either have to violate what they are assured is God's law or else multiply until it will be necessary to hang out on our planet the 'Standing Room Only' sign." There is no condemnation here of restriction of births by other means than abstinence. Moreover, in the interests of scholarship, Dr. Ross should take the trouble to ascertain exactly the teaching of the Church as to what is sin, and what is not, in relation to this matter.

SHORT STORIES OF AMERICA. Edited by Robert L. Ramsay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.44.

ENGLISH SHORT STORIES. FROM THE FIFTEENTH TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. (Everyman's Library.) New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00.

Here are two excellent collections of specimens of that art in which our own time excels. Professor Ramsay's volume is designed for the use of the classroom, and this purpose has led him to include a well condensed and very clear outline of the accepted procedure in short-story teaching. His collection is so finely representative, however, that it will undoubtedly be purchased by general readers, as well as by students of this special technique. Under the division, "Stories of the Frontier," he has published tales by Bret Harte, Mary Murfree, Maurice Thompson, Hamlin Garland, and Helen R. Martin. The "Stories of Social Heritage" seem, perhaps, less well chosen. "Stories of the Spirit of Place," however, and "Stories of Communal Consciousness" raise the average of the collection with masterpieces from the pens of Jack London, William Allen White, and O. Henry. A completely representative anthology of America's classic achievements in this field would have to be much larger than this modest volume. Considering the limitations imposed by scant space, Professor Ramsay has chosen admirably.

The Everyman volume represents a wider range in time, and includes a much less homogeneous and much richer group. The crystallized form which marks the modern American short story is here replaced, in many cases, by the much less rigidly determined technique of tale and fantasy. The thirty-six examples comprise, among others, such different masterpieces as the delectable *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*, Defoe's *In Defense of His Right*, Sir Walter Scott's stately thriller, *The Tapestried*

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Chamber, and De Quincey's impredicable and immortal *Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow,* as well as works by Dickens, Rossetti, Quiller-Couch, Hudson, Hardy, De La Mare, Walpole, and Galsworthy. Perhaps the first thought at such a plenteous table should not be of some missing delicacy: but even this fine collection is surely incomplete without at least one story by the greatest of all moderns—by preference *Youth* or *The Secret Sharer.*

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF HISTORY. By James T. Shotwell, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.00.

The series, "Records of Civilization," of which this volume forms part, has a twofold purpose: to make accessible in English those sources of the history of Europe which are of prime importance for understanding the development of Western civilization; and to indicate some of the more significant results of scholarship in the field covered. The present volume has grown out of an introduction to a proposed collection of texts from medieval and modern historians. At the outset, the author tells us, he had no notion of writing a history of antique historiography, but the absence of any satisfactory general survey covering this particular field led to enlargement in scope and general comment, until the book assumed its present form.

When Professor Shotwell treats of the history of the Greeks and Romans, we follow him with pleasure and interest, but when he speaks of the Jews or Christians, he at once manifests his rationalistic bias and prejudice. His thesis is that the authority of a revealed religion, while it may dictate the conduct of the present, must needs falsify the past. He says: "In its own eyes, it is lord of circumstance and master of phenomena; and the records of the centuries must come to its standards, not it to theirs." According to his viewpoint, Judaism and Christianity "erected a well-nigh insurmountable obstacle to scientific inquiry, which has taken almost nineteen centuries to surmount." In a word, the believer in a revelation cannot be a scientific historian, because he starts with presuppositions.

The author asserts that modern critical scholarship has now discarded all Messianic prophecy, on the basis that the texts so confidently cited as foretelling the life of Jesus had no such purpose in the minds of their authors. The allegorical interpretation alone makes them plausible, and, of course, it does nothing but twist the texts out of their real and original meaning. He quotes Origen as a past master in this art of allegorizing, and with him every Christian writer from St. Augustine to Bossuet is ruled out

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of court on the plea that their historical writing is theological—and, therefore, false.

We found this a disappointing book, for it pretends to be fair and impartial, and yet on every page the writer proves his inability even to state fairly the position of those historians who dare write without denying the Christian faith. His dogmatism is never strengthened by argument; it relies solely upon assertions. *Quod gratis asseritur, gratis negatur* is a very true adage of the schools.

THE CAVEMAN WITHIN US. By William J. Fielding. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00.

This book is based on the assumption that man has been slowly evolved from the mammals—and, back through millions and millions of years, from simple unicellular structures. In this mighty and most ignoble journey, fierce appetites were engendered, ferocious instincts developed, base desires nurtured and pampered. These primordial, half-instinctive savageries are latent in us to-day. They constitute "the Caveman within us," and though pushed into the background by the culture and self-restraint of a few beggarly centuries' civilization, they await merely the tempting opportunity to awaken in all their primitive intensity. Mr. Fielding attempts no proof of those sweeping assertions. His robust faith enables him not merely to move, but even to swallow, mountains. We, however, should like to see some tangible proofs advanced for these theorems. They are certainly not to be bolstered up by fantastic experiments made on newly born babies (see p. 19).

Since, in Mr. Fielding's view, our origin is so base, no wonder that he is in full sympathy with the eugenic craze; no wonder that he maintains that contraceptive information should be given to "married people of the less effective social groups" (p. 232). Again we beg leave to dissent. We, who believe ourselves only a little less than the angels, loathe and repudiate such disgusting practices. They are merely criminality white-washed with a veneer of pseudo-science, and they open the door wide to all kinds of evil living.

Our author's hot and glowing enthusiasms for the "Caveman" make him unjust towards the genius. Indeed, he seems rather anxious to pull the genius off his pedestal, and minimize his achievements. For Mr. Fielding amasses a considerable number of examples with a view to proving that the genius is subject to the tyranny of the "Caveman" and approaches perilously near insanity. The first statement means no more than that the genius is a man, and subject to human infirmity like his humbler breth-

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ren. As regards the second insinuation, Mr. Fielding has not shown that insanity is commoner among persons of commanding talents than among mediocrities. And if this were shown, the induction that genius is allied to insanity would still be quite premature. Numerous scholars and savants owed their breakdown entirely to their own imprudence.

It is no surprise to us, either, to learn that St. Paul was an epileptic and a visionary; that "hallucinations were the mainspring of the achievements of Joan of Arc"; . . . that "Francis of Assisi . . . reacted to the mystic influences of his environment by having visions" (p. 301). How foolish these benighted devotees were, to permit themselves to be deluded by their morbid fancies and supersensitive nerves! And yet, from a purely worldly and vulgar point of view, they made some stir in the world, and powerfully deflected the currents of history. But the disciples of Mr. Fielding, carefully selected according to the newest axioms of eugenics, well schooled in "sanity in sex," and thoroughly posted concerning "the Caveman within them," will no doubt do far better—and their development will be prodigious, provided infinite æons are conceded for the process.

This book is altogether unfit for those who are not wise enough to see its pretentious folly—and the wise need not read it.

UNITY AND ROME. By Rev. Edmund S. Middleton, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Dr. Middleton has little new to say on the subject of reunion, but he shows good common sense in rejecting the many schemes proposed by his brethren in England and in America, such as the Lambeth Quadrilateral, the proposed concordat between the Episcopalians and the Congregationalists, the persistent courting of the Eastern Church, and the like. He says over and over again that "there can be no true unity without Rome"; that "in the discussion of unity Rome must take the first place, because it is hers by divine right." But why, then, does not our friend at once become a Catholic and obey, as he ought, the infallible and supreme head of the Church of Christ? Apparently, all he asks the Popes to do is to abandon their present imperialistic system of government (whatever that may mean), to acknowledge the validity of Anglican orders, and to allow others than Italians to rule the Church.

It is rather pathetic to find the writer apologizing to his brethren for his apparent disloyalty to his Church. But they all do it—even Lord Halifax in his latest utterance. There is no reason for his fears. He might deny to-morrow the divinity of

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Christ, question the virgin birth, advocate divorce, birth-control, and other pagan doctrines and practices, and still be eligible to the Deanery of St. Paul's, London, or the Bishopric of Durham, England. We have met in these United States a few of our writer's friends who hold most firmly the doctrines of papal supremacy and infallibility, but still remain in their heresy and schism the better to Catholicize their weaker and ignorant brethren. A little logic in their make-up, and these men and women would be the best Catholics in the world.

SPIRITISM AND COMMON SENSE. By C. M. de Heredia, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.00.

Father de Heredia's book comes opportunely, after Dr. Conan Doyle's lectures. Dr. Doyle reminded New Yorkers that we ought to be proud of our State because it saw the birth of spiritualism through the Fox sisters at Hidesville. The Fox sisters confessed that they were deceivers, and then recanted their confession. Yet they are the founders, as Father de Heredia reminds us, of spiritism as a religion.

Father de Heredia dwells particularly on the fraud of the mediums. That is, by far, the most important part of spiritualism, as the world knows it. Probably everyone, except the hopelessly confirmed spiritualist, feels that at least ninety-five per cent. of what comes to us through mediums is either conscious or unconscious fraud. There is no doubt that many of the mediums are hysterical individuals who cannot tell the difference between the subjective and the objective in their minds. Their fantasies become real for them.

The incident connected with the late F. W. H. Myers, recalled by Father de Heredia, is typical. Myers was a confirmed believer in spirit communication. He promised to put the question absolutely beyond doubt after his own death. As a test, Myers left a sealed letter, and after his death Mrs. Verrall, his favorite medium, revealed its contents through communication with his spirit. The seal was then broken, but there was absolutely no resemblance between the contents of the letter and Mrs. Verrall's automatic script purporting to be by Myers. A number of other mediums alleged that they had been in communication with Myers, but his family declared that no message received showed even the smallest evidence of having come from him.

Father de Heredia's own lectures and demonstrations of the frauds of mediums have prepared us for his conclusion that there may be, and probably is, a small amount of truth in the idea of communication with spirits, but that the world has permitted

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itself to be fooled by all sorts of cheap trickery. He exposes the latest trick, that of ectoplasm, and the revival of that old fraud, spirit photography; and he gives very proper warning of the danger connected with attempts to communicate with another world, owing to their lamentable effect upon the experimenter's mind.

THE LITERARY LIFE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By P. A. Canon Sheehan, D.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.25.

POEMS. By P. A. Canon Sheehan, D.D. Same publisher. $1.25.

This ingathering of lectures and essays, gleaned from a rich literary harvest, represents in a few papers the ripe aftermath of Canon Sheehan's genius. "The Moonlight of Memory," written shortly before his death, is a miniature classic, in his raciest Irish idiom, of Fenian days. His reminiscences of the gallant stand of Peter O'Neill Crowley against the British soldiery, of the ballad-singer who sang "The Fenian Men," and of the agent of Brotherhood who fired his imagination by his dramatic rendering of "The Battle-eve of the Brigade" are unforgettable. The other *causeries* that comprise the book reveal him as one who, whether he lectured the Cork Literary Society on the choice of literature as a profession, criticized the system of education in the National Schools, or addressed the Maynooth students at the dawn of the century on the *débâcle* of the transcendental and empirical movements of the age, spoke from the standpoint of a broad spiritual culture, and whose outlook on Irish affairs was cosmopolitan. They are written in his fluent, figured style and hold our attention through the magic of his personality.

The *Poems* evidence at most the cultivated talent of *Cithara Mea*. Some of the patriotic and religious verses—"The Fenian Mother," "Queen of the Starry Sky"—are felicitous. Only once did he reach the heights of song—when, in *Glenanaar*, he wrote that spirited Irish ballad, "After Aughrim's Great Disaster," on Shaun O'Dwyer, celebrating the exploits of the Irish Horatius.

THE LITERATURE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN ITS HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT. By Julius A. Bewer. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.00.

The author of this volume originally intended to publish translations of the most important texts of the Old Testament, grouped topically and edited in such a way as to show both their relation one to the other, and to the general development of the Hebrew Bible. Later on, he thought best to shorten the quoted text so that it could be readily printed with the editorial comment,

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and not as a separate body of documents. Where necessary, the larger sections are summarized, and their significance clearly brought out.

The volume is interesting to Catholics only in so far as it gives us an idea of how the modern higher critics arrange the chronological sequence of the Old Testament. According to Dr. Bewer, the earliest of all Hebrew literary productions are the poems which are now incorporated in the historical books, such as the songs of Lamech and Miriam (Gen. iv.; Exod. xv.), the incantations of the Ark (Num. x.), the song of the well (Num. xxi.), the proverbs, riddles, fables, oracles, and prophetic blessings (Gen. ix., Judges xiv., 1 Kings xxiv.). Then follow the poems, narratives, and laws of David, Solomon, and Jeroboam (Deut. xxxiii.; Exod. xx., xxiii., xxxiv.; 1, 2, and 3 Kings). The author places Genesis xiv. (Abraham and Melchisedech), the Song of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, and the first nine chapters of Proverbs in the times of the Maccabees. The deuterocanonical books of the Alexandrine Jews are, in accordance with the Protestant tradition, styled Apocrypha, and omitted from the canon of the Old Testament by the author, who mentions the position of the Catholic Church in a brief footnote. The bibliography at the volume's close is most meager, and reveals the author's ignorance of the Catholic Biblical scholars of France and Germany.

A BOOK ABOUT MYSELF. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

Mr. Dreiser has been praised before, and is being praised again, for his candor and simplicity. This celebrated pair of attributes has done devastating work in the past, for Mr. Dreiser is the most naïf of our modern geniuses and takes his art and himself with unqualified seriousness. It should, therefore, be said at once, by way of reassurance to those whom a perusal of his earlier novels may have made apprehensive, that while both his candor and his simplicity are here everywhere present, they nowhere produce their maximum results. The material upon which they are exercised does not lend itself to the famous starkness of effect with which Mr. Dreiser's name is associated. There is nothing in this autobiography to distress or repel, as one was distressed and repelled by *The Financier* or *The Titan*.

Yet they all grow on the same tree, after all. There are observable here all the potentialities of either of the last-named books, or of any of the others Mr. Dreiser has written. The fact invites to meditation. Why do we prescribe candor and simplicity for the ideal fellow man or the perfect citizen, and yet boggle—

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apparently—over naming them unequivocally as ingredients of the perfect literary artist? The answer is, surely, that there is candor *and* candor—simplicity *and* simplicity.

Take the first-named trait, for instance. No man, in his merely private capacity, undertakes to be a universal and unsolicited truth-teller. Ideally, he tells the truth when he speaks at all on any matter in which an issue between truth and falsehood can be raised. But these speeches of his may be, often must be, limited. Their minimum is dictated by certain plainly undertaken obligations, their maximum is limited by either charity or discretion. To practise candor as a writer is another matter. Here there is no question of circumscription or of merely external challenge. In particular, the serious realist, *qua* realist, considers himself bound to reproduce with fidelity the essentials of his vision of the universe. As a creator, he aspires to a thoroughgoing and absolute outspokenness which qualifies nothing and spares nothing; he contravenes, if he is so prompted, the laws of decency, the reticences imposed by chivalry and honor, the obligations of the social contract; he undertakes an unlimited and gratuitous truth-telling; he ceases, in a word, to be a social being, and becomes a licensed talebearer.

This brief glance at the theoretical limit of candor, which the writer is always approaching, is perhaps enough to explain the hesitancy of the ordinary public to speed him on his way. Of course, he is doomed never quite to reach the limit; if his own social inhibitions fail, society steps in to supply the deficiency; it does not allow him to consider himself exclusively *sub specie creatoris;* he must meet, in some degree, says collective mankind—and even Mr. Mencken agrees—the larger, more general, merely human obligations which he incurred by being born into this world. There are certain things which, under certain circumstances, he must not say. Authorities differ as to the point at which the line is to be drawn, but the principle holds.

Mr. Dreiser has certainly been conspicuous in the past among those who have pressed on most industriously toward the goal of absolute truth-telling, very little hampered from within, and seemingly very little deterred from without. It is a comfort to record, therefore, that his candor does but small damage in this volume. We merely follow him, through the various journalistic experiences of his early twenties, from Chicago to St. Louis, from Toledo to Cleveland, from Pittsburgh to New York. We attend at his sloughing off of the Catholicism given him by his devout German parents—that "brainless theory" which was responsible for his youthful belief in a benign Providence, in the validity of

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the Beatitudes, and in all the paraphernalia of faith dismissed later by his matured reason. We are told, with a detail which, while we do not find it shocking, is certainly tasteless and caddish, the minutiæ of his one serious love affair. And that is all. Mr. Dreiser's exhaustive honesty spins this material out to 502 pages. Nothing at all is omitted. Yet, while some of it exasperates or simply palls, and much of it is deeply interesting, none of it is revolting or painful.

A DICTIONARY OF RELIGION AND ETHICS. Edited by Shailer Mathews and Gerald B. Smith. New York: The Macmillan Co. $8.00.

This quarto volume of some 500 pages condenses into the briefest space an abundance of information on countless questions concerned with all phases and stages of religion and ethics. The amount of modern scholarship here epitomized and presented in articles of greater or lesser length compels admiration. About one hundred scholars have coöperated with the editors in studies or summaries on the psychology of religion, the history of religions, the present status of religious life in the world, and on social and individual ethics.

The volume lays claim to be "written historically, objectively, without speculation or propaganda." Our candid criticism is that while the work furnishes readily accessible information in compact form on numerous historical questions and the intent is to be entirely unbiased and objective, yet the treatment of the fundamentals of the Christian Faith is shot through and through with liberalism and modernism. The reader who depends on this volume for his sole knowledge of God and man, of Christ and Christianity, will be sadly misinformed. In fact, it seems to leave the question, "What is truth?" about where it was left by Pilate. If religion and ethics were matters of progressive psychology and were not grounded on objective, immutable principles, and if the evolutionary hypothesis that the latest is the best were correct, this dictionary would merit highest commendation. But since it is astray on philosophic fundamentals, we must withhold praise. No doubt it has value for the cautious and critical and well-informed Catholic student of religion and ethics, in that it affords him an easy means of ascertaining the most up-to-date modernistic viewpoint on the various questions that claim his time and attention. *Audi alteram partem* is a wise maxim for the theologian and ethicist who would best understand and expound his own safe and sound doctrines and principles.

On secondary questions of history and biography, which are

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unaffected by the leaven of liberalism, and on the statement of Catholic views on doctrine and practice, the editors deserve credit for their manifest desire to be fair and unprejudiced.

THE HOLY ALLIANCE. By W. P. Cresson, Ph.D. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.50.

This monograph adds to the existing literature of the Holy Alliance of 1815 by presenting that famous (or infamous!) compact as "the European background of the Monroe Doctrine." The author is intent to show the purpose of the Czar of Russia in forcing the alliance upon his unwilling partners in it, and in particular the relation between the Alliance and the subsequent series of agreements known collectively as the "System of 1815." He points out the contradictions between the idealistic aims of the Alliance and the reactionary objects which the Czar sought to attain. An original feature of the volume is the description of the efforts made by the Czar to induce the United States to become a partner in the new "League of Peace."

The text is accompanied with the usual references to authorities which constitute the make-up of a scholarly treatise. The sources from which the author has drawn include unique material from the archives of the Russian Foreign Office, to which the author was permitted access following the Revolution of March, 1917. These sources include personal dispatches of the Czar and memoranda not hitherto accessible to students.

The scholarly method of the author must, however, be dissociated from his political views. He writes with a distinct belief that "in the light of a renewed study of the events which led to the declarations of the Monroe manifesto, the motives underlying recent policy [the refusal of the United States to join the League of Nations] tend to justify themselves as the continuing result of historical experience." The reviewer submits that the analogies between the situation in 1823 and that in 1919 are not borne out by the substance of the volume.

THE NEW CONSTITUTIONS OF EUROPE. By Howard L. McBain and Lindsay Rogers. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.00.

This is a valuable volume for the student of comparative government and of modern history, and an equally valuable, if somewhat technical, source of imformation for the lay reader who is impressed with the importance of the new political movements in Europe. The main body of the volume (Part II.) consists of translations of the texts of the constitution of the German Repub-

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lic, together with the separate constitutions of the four largest German states, and the constitutions of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Russia, Poland, Dantzig, Esthonia, and Finland. An appendix contains the constitutions of Belgium, France, and Italy. In each case the new constitution is preceded by an historical note which explains the circumstances under which the document was drawn up and the forces that contributed to the making of it.

In order to add to the usefulness of this collection of texts, the authors have prepared an Introduction (Part I.), in which, without attempting a digest of the constitutions or a comparison of the several documents, they discuss certain principles of politics and public law which bear upon the new fundamental laws presented in the text. This general survey, including a discussion of legislative organization, of federation, of proportional and functional representation, and of democratic doctrine, will prove greatly helpful to the student, in making for himself the comparisons and contrasts between the respective constitutions, which is the object the authors had in mind. The reviewer suggests that the text of the constitution of the Irish Free State be included in the study, as being an exceptionally original and ingenious document, and as illustrating a number of the newer principles and methods of government.

THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL. By the Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P. New York: Joseph F. Wagner. Vol. I. $6.00.

Priests and seminarians will welcome Father Callan's commentary on these letters of St. Paul as a clear and comprehensive volume of textual interpretation, based on the best Greek manuscripts, and inspired by the leading authorities on the Sacred Scriptures. Availing himself of the works of the Fathers, and of the later eminent Catholic and Anglican exegetes, he has made the writings of St. Paul accessible to the student who is not a specialist in hermeneutics. Thorough, sound, and practical, his exposition elucidates the meaning of the text (emending the Vulgate from the Greek where necessary), copes with the difficulties of vexed passages, balances the opinions of variant interpreters, and educes the dogmatic and moral content of the several Epistles. Father Callan seems to have kept in mind throughout the special homiletic needs of the pastor who must make the message of St. Paul intelligible to his flock. Hence the fullness of his commentary, and the revision of the Douay Version where the language is obscure because of its Latinism. He has spared no pains in familiarizing himself with the literature of his subject, and in making the results of his researches practicable for his readers.

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The volume is furnished with a general introduction on the life of St. Paul, and on his personality as reflected in his writings, also with special introductions containing analyses of the four Epistles. As a serviceable handbook to the New Testament, it has a distinctive value, and will rank with the author's studies of the Gospels, and of the Acts of the Apostles.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT IN JUGOSLAVIA, RUMANIA AND NORTH ITALY. By Diarmid Coffey. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.00.

One outstanding and curious fact is set forth in this little book: the coöperatives of Europe, both agricultural and industrial, not only did not suffer by reason of the war, but on the contrary they benefited. Several reasons are given for this, the chief of which is the general upset of international trade resulting in a sort of throwback in favor of domestic agencies of production and distribution. The rapid spread of revolutionary ideas has likewise reacted to the coöperatives' profit, disposing European governments more and more to encourage the movement as one solution of their social problems. In the hundred pages of this modest brochure is crowded an array of illuminating facts relating to the economic aspects of the war. Here we learn how Turkish persecution in the Balkans drove thousands of poor Christians to apostasy as an alternative to starvation; how the Soviet idea is propagated tirelessly and ceaselessly among peasants and laborers; how the Socialists in the Balkans and in Italy strain every effort to corrupt the masses through the medium of the coöperative; and how, finally, the one and only champion of the people, of their moral integrity and their material rights, is the Church, which, living and active through its priesthood, carries on its age-old and ever renewing struggle for the children of men, for their souls and their bodies. In Italy, especially, as this report shows, the social action of the Catholic Church is one of the greatest factors in the making of the post-war world. This is a valuable report; and happily it is not too formal or statistical for the everyday reader who is interested in economic questions in a general way.

HUMAN NATURE AND CONDUCT. By John Dewey. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.25.

Instrumentalism—Mr. Dewey's creed in philosophy—has an avowedly practical trend. Its aim is the amelioration of the social state. In his latest work he carries his philosophy into the specific field of social psychology, and there results a novel en-

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deavor to point the way to the millennium. The ethic he propounds is frankly empiricistic; it is based on a study of human nature, and is buttressed by the findings of physics and biology. The traditional ethical theories which are founded on self-evident principles, or those which base their sanction for the laws of conduct on the will of a supernatural being, are utterly unsatisfactory: the former, because science demands that right and wrong shall prove themselves as they work out in human experience; the latter, because the dogmas and intolerances of the various religions are but the expressions of symbols which have been idolatrously taken for realities, and which have been outgrown.

Thus far the author does not part from the naturalistic ethics of the day. The novelty of his view consists in his stressing of habit as fundamental in social psychology. Impulse and intelligence are to be taken into account in the mental activity of the individual, but they are secondary to habit, inasmuch as the mind of the individual is a grouping of beliefs and desires and purposes which are the product of the interaction of the individual with his environment. He thus effects a new *via media* between two popular schools of social reform. The first would have the improvement of our present institutions begin with the improvement of the individual. The other holds that if things are to be bettered, the environment must be changed, since human nature can only be influenced by external pressure. Mr. Dewey's theory is that conduct is an interaction between man and his environment and hence the problem of conduct can only be solved by taking both factors, the internal and external, into account.

Obviously the book suffers from the defects of the philosophies on which it is based, empiricism and instrumentalism, and those who accept neither of these two views will disagree with many of its conclusions.

THE STORY OF EXTENSION, by the Right Rev. Francis C. Kelley (Chicago: The Extension Press. $2.00), tells of valiant efforts to spread and maintain the Catholic faith in this country since 1905. Monsignor Kelley as a young priest knew by personal experience the problem of the Catholic Church in the small communities of the West. With the encouragement and active coöperation of Archbishop Quigley, then newly come to Chicago, the Catholic Church Extension Society was founded. The record of its achievements sheds luster, not only on its energetic founder, but also on the zeal and charity of clergy and people of the United States, who so generously supported its noble work. Practically all the States in the Union, except some in the New England group, have profited by Extension; its efforts have extended also to Canada, Alaska, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. Mon-

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signor Kelley's book will hold the interest of any reader who opens it. Personal anecdotes, human touches of pathos and humor, together with hosts of illustrations of persons and places, and of—we must not omit—the well-known chapel car and motor chapel, all help to make *The Story of Extension* an inspiring and entertaining history.

KING'S COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR, edited by W. C. King. (Springfield, Mass.: The History Associates.) The purpose of this book is to give us, in the words of the author, a volume "authentic, impartial and fearless, containing the epochal events throughout the civilized world from Ferdinand's assassination to the disarmament conference."

The difficulty of compressing the events that crowded upon one another from the days of 1914 to 1918 is apparent. It is apparent also from the very nature of things that any such work must have decided limitations. Yet, in spite of all this we have here a very creditable work. The layout of the material and the handling of the subject matter is very commendable. The war periods are divided into sections, each containing a *résumé* of the opposing military forces. The events in each sector of the world are outlined with a fair amount of detail for each particular period. The result is that we have a compact book with chronological and geographical divisions. This makes the volume very valuable for reference work as no great effort is needed to find an established review of any particularly important event during any particular period.

It is regrettable, however, that the author allows his history to be cheapened by extravagant statements and particularly by lapses on the part of the author from the rôle of historian to that of a prosecutor or judge. The real value of the book is greatly minimized by this lack of restraint.

I BELIEVE IN GOD AND IN EVOLUTION, by William W. Keen, M.D. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.00.) It is very difficult to know what to say about this book. One cannot but praise the genuine faith of its writer in Christianity, he being one of the old evangelical school whose fervor must always extort one's admiration. And it is no doubt well that a man of reputation in the medical world should point out to those whom we must suppose to be ignorant of the fact, that between revelation and such type of transformism as there is at present any proof for, there is no necessary contradiction. But the book itself is but a rather scrappy elucidation of the thesis, which surely cannot require proving to-day, that anatomically and physiologically man is a mammal. That this fact points in the direction of transformism is obvious; that it proves it, is not so clear. In fact, it is quite clear that it does nothing of the kind. We must say, too, that to talk of mankind having inhabited this earth for "about 500,000 years," and the horse for "over 3,000,000 years," is to talk the worst kind of rubbish. There is no kind of evidence for either statement

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except in the wild imaginings of the more ardent evolutionists; and they base their arguments, not so much on geological evidence, as on the length of time necessary for the production of man or the horse, from some supposititious ancestors, by the now discredited process of slow accumulation of small changes.

LADY AVIS TREWITHEN, by Beatrice Chase. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.) *No Handicap*, by Marion A. Taggart. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.) *Saranac*, by John Talbot Smith. (New York: Blase Benziger & Co. $1.75.) The first of these volumes is a novel which, though not exactly a sequel to *Lady Agatha*, has for its principal the Lady Avis who, as a child, made her first appearance in that earlier book. In her own person she tells the tale of her sojourn on Dartmoor, that spot so beloved by the author. Though the present volume does not display, in the same degree, the spontaneous charm that characterized *Through a Dartmoor Window*, yet its appeal is of the same kind. The story itself is but a thread on which are strung incidents, bits of description, and character sketches that help us to realize why the affections of "Beatrice Chase" cling so tenaciously to this region and its people.

We all know and love Miss Taggart's stories for and about children, and we believe that it would be hard to find anyone who could excel her in that field. Now, however, in *No Handicap*, she has given us a story of children of a larger growth. It can hardly rank as a novel. While it has the virtue of being Catholic, her characters are too cloyingly sweet to be true to life. Her hero, Peter Cassett, and his friend Giles, nicknamed respectively Peter the Great, and Giles the Monk, are noble characters, as are the Catholic Isabelle, and Justine Coburn; but no human beings could be as outspokenly demonstrative as all these characters are, from the beginning to the end of the years through which we travel with them.

Saranac is a republication of a book that has long been out of print. It is an unusual story, set picturesquely upon the shores of Lake Champlain. Error and suffering, love, and the triumphant workings of the grace of God, are blended with pathos and humor, into a human-interest story that is independent of date or period.

DOMINUS VOBISCUM, by Right Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D.D., LL.D. (Chicago: Matre & Co. $1.50.) This is a series of letters purporting to be written by an elderly pastor to his young protégé in the seminary, who is soon to be ordained to the priesthood. We find it difficult to restrain our enthusiasm for this book. The ideals and standards it proclaims are of the highest; the advice given, sound and practical. The style is vivid and lively, making most interesting reading. It is a book that should be in the hands of every seminarian, and may be read with profit by those already ordained. The publishers have been at great pains to produce a volume worthy of the best traditions of the bookmakers' art, and have succeeded well.

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PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The Catholic Mind (December 22d) treats, in an excellent and sympathetic address by Rev. J. Alfred Lane, the "Rights and Duties of the Unions"; the unfitness of "Psychoanalysis in the School," ably presented by Rev. Francis Aveling; and "Cardinal Gasquet and the Great Forgery," giving the pith, of the cardinal's research work on Pope Adrian's supposed Bull, *Laudabiliter*. The first issue for the new year (January 8th) reprints the "Protest of the Exiled Archbishop of Guatemala," and the plea of Ralph Adams Cram to "Restore Civilization Through Art." Under date of January 22d we find a constructive examination of "Couéism in Theory and Practise," by Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, S.J.; a protest against "The National School" as un-American, and a very happy exposition of "What a Christian Brother Is" by Brother Leo. In the February 8th issue is reprinted, from the London *Month*, an account of "Louis Pasteur," by J. R. Cormack; an interesting paper on the "Common Life Among the Early Catholics," by J. B. McLaughlin, O.S.B., and under the title "Catholics and Their Beliefs" the published correspondence between a prominent Atlanta non-Catholic and Right Rev. Benjamin J. Keiley, former Bishop of Savannah, in which is stated very clearly the Catholic attitude on Bible-reading and the Public Schools. (America Press, 5 cents each.)

The English Pope (Adrian IV.) by G. R. Snell, controverts the conclusion of Cardinal Gasquet, that the forgery of *Laudabiliter* is beyond question. The Catholic Truth Society also publishes an illuminating and scholarly study of the doctrine of *The Resurrection of the Body*, by Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P., and a most encouraging and timely word of instruction, addressed to boys and girls, on *The White Pearl and the Black Peril* (5 cents each).

Rev. Albert Muntsch, S.J., points out in *Some Fallacies of Modern Sociology*, the facile assumptions of some "modern" Sociologists and their woeful ignorance of the institutions they glibly criticize. (Central Verein. 5 cents.)

The burning question of "Reparation"—Damage and Payments; Politics and Economics of Payments; Financial Aspects—is thoroughly covered in Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of Vol. V. of *A League of Nations*, put out in this country by the World Peace Foundation, Boston (5 cents a copy). Different aspects and judgments concerning *The Allied Debts* are treated in the December, 1922, issue of the International Conciliation. Together they provide a very complete presentation of the subject. Also of present interest is *A Shorty History of the Question of Constantinople and the Straits*, by James T. Shotwell (International Conciliation, November, 1922).

Three new devotional pamphlets (5 cents each) come from The Paulist Press: *A Thought a Day for Lent*, terse, timely meditations—or readings—by Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P.; *Selected Prayers for Lent*, by the same author, a pocket companion of helpful suggestions taken mainly from the Liturgy; and *Stations of the Cross for Children*, speaking the language of the child straight to the Heart of Christ.

Just the right word for the honest soul craving faith is John Summerfield Baldwin's *I Wish I Could Believe*. The *Ku-Klux Klan* Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., treats in humorous, yet serious, fashion, and *The Christian Doctrine of Property* is handled by Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D., in his usual thorough and convincing way. *Whom God Hath Joined*, a pamphlet on matrimony, by Rev. J. Elliot Ross, C.S.P., and *Open-Mindedness*, by Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., are also of major importance. (The Paulist Press, 5 cents each.)

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
The Problem of Reunion. By Leslie J. Walker. $1.75. *A Year's Thoughts.* Collected from the Writings of Fr. William Doyle, S.J. $1.75. *Louis Napoleon and the Recovery of France.* By F. S. Simpson. $6.00.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
Florence Nightingale: A Play in Three Acts. By Edith G. Reid. $1.25. *Confessions of an Old Priest.* By Rev. S. D. McConnell. $1.25. *Granite and Alabaster.* By Raymond Holden. $1.25.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
His Children's Children. By Arthur Train. $2.00.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
A Hind in Richmond Park. By W. H. Hudson. $3.00.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Eucharistic Devotions. By Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien. $1.50. *The Words of Our Lady.* By Fr. William Hanly, O.S.F.C. $1.35. *Life Everlasting.* By Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. $2.75.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:
The Middle of the Road. By Philip Gibbs. $2.00.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
The Second Empire. By Philip Guedalla. $5.00.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:
The Waste Land. By T. S. Eliot. $2.00.

T. Y. CROWELL Co., New York:
Roget's Thesaurus. Revised by C. O. S. Mawson. $3.00.

D. C. HEATH & Co., New York:
Beowulf. Edited by Frederick Klaeber.

ORCHARD HILL PRESS, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.:
Blossomed Hours. By Edw. H. Griggs. $2.00.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven:
A Hebrew Deluge Story in Cuneiform. By Albert T. Clay. $1.75.

THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:
The Sea World Waits. By Herbert J. Hall. $1.50. *Joseph Conrad: His Romantic Realism.* By Ruth M. Stauffer. $2.50.

ALLYN & BACON, Boston:
Fortuna-Tony. Por Enrique Perez Escrich. Edited by M. A. De Vitis. 80 cents. *Pêcheur d'Islande.* Par Pierre Loti. Edited by Winfield S. Barney. 80 cents. *Tale of Two Cities.* By Charles Dickens. Edited by A. B. de Mille. $1.00. *Selections from Ovid.* By Francis W. Kelsey and Jared W. Scudder. $1.00. *La France en Guerre.* By M. De Genestoux. $1.20. *Don Quixote.* Edited by Daniel Da Cruz and J. W. Kuhne. $1.20.

B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:
The Triumph of Love. By Benedict Williamson. $3.00. *Catholic Ritual and Tradition.* By Rev. Francis H. Prime. $1.25. *The Anchoress's Window.* By a Nun of Tyburn Convent. $1.50.

B. B. HANSEN & SONS, Chicago:
The Practical Prayer Book. $1.00. *Draw Me After Thee, O Lord.* By a Poor Clare. 75 cents.

MATT J. HOLT, Louisville, Ky.:
Birth-Marks. By Matt J. Holt.

CONVENT OF THE INCARNATE WORD, San Antonio, Texas:
Life of the Reverend Mother Jeanne Chézard de Matel. By Reverend Mother Saint Pierre of Jesus.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
La Compagnie de Jésus en France. Par Joseph Burnichon, S.J. Vol. IV. 16 *frs.* 50.

BLOUD ET GAY, Paris:
Question Sociale et Ecoles Sociales. Par L. Garriguet. *Louise Ripas.* Une Privilégiée de la Sainte Vierge. 7 *fr.*

VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:
Manuel d'Histoire Ecclésiastique. Par Pierre Albers, S.J. Adaptation par René Hedde, O.P. Two vols. 16 *fr.*

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Une Journée chez les Moines. 8 *frs. La Messe Primitive?* Par A. Vigourel. 1 *fr.* 25. *De l'Ombre à la Lumière.* Par Marie-Thérèse. 6 *fr. Exposition de la Morale Catholique.* Tome XII.: La Vertu de Tempérance. Par M. A. Janvier. 8 *fr.*

PIETRO MARIETTI, Turin, Italy:
De Sacramentis. Vol. III.: De Matrimonio. Felix M. Cappello, S.J. Lire 30.

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Catechism of the Social Question, A. Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D., and Rev. R. A. McGowan.
Catholic Layman and Social Reform, The. Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.
Catholic Social Worker in an Italian District, The. Daisy H. Moseley.
Catholic Womanhood and the Socialistic State. Helen Haines.
Catholic Doctrine on the Right of Self-Government. Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D.
Christian Doctrine of Property. The Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D.
Family Limitation. Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D.
Henry George and Private Property. Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D.
Ku-Klux Klan, The. Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P.
Labor's Ascendancy. Anthony J. Beck.
Minimum Wage Laws (Revised 1919). Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D.
Problem of Feeble-Mindedness, The. Edited by Rev. T. V. Moore, C.S.P. (10 Cents.)
Program of Social Reform by Legislation, A. Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D.
Religious Ideals in Industrial Relations. William Cardinal O'Connell.
Rights and Duties of Labor, The. Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. J. Lavelle.
Socialism or Democracy. Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.
Socialist State Doomed to Failure, The. Rev. Joseph J. Mereto, S.J.
Social Reform on Catholic Lines. Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D.
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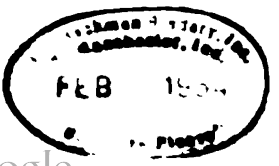
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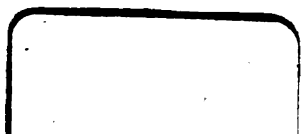
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